



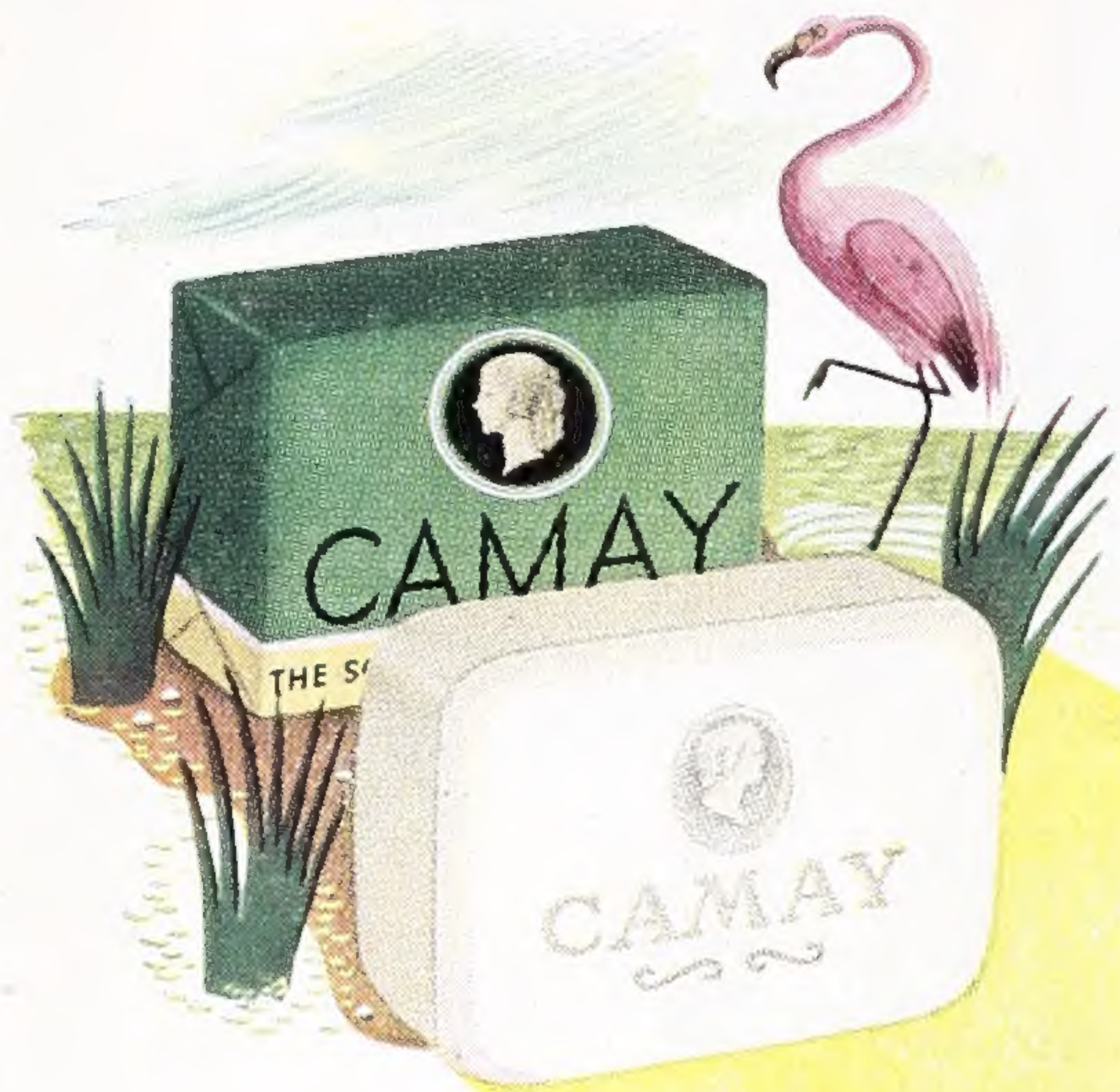
July
5¢

★ 1947 PHOTOPLAY

Esther Williams
By Paul Hesse

1947
9P 2/50 SY R 79138
MRS C SLOSBURG
4 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

Softer, Smoother Skin can be yours with just One Cake of Camay!



Lady, if you'd be lovely, look to your complexion. A soft, clear skin is beauty's first essential. Yes, and you can have a softer, smoother skin with just *one cake* of Camay...if you'll forego careless cleansing...go on the

Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Just follow directions on the Camay wrapper. Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation*—can give your skin a thrillingly softer look!



MEET THE BAUDOS

Kay met Joe, a doctor, at a hospital dance. This was it! Kay is tall, dark and stunning—one of the most interesting-looking girls you ever saw!



The site is chosen for the Baudos' home on Long Island. They'll build soon. And in the meantime, Kay stays on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Let it help you too!



MRS. JOSEPH S. BAUDO
the former Kathryn M. Cheetham of Forest Hills, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by

Alex Ross.





"What d'you do —
Poison those arrows?"

CUPID: Sure! Arsenic, strychnine — take your pick. I aim to please.

GIRL: Verr-ry funny. But you know darn well you're not aiming to please *me*! Huh—and the folder said, "Cupid always gladdening the days at Mountain View Inn"...

CUPID: Now *wait* a minute! You go around looking like the meanest trick of the week, and you expect *me* to—. Look, cookie, try *smiling* at men for a change!

GIRL: It'd be a change for the worse. My smile's the original tattle-tale gray. I brush my teeth, mind you—

CUPID: Don't mind me. Just answer this: Do you see "pink" on your tooth-brush?

GIRL: Well—

CUPID: Well, *that's* a warning to *see your dentist* — but *pronto!* Let *him* decide what's wrong. Maybe it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise—and if so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Please try to concentrate. We were speaking of my *smile*.

CUPID: First things first, feather-brain. Sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy *gums*. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. So if your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, then *massage with Ipana*, Sis...and you'll be started on a smile that'll slay the men—the way you *want* 'em slayed!

For the Smile
of Beauty—

Ipana and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

"LIVING IN A BIG WAY" is not a bad idea.

It involves embracing life. Recommended for those who like embracing.

M-G-M's new musical, "Living in a Big Way" will make you merrier. It may make you live in an even bigger way.

Gene Kelly and Marie McDonald are the "Boy-meets-Girl" of this hearty, happy picture.

Gene is the shiniest dancer—the best "timer" of scenes—and, to our and the public's mind, one of the very top stars in pictures. He has never been better, not even in "Anchors Aweigh". How the boy can dance!

What originality characterizes his dance plots! The scene in which he does a terpsichorean routine on the girders of an unfinished dream-house is worth your week's movie allowance.



He teeters on a block and tackle, totters on ladders. Sure-footed, sure-fire Gene!

Marie McDonald has been bruited about a bit in the columns. She is known as "The Body". Her curves are classic and where she walks one hears a whistle.



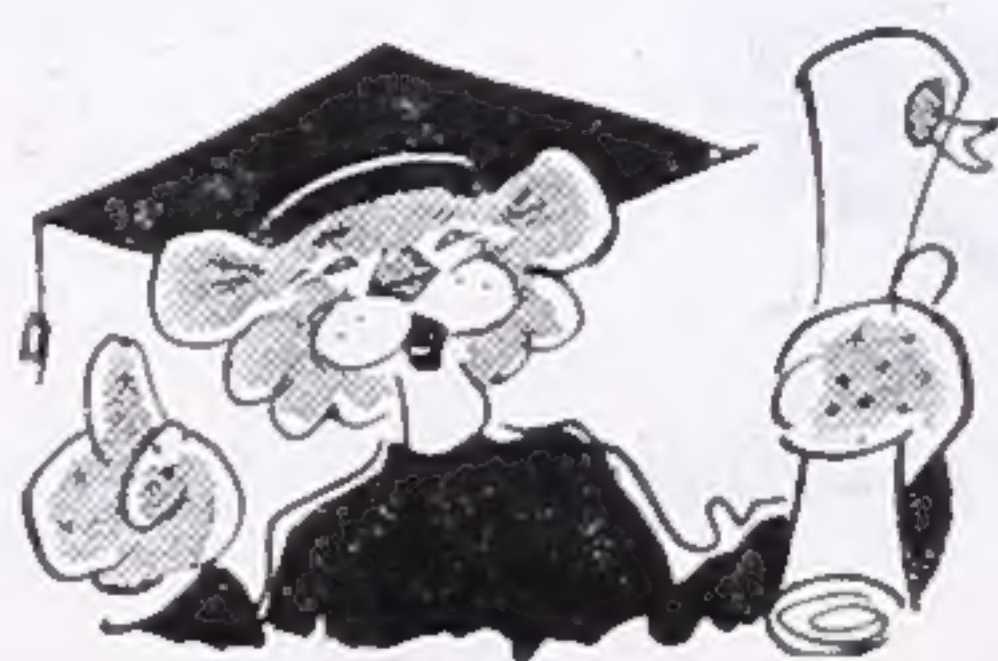
In addition to Gene and Marie, you will see Charles Winninger, Phyllis Thaxter, Spring Byington, and others.

Gregory La Cava, the director, is also the author, collaborating with Irving Ravetch. Pandro S. Berman, one of our better producers, is the producer.

When William James, the philosopher, was asked, "Is life worth living?" he said, "It all depends on the liver".

And if the liver is "living in a big way", then life has its worth. So roareth the Lion among philosophers—

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

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Cover: Esther Williams, star of "This Time for Keeps"

Miss Williams's sun suit designed by Marusia of Beverly Hills

Natural Color Portrait by Paul Hesse

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LIVING IN A BIG WAY

When a gal who's
got curves... meets
a guy who's got
angles... it's loving
... laughing... living
in a big way!

M-G-M's
new, gay,
tip-topical
musical!



starring

GENE KELLY Marie McDonald

with

CHARLES WINNINGER · PHYLLIS THAXTER · SPRING BYINGTON

A GREGORY LA CAVA PRODUCTION

Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA • Original story by GREGORY LA CAVA • Screen play by GREGORY LA CAVA and IRVING RAVETCH • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Valerie Hobson, John Mills—enchanting couple in a thrilling, suspenseful film

✓✓ Great Expectations (Universal-International)

LET your expectations rise as high as they want—you'll not be disappointed for even a single moment in this film that's based on the Dickens novel. It has all the Dickensian moods and turns and twists of plot that you'd expect; you'll relish them all right up to the last exciting moment.

This is about *Pip*, a "young man of great expectations," who falls heir to a fortune from an anonymous patron and goes to live in London. He's just a blacksmith's apprentice, but he takes to London life with the greatest of ease and sees in it the chance to win the fair hand of his

childhood playmate Valerie Hobson. The mystery of his patron—as well as the mystery in Valerie's life—will take you from the foggy English marshes to life in the Temple, the London courts and a gruelling scene in a deserted old English country house.

The first scene sets the mood and when we tell you that most of the audience screams involuntarily you'll get a good idea of the very excellent type of film-making you'll find in this laurel-winner.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll hold on to your seat.



Best fun in years: Betty Hutton and John Lund in the saga of nickelodeon days

✓✓ Perils of Pauline (Paramount)

TAKE along a bag of peanuts and the biggest laugh you own. The laugh you'll need almost constantly; the peanuts are just to put you in the mood of the picture—a marvelous mood that takes you back to the old nickelodeon days when Pearl White as the serial heroine *Pauline* got rescued once a week from the wicked villain as the piano played madly on.

Pauline is back again and Betty Hutton has her. It's this bundle of blonde energy that takes over the role of Pearl, the little stage-struck girl who walks right into the lead of the famous early-day thriller. This is Hutton's meat; she does it up brown with every trick in her raucous category

going to make for some of the best fun you've ever had at a movie. Backing her up are Billy De Wolfe, a genuine sort of a gagster, John Lund and veterans William Demarest and Constance Collier to flavor this old-time dish.

Pauline does just about everything and the movie has just about everything, too. Its scenes of the first films in the making are something to paste up in your album with great big gold stars.

If this one doesn't make you laugh, you're lost.

Your Reviewer Says: Go yourself and take everybody.



Triple shot: Harold Lloyd, Frances Ramsden, Arline Judge in reel fun fest

✓ The Sin of Harold Diddlebock (California-UA)

HAROLD LLOYD and his horn-rimmed glasses come out of retirement and set up active business again as motion-picture entertainers. How entertained you'll be depends on how you react to Lloyd and his impetuous solemnity; also to the idea of people dangling from skyscrapers attached to a lion. Yes, that's what we said—attached to a lion. His name is Jackie and he's Lloyd's most efficient prop.

Forget common sense and you may have an uncommonly good time if you can imagine one *Harold Diddlebock*, a worn-out bookkeeper, taking to the bottle and buying a circus. There are some funny scenes, some not so funny and some down-

right silly, but Lloyd's there all the time, playing away for dear life. One Frances Ramsden, a new and provocative personality, is the heroine, but she doesn't have much to do. Jimmy Conlin, Raymond Walburn and Franklin Pangborn fill in some comedy spots and Arline Judge adds her bit to the fun. The rest is all handled by the maestro himself and if you feel as silly as he looks, the picture's all yours.

Some scenes drag, but one is a bell-ringer—the opening shot, lifted right out of Lloyd's old picture, "The Freshman."

Your Reviewer Says: Sin without punishment.

(Continued on page 6)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 11

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 122

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 13

DON'T DARE MISS THIS **CLASH!**

You'll see the
tensest star-teaming
in years!

You'll see
excitement to
"Keep your
pulse
jigging!"

(WALTER
WINCHELL)

**HUMPHREY
BOGART**
**BARBARA
STANWYCK**
**ALEXIS
SMITH**

IN
**"The TWO
Mrs. Carrolls"**

DIRECTED BY
NIGEL BRUCE · PETER GODFREY · MARK HELLINGER
Screen Play by Thomas Jop · From the Stage Play by MARTIN VALE · Music by Franz Waxman

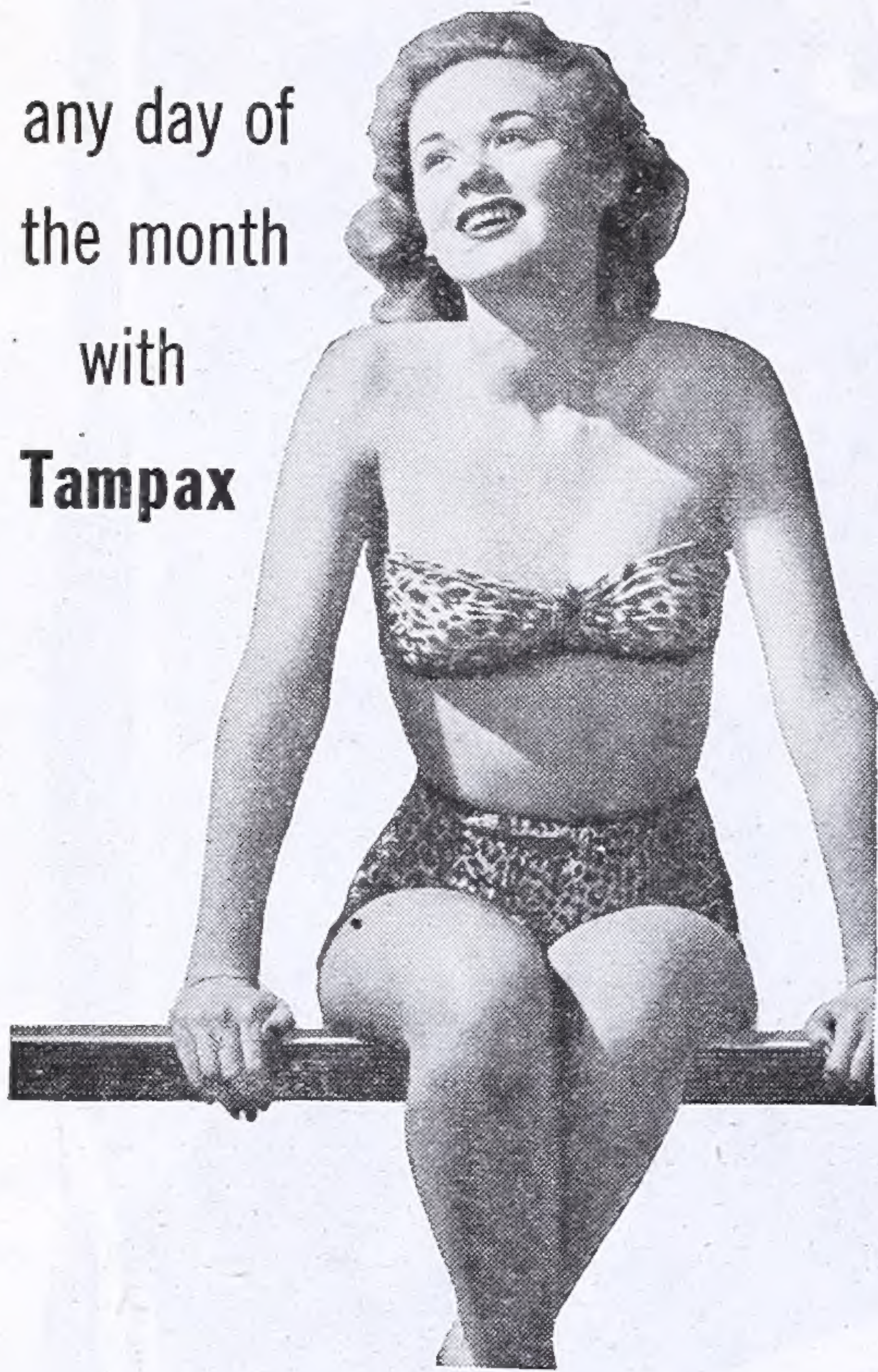


Violent love, violent thrills!
Another terrific treat from
WARNERS



SWIM

any day of
the month
with
Tampax



BECAUSE it's "that time of month" do you stay out of the water pretending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that . . . Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax?

Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(Continued from page 4)

✓ Down to Earth (Columbia)

SOME people "up there" may get a little annoyed one of these days if Hollywood keeps bringing celestial denizens down to earth. This time, it's Rita Hayworth—pardon us, the Muse Terpsichore, who gets Mr. Jordan to let her come wafting down with Messenger Edward Everett Horton.

Larry Parks is the reason—he's putting on a musical in which the muses sing such songs as were never heard in Greek mythology and Rita's pretty mad about it. Once on earth she gets things her own way, which means the show's a flop and gangster George Macready will shoot Larry. But here comes Mr. Jordan again—he's distinguished Roland Culver in this one—to set Rita straight on the path of love.

The Broadway background is, of course, the cue for lots of songs, dances, Technicolor costumes and big sparkly sets. Rita is certainly just the ticket to portray a heavenly creature and James Gleason as her manager has had just enough practice to be able to deal deftly with a Muse. Larry Parks looks sincere and able as ever; unfortunately he gets crowded right out of the picture by the big song-and-dance acts.

Shots of white airplanes full of spirits heading upward into the unknown still make us a little nervous, especially when all this earthly merry-making and torch-singing are going on at the same time.

Your Reviewer Says: Glitter, glitter, little ghost.

Honeymoon (RKO)

THIS is on the fantastic side, but the trouble is it's not supposed to be fantasy. Rather, it's obviously designed to be a winner starring Shirley Temple and Guy Madison, with Franchot Tone playing their sophisticated sponsor. Shirley looks trim and trig and Madison handsome; Tone looks mostly harried, which might be expected from any actor trying to keep up with the haphazard happenings of a film that's merely a futile attempt at fun.

Shirley's a Minnesota girl who's supposed to meet and marry Madison in Mexico City; she misses him but finds vice-consul Tone. Lina Romay has previously discovered Franchot, so naturally she resents this, as does the audience when things keep going on and on and Shirley and Guy are no nearer getting married than they were two reels before.

There are lots of shots of Mexican background with flowers and serapes and upper-class garden parties, but this doesn't make a picture. Both Shirley and Guy act a little as though they were repeating lines the way somebody told them to; you have an idea if they'd only let loose and be themselves everything might pick up. But then, they have such silly things to do—as does that poor Tone—they probably never would have a chance to make this anything but a lame effort.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing good doing here.

✓ The Trouble with Women (Paramount)

WHO'S "dabbling" now? Teresa Wright, newspaper reporter, says it's Ray Milland, a psychology professor who's getting into a lot of ladies' hair by claiming they should be shoved around more. But it really looks as though Paramount has done the dabbling what with using the Wright-Milland talent, plus a touch of Brian Donlevy, in a film that's just a time-passer.

Take the story—a light little touch about a girl reporter who's after a story from a publicized professor. She enrolls in his class; he thinks she's a cute little student and pretty soon in comes love. The big bad wolf is shouting city editor Donlevy who wants his story—and Teresa.

It all sounds fairly amusing, and it is—fairly. But all the contrived little funny business seems to be an echo of bigger and better comedies and though the dialogue gives off an occasional spark there's still the feeling that Ray and Teresa are too grown up to be playing around this way.

Iris Adrian acts just as though she really were a burlesque dancer, which is a great pick-up, seeing as how everyone else is just sort of kidding around.

Your Reviewer Says: Women have been in better trouble than this.

The Homestretch (20th Century-Fox)

THE homestretch is the best part of this Tracy story. Don't get us wrong—it's "racy" only insofar as it makes a Technicolor tour of all the famous tracks. Maureen O'Hara, looking lush in lush outfits, and Cornel Wilde lag along for half the picture, not acting well enough to make the audience do more than start to squirm. Then the film gets a shot in the arm that carries it along fairly well; by the time the homestretch is reached in the last race, it's ready to take its place as a fair picture.

A genteel Bostonian like Maureen should not have listened to the wiles of race-track follower Wilde. She knew she shouldn't all the time, so when she sees the life she has to lead, decorated constantly by conniving Helen Walker, she just packs her bags and leaves for home. This is where everything picks up, since the life has just been a series of would-be romantic incidents that never quite came off. When the film gets down to concentrating on the horses and Wilde's reform you can begin to sit up and take a little notice.

Cornel Wilde is wasted; he just doesn't belong here, acting like a hare-brained wastrel. James Gleason looks in now and then trying to make it all worth while. There are love scenes and beautiful clothes, but it's still a jittery off-the-track film.

Your Reviewer Says: Loses by more than a nose.

✓✓ The Adventuress (Eagle-Lion)

THIS is the Deborah Kerr who's going to take over Clark Gable in "The Hucksters." If you want an idea of how she's going to go about it, just watch her take over this slightly incredible story and make high entertainment of it.

She's the little Irish *Bridie* who wants to be a big black rebel. She can't manage that directly, so lets herself be taken in by a German spy and there she is caught in a lot of trouble about a little black book that presumably is the key to the fate of the Allies.

But never mind the plot; just watch the picture and Deborah. She acts with a finished tautness that makes every incident a shiver of suspense. Trevor Howard, whom you may remember from "Night Train," goes right along with her. The British flavor, her nicely finished Irish accent and the sly little humor that comes grinning in now and then make this a starrer that's worth robbing your piggy bank to see.

Your Reviewer Says: Out for a good time.



**HE WAS
EVERYTHING
THAT MOST
WOMEN DESIRE!**



From out of the past,
came the ghosts of the
women he had spurned...
to be deadly witnesses
at his trial of life!



ROBERT YOUNG ★ SUSAN HAYWARD
JANE GREER in

They Won't Believe Me!

with **RITA JOHNSON • TOM POWERS**
Directed by **IRVING PICHEL** • Produced by **JOAN HARRISON**
Screen Play by **JONATHAN LATIMER** • Based on the Story by **GORDON McDONELL**

**THE SHOCK OF
A LIFETIME
AWAITS YOU IN
THE STARTLING
CLIMAX!**



*She's sure—
are you?*



Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection 24 hours of every day? Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .

It gives you the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

It does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to

the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)



*24-hour protection
with
Odorono Cream*

✓ Blaze of Noon (Paramount)

THEY'RE flying the mail again, but this time they have a new angle that's an interest-getter. The cast is an interest-getter, too—to wit, Anne Baxter, William Holden, Bill Bendix, Sonny Tufts and Sterling Hayden. The picture marks the first appearance of Holden and Hayden since their war days. It's a story about the first mail planes in the days when pilots still had the yen to sweep low and frighten the chickens.

There are four flying brothers who sign up as mail pilots. You know something's bound to happen to some of them—especially after you get a good look at those open-cockpit planes. That's the one trouble with this—you're sitting and waiting every minute for big black tragedy to strike, so that when it does you're just not up to being as shocked as you should be.

Anne Baxter, as Holden's wife, who puts up with the strain of his job—plus all his brothers' belongings strewn around her room—makes everything consistent, Bendix, Tufts and Holden don't try to steal scenes from each other, either, which makes for a good movie. You'll get excited about the flying sequences; also by that pretty blonde *Poppy* (Jean Wallace); and you'll certainly breathe a big sigh every time that mail does come through.

Your Reviewer Says: Good people; good film.

Christmas Eve (Bogaus-UA)

EVERY so often there comes along a film that makes everyone wonder just why it was produced. "Christmas Eve" is such a movie. It has George Raft, George Brent, Randolph Scott, Joan Blondell and Ann Harding to head its cast; they might as well have spent their time knitting for all the good they've done in this.

The plot is incredibly confused—old lady Ann Harding, who tries her best to talk with a squeak and walk with a cane, has three foster sons—Raft, Brent and Scott. She's in trouble and needs them and she's sure they'll come to her on Christmas Eve. Getting them there involves some terrible suffering for the audience. First of all, they have to watch Brent and Blondell make fools of themselves in some "playboy" sequences; then they have to watch Raft shoot it out with a bad German down in South America, after which Virginia Field expires in his arms. The final blow is the adventures of Scott, who steals some babies with the help of Dolores Moran.

After all this, everybody walks in calm-



Peter Lawford, home again, shares chow and laughs with piquant Terry Austin at Chanteclair restaurant

ly on Christmas Eve. The only pleasant thing there seemed to be in this was Dolores Moran's dimple.

Your Reviewer Says: Take it away.

✓ The Other Love (Enterprise-UA)

FROM a sanitarium in the Alps to the fabulous life of the Riviera jumps this woman's picture, with Barbara Stanwyck pulling the strings as the pianist of Erich Maria Remarque's novel. Up on the mountaintop lie health for her and the love of doctor David Niven; down in bad old Monte Carlo is certain death, masquerading in a champagne glass and the love-making of Richard Conte, which certainly would be enough to make any girl disobey her doctor's orders.

This all goes to make up a good old-fashioned "drawing room" movie, with plenty of glitter around the edges. The accent goes to the love-and-romance note rather than to Stanwyck's personal tragedy; the film turns out to be a surface picture that's not in the least emotionally disturbing. If it had gone a little deeper, there would have been lots of tears shed; as it is, nothing rings the bell loudly enough—neither Stanwyck's love for her music, Niven's love for her, nor her desperate attempt to escape her date with death.

Richard Conte is a tall and handsome temptation; Joan Lorrying makes a nice *Celestine*; and Gilbert Roland is there, too, to look darkly impassioned. It's a "romantic" movie that should have been played as tragedy and wasn't.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough.

✓ Children on Trial (English Films)

ENGLAND shares her juvenile delinquency problems with America in this documentary about the reformation of two slum children through "approved schools." The court procedure of commitment of the children, their actual training in the schools and the two sample cases are shown realistically with enough punch to hit home for both parents and children.

You see the patient efforts of the magistrates and the reform-school workers to bring the children to a clearer view of their

Joan Lorrying, as a Venetian servant girl in "Lost Moment," cops Bob Cummings's chair on the set between scenes



GEORGE RAFT

has
his
hands
full
of

TROUBLE

and his
arms full of

VIRGINIA FIELD

... but when
Aunt Matilda
calls for help
he fights his
way to her
for



CHRISTMAS EVE

It's merry!

*and
that's
not
all!*

"Yes, indeed!
RC
tastes
best!"

says

JANIS PAIGE

starring in

"CHEYENNE"

a Warner Bros. Picture



"RC WON MY VOTE IN THE TASTE-TEST!" says Janis. "I tried leading colas in paper cups and found Royal Crown Cola tasted best!" Try it! Say "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

RC is the quick way to say...

**ROYAL CROWN
COLA**

Best by taste-test

own lives, to correct their mistakes subtly and then to send them out with the promise of better citizenship.

The point that's driven home is the family life from which the "bad" children spring, and the fact that it is sometimes middle-class parents who do the most harm to their children. As another shot in the arm of the juvenile delinquency problem, this will do very well.

Your Reviewer Says: Straight stuff on delinquency.

The Egg and I (Universal)

THIS is a disappointment. Any resemblance in this mediocre film to the fun-raising characters of the best-seller must have gotten there by mistake.

For instance, Claudette Colbert is a chic, well-groomed *Betty*. She can wallow in mud, scrub floors and fall off a roof and still emerge looking ready to model country clothes for *Vogue*. The rowdy *Kettles* of the book have degenerated into a slap-happy pair with, heavens above, a handsome clean young son who works hard so he can go to college! The final sin is the dragging in, via shining station wagon, of blonde Louise Allbritton, who owns a million-dollar farm down the road and is on the make for *Bob*.

The farm looks a little broken-down and deserted—that is, just for a moment. But before you can get a second look, it's all cleaned up, shiny, comfortable and anything but the deserted patch of wilderness that *Betty-of-the-book* had to contend with. *Bob* is an affable and charming Fred MacMurray who likes to get dressed up in tails, have dinner with his wife by candlelight and pretend they're at *Twenty-one*!

This should be enough to warn you that this isn't "The Egg and I." It's two other movies—neither of them good. Marjorie Main as *Ma Kettle* does manage to salvage a piece of wit here and there; the forest fire, the Indians, Stove are present but for all the fun they are they might as well have been omitted.

Your Reviewer Says: The omelet fell.

The Woman on the Beach (RKO)

IF THIS is a sample of what's happening to the "wicked ladies" of the current cycle, they better pack them all up and put them away on the shelf. Joan Bennett makes a fine *Mrs. Macomber*, but she had something sensible to work with there. Now she's supposed to be a man-snarer who slinks along a lonely beach making rendezvous with Coast Guard Robert Ryan in the deserted wreck of a war-ghost ship.

Since Ryan has a bad case of war nerves, this living in the shadows with a married woman just isn't good for him. Wouldn't you think he'd snap out of it and go back to that nice Nan Leslie who was all set to marry him before Joan sneaked in. To complicate things, there's Charles Bickford, the husband, who does some excellent work in the demanding role of a blind man.

Things get steadily more muddled with all sorts of impossible dialogue and impossible happenings filtering in with the fog until you just want to push everybody over the cliff. This had a chance, with Ryan, Bennett and Bickford there to help, but it got too confused with its own neurotic idea.

Your Reviewer Says: Psychology goes haywire.

Yankee Fakir (Republic)

THIS "Fakir" must have snuck in when nobody was looking. He's of no consequence, anyway, so it really won't matter. Douglas Fowley is called upon to play him—a traveling pitchman, *Yankee Davis*, who comes with his partner to a small Arizona town, takes a room in Joan Woodbury's house and then takes a hand in trying to solve the murder of her father.

It would have been much easier just to have washed his hands of the whole thing, bundled up Joan and her kid brother and taken them out of the town. This way, he has to get Clem Bevans to dress up and play his millionaire uncle who's offering a prize to the chap who'll expose the worst scoundrel in town. Douglas naively thinks this will smoke out the murderer, but all that does come floating in is some pretty bad movie-making.

You see only the back of the villain's head until the end of the picture but you knew all along who he was. You can guess just about everything that will happen too, so you might as well stay home.

Your Reviewer Says: Big faker.

Copacabana (Coslow-UA)

GROUCHO MARX stalks through this, accompanied by zippy Carmen Miranda. If they're enough to entertain you, then entertained you will be because that's about all there is to the picture.

Groucho pretends he's an agent for Carmen and gets so intrigued with the idea he sells her double to the famous Copacabana club. This means she wiggles through a South American act, then rushes away to simmer in a veil as one *Mlle. Fifi*. Even Steve Cochran who runs the place is fooled.

That's the plot—dressed up by a glimpse of fourteen "Copa Girls," the brief appearance of New York night-life figures Louis Sobol, Abel Green and Earl Wilson, and with a song by Gloria Jean who's grown up to be quite a personable if somewhat static young lady.

One Marx looks rather lonely; furthermore, for some people, one Marx may be one too many. Suit yourself on this—you have Carmen and Groucho to cheer or boo as the case may be.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of nothing.

Best Pictures of the Month

Great Expectations
Perils of Pauline
The Adventuress

Best Performances

John Mills, Valerie Hobson,
Bernard Miles, Francis L. Sullivan,
Finlay Currie, Anthony Wager
in "Great Expectations"

Betty Hutton, Billy De Wolfe
William Demarest, Constance Collier
in "Perils of Pauline"

Deborah Kerr in
"The Adventuress"

GEORGE BRENT

is ducking out
on a \$75,000
cold check...



and a
million
dollar chick
named

JOAN BLONDELL

... but when
he gets
Aunt Matilda's
S.O.S. he takes
a chance getting
there for



"CHRISTMAS EVE"

It's merry!

*but
there's
more
yet!*

The Ghost Goes Wild (Republic)

DON'T just blame the poor ghost for going wild in this—everything and everybody else do, too. James Ellison and his butler Everett Edward Horton have to walk around tripping over sheets while Anne Gwynne registers horror. They can't scare Ruth Donnelly, though, and that's too bad because she's the one who calls forth all this phenomenal nonsense.

The background is Ellison's farm "Haunted Hill" which really looks like a nice cozy place, not at all the setting for seances and a real ghost who walks through doors in search of chewing gum. Just for another complication, Grant Withers runs through doors with a shotgun looking for Ellison. The finale is a courtroom scene where everyone talks to an empty chair. By this time, most of the audience's chairs will be empty, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Ghastly business.

Born to Kill (RKO)

WHAT a nice little group of people turn up in this! There's Lawrence Tierney who, when he gets upset about anything, just kills someone; Claire Trevor, a hard-bitten lady who likes money; Walter Slezak, the detective who acts so shady as he looks for the murderer of Isabel Jewell (Lawrence, of course). Elisha Cook Jr. tries to keep Lawrence from shooting more people, but when things get touchy he even tries to knife harmless old beer-drinking Esther Howard.

This is a dark outlook, you must admit; it's not cheered up any at the end, either—which is one good thing in its favor. The bad stay bad and get their innings; good Phil Terry and honest Kathryn Card just

walk out of the picture. They probably thought they'd be better out than in.

Tierney has gone back to his steely-eyed law-breaking with ease and Claire looks the way you'd expect a lady to look when she makes love to a murderer.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a dead duck.

Homesteaders of Paradise Valley (Republic)

NOT much Paradise about this valley—it's all a lot of trouble that has to be cleaned up by Allan Lane as Red Ryder and his juvenile companion, Little Beaver.

It's a Western that has something happening every minute, most of it routine. Some settlers want to homestead out in Paradise Valley, but Milton Kibbee as a sly newspaper publisher wants the land for himself. Red's right in the thick of the fight for a while, but then he deserts to turn journalist, only reappearing just in the nick of time to show up the bad men.

Ann Todd tosses her nice little hat in the ring to freshen things up.

Your Reviewer Says: Red Ryder on a routine trail.

Dishonored Lady (Chertok-Stromberg-UA)

HEDY LAMARR looks beautiful throughout, despite the hectic life she has to lead as a neurotic who keeps chasing fun.

Dennis O'Keefe is the young doctor who loves Miss Lamarr when she deserts the glitter life and takes up her paintbrush in an attic. John Loder, who has been made up into a menacing wolf with fake dark eyebrows, plays at being a playboy who just won't let the poor girl alone.

Gentle-faced William Lundigan is supposed to be the heavy villain who brings all this to a climax scene in a courtroom where the dishonored lady is presumably given a new chance at making a go of things.

She may be able to manage it—especially since she's the kind of a girl who can look beautiful just after she's been scooped out of a messy smash-up. There's nothing real about this whole business; the question is how any of the participants could have walked through it with straight faces.

Your Reviewer Says: Too bad about Hedy—and the film.

✓ Carnegie Hall (Federal-UA)

READING like a benefit performance is the list of guest artists in this—from Walter Damrosch to Harry James with the N.Y. Philharmonic thrown in. You can expect—and you'll get beautiful music.

This is the film that was actually made in Carnegie Hall in New York. It hangs together on an innocuous little story about Marsha Hunt who works at the Hall and whose one desire is to see her son play on its stage. This is a good enough excuse for the artists to start making their bows—Pons, Piatigorsky, Stevens, Rubinstein, Heifetz, Stokowski are some of the performers who turn in their talented bits for the good of "Carnegie Hall."

Vaughn Monroe and Harry James wave their batons with the best of them and a sight-seeing camera roves around periodically through the Hall. But the music would definitely call for three checks, as this is the first time such a galaxy of famous artists has appeared under one banner. If you're in the mood you'll sit back, forget Marsha's problems, and listen.

Your Reviewer Says: Music festival.

in the groove

FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUMI
PEPPERMINT

Candy Coated
means More Flavor!

also makers of
FLEER'S Dubble Bubble Gum

Hear Spike Jones' new
RCA VICTOR RECORD
"Blowing
Bubble Gum"

FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

✓ **AFFAIRS OF BEL AMI, THE**—Loew-Lewin-UA: A *savoir-faire* piece with George Sanders playing a French rake of the last century. Also John Caradine, Angela Lansbury, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak. Plenty of atmosphere if you go for *bon mots* and the French spirit of things. (May)

ANGEL AND THE BAD MAN—Republic: A Quaker touch gives a novel angle to this Western. Big tough John Wayne falls in with a Quaker family; daughter Gail Russell falls in love with him. This spells reformation, with villain Bruce Cabot in the background just to keep John vacillating between Gail and his gun. (May)

BEAT THE BAND—RKO: Gene Krupa and his band try to beat some sense into this, but even with Frances Langford and Phil Terry chiming in musically it turns out a silly bit about a girl who takes lessons from orchestra leader Terry, masquerading as a classical maestro. Not enough here to cook up anything. (June)

✓✓ **BEGINNING OR THE END, THE**—M-G-M: The atom bomb comes up for some pretty good celluloid discussion with Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker and Tom Drake heading a fine cast. It's the history of the bomb from laboratory to Hiroshima done in a factual manner. See it and think. (May)

✓✓ **BOOMERANG**—20th Century-Fox: New-type picture based on a Reader's Digest feature in which honest state's attorney Dana Andrews tries to decide the innocence or guilt of a suspected murderer. Straight realistic film with suspense. (Apr.)

BRASHER DOUBLOON, THE—20th Century-Fox: George Montgomery takes over Bogart's role of detective *Philip Marlowe* to go hunting for a valuable coin. Meant to be a chiller-diller but misses by a gasp or two. (May)

BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME—Universal-International: Like Abbott and Costello? Then you'll probably like this gagged-up bit about their return to the home front and their tangles with copper Nat Pendleton. Silly as a Silly Symphony, with Lou climaxing things in a runaway midget auto. (June)

✓ **CALCUTTA**—Paramount: Enough action out in Calcutta centering around American flyer Alan Ladd, his pal Bill Bendix and Gail Russell to keep you wondering who did smuggle the jewels. You may be surprised at the way things turn out; then again, maybe you won't. (June)

CALENDAR GIRL—Republic: A Greenwich Village boardinghouse at the turn of the century has Irene Rich as the motherly hen, Jane Frazee as the girl next door and William Marshall and James Ellison as two of Irene's artistic proteges. The costumes are quaint and there's lots of tunes but not much else. (May)

✓ **CHEYENNE**—Warners: Nice bad man Dennis Morgan is fascinating to both Jane Wyman and Janis Paige in this fancy Western that has to do with the stage-coach robbery days of old Cheyenne. An anonymous bandit called "The Poet" puts this in a different—and good—class by itself. (June)

✓ **DUEL IN THE SUN**—Vanguard: Jennifer Jones loves two men—wild-oat sower Gregory Peck and his even-keel brother Joseph Cotten way down in Texas. Its big-time overtones, plus Lillian Gish and Lionel Barrymore, still don't make it any more than a dressed-up "melodrammer." (June)

ESCAPE ME NEVER—Warners: Errol Flynn, Eleanor Parker, Ida Lupino and Gig Young cavort around lightly for the first half, then get maudlin in a tear-jerking second half. Errol's a carefree composer; Gig, a conservative; rich Eleanor likes Gig, poor Ida likes Errol. It jumps around from the Tyrol to London slums but it's still a big miss. (May)

FABULOUS DORSEYS, THE—Rogers-UA: Tommy and Jimmy give out with the trumpet and sax but aside from the music, the picture hasn't much. It shows the Dorseys' life, featuring Sara Allgood as their mother, and Janet Blair as their singer. William Lundigan carries the love interest. (Apr.)

RANDOLPH SCOTT

is at home
off the range...



and making himself
at home with

DOLORES MORAN

... but when
Aunt Matilda
cries "Please!"
... pardner, he
gets there for



"CHRISTMAS
EVE"

It's merry!

*It's
taken
again!*

Arthur Murray Girls tell secret of daintiness while dancing



For
safe-and-sure
protection they
rely on this
deodorant
above all
others

THOSE GRACEFUL, gracious young instructresses at Arthur Murray's must be socially poised... must keep themselves *completely dainty* through strenuous hours of dancing.

NO WONDER they rely on Etiquet. For Etiquet gives safe-and-sure protection... stops underarm odor... checks perspiration... can be *depended upon* to guard daintiness through hours of active exercise. And not only is Etiquet so effective—so *efficient*... Etiquet is delightfully "fluffy"—goes on easily—is soothing to the skin.

ETIQUET stays moist in jar—is harmless to the most delicate fabrics. Now *you* can share this secret of "dancing daintiness"—*always* have confidence in your charm by using Etiquet. At all cosmetic counters—in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.



Etiquet

The safe-and-sure
deodorant

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

FABULOUS SUZANNE—Republic: *Cinderella* goes to town in this romantic rigmarole, starring beautiful Barbara Britton and daddy-of-crooners Rudy Vallee. The banal situations provide a goodly helping of hokum with Richard Denning, Bill Henry, Veda Ann Borg and Otto Kruger. (Apr.)

✓**FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE**—RKO: This is the way democratic politics should work, with Joseph Cotten, Loretta Young and Ethel Barrymore running things. Loretta is the servant *Katy* in Cotten's home and what she does to the electorate makes an amusing make-believe evening. (June)

✓✓**FRAMED**—Columbia: Glenn Ford gets picked up, then let down by beautiful schemer Janis Carter and wicked Barry Sullivan. Filled with Ford's special brand of acting that will keep you tensed up for the evening, this has plenty of what it takes. (June)

✓**GUILT OF JANET AMES, THE**—Columbia: Rosalind Russell is a neurotic war widow who walks through misty backgrounds trying to find out why her husband gave up his life in the war. Melvyn Douglas plays her guide; Sid Cesar gives the proceedings a shot in the arm with a takeoff on "psychological" films. You may like it. (May)

HELLDORADO—Republic: Roy Rogers, with the help of George "Gabby" Hayes and Dale Evans, goes after the black market boys and makes 'em cry "uncle!" It's a colorful show what with a rodeo, a treasure hunt and a pioneer parade but the spotlight belongs to Rogers and Trigger. (Apr.)

✓**HIGH BARBAREE**—M-G-M: A money-maker with two favorite blondes, Van Johnson and June Allyson, who start out as a little boy and girl dreaming about a fabulous mountain, *High Barbaree*. It takes lots of homey incidents in an Iowa town, the war and Thomas Mitchell to get the two on the right road to the heights. (June)

I'LL BE YOURS—Universal: Frilly little story about singer Deanna Durbin's trip to the Big City, where she gets all mixed up with—and mixes up—waiter Bill Bendix, roué Adolphe Menjou and Lawyer Tom Drake. Not bad, but hope for better. (Apr.)

✓**IMPERFECT LADY**—Paramount: Teresa Wright's past, especially her little mix-up with Anthony Quinn, interferes with husband Ray Milland's career in Parliament. You'll have a good evening's entertainment. Virginia Field and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are good, too. (May)

✓**IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN**—M-G-M: As perky goings-on in Brooklyn as you'd want with genial Frank Sinatra as the ex-veteran who meets up with music teacher Kathryn Grayson. Jimmy Durante steals the show in his best linguistic manner and Peter Lawford is the nice Englishman who sees America through Brooklyn eyes. (June)

✓**IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE**—Allied Artists: Unpretentious and highly amusing, this has Victor Moore as a tramp-philosopher who borrows tycoon Charlie Ruggles's Fifth Avenue mansion every winter while Charlie's away. Lots of turn-the-table comedy that makes for homey fun. (May)

IT'S A JOKE, SON!—Eagle-Lion: Kenny Delmar is of course *Senator Claghorn* of radio fame. He runs for office in the Deep South, booms out his quips in great style. But even with Una Merkel and June Lockhart, it's on the weak-sister side. (Apr.)

✓**JOHNNY O'CLOCK**—Columbia: Dick Powell is the slick young *Johnny* who gets mixed up in the gambling business; Evelyn Keyes is his girl. The plot is neat; the gangster business isn't overdone; and it's all woven together in a way that makes things hum. (May)

✓✓**LATE GEORGE APLEY, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Ronald Colman moves to Beacon Street in Boston and emerges unquestionably as the famous Marquand hero. He's hidebound by tradition though daughter Peggy Cummins and son Richard Ney do their best to shake him out of it. Boston had better be ready to laugh at itself because the rest of the country will. (May)

✓✓**LOCKET, THE**—RKO: Your eyes keep getting bigger and bigger watching what Laraine Day does. Robert Mitchum and Brian Aherne know all about her past, which has lots of events in it that no lady should even think of. A psychological thriller done up in style. (June)

LOST HONEYMOON—Eagle-Lion: Franchot Tone gets pulled into a bad situation in a not-so-good film. He marries an English girl overseas while he has amnesia; and just when he's ready to commit bigamy in America over comes Ann Richards with his twins. Tom Conway tries to help everybody out, but it's a lost cause. (June)

✓**MACOMBER AFFAIR, THE**—Bogaus-UA: Ernest Hemingway's novel about a man, his wife and their hired hunter in deep Africa will give you plenty of turns. Joan Bennett is *Mrs. Macomber*; Robert Preston, *Mr.*; Gregory Peck, the professional hunter. What happens out on the veldt will give you something to wonder about. (May)

✓✓**MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES**—M-G-M: A happy and personable picture about life in old Baltimore with Jackie Jenkins as the little guy who talks to horses. Peter Lawford as his brother and Spring Byington, Edward Arnold and Charlie Ruggles adding to the good-natured fun. (Apr.)

✓✓✓ **MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE**—Paramount: Words and facial expressions by Bob Hope who falls all over himself running to aid damsel Dorothy Lamour. He meets up with Peter Lorre and a murder charge. Hope really has himself a time and you will too. (May)

✓ **NEW ORLEANS**—Levey-UA: Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday perform, but other than that this has nothing to offer. Jazz gets born in New Orleans with the help of Arturo De Cordova, Dorothy Patrick, Louis and Billie. Louis and the music are good, the rest bad. (May)

✓ **NORA PRENTISS**—Warners: Ann Sheridan comes into the life of successful doctor Kent Smith and before it's over you have a gruesome picture of where a back street can lead. Strong point of the film is the dilemma faced by *Nora* in the climax. (Apr.)

✓✓✓ **ODD MAN OUT**—J. Arthur Rank: A pretty prize from England with James Mason playing the hunted head of an "organization" in Ireland. It's the story of the eight hours in which he's hunted down by the police, of the people who try to help him and of Kathleen Ryan who waits for his return. Excellent picture with excellent acting. (May)

✓✓ **PURSUED**—Warners: Expert treatment of the life of Robert Mitchum who's pursued by a childhood memory in which Judith Anderson figures. Teresa Wright tries to help him; Dean Jagger tries to kill him. It's hate and love on the wild plains of New Mexico set to Max Steiner music. (Apr.)

✓ **RAMROD**—Enterprise-UA: Here's another wicked lady—Veronica Lake—who makes strong-minded heroes of the West weak in the head. Joel McCrea is the guy who doesn't catch on until it's almost too late that she'd just as soon murder as wink. Veronica's her sizzling self and it's a Lake special. (June)

✓✓ **RED HOUSE, THE**—Lesser-UA: A study in introspection to keep you in a high state of tension. Lon McCallister is warned by a farmer Edward G. Robinson to keep clear of *Oxhead Woods*, enters them instead, finds out about the red house and Rory Calhoun with the help of Judith Anderson and Allene Roberts. (Apr.)

✓ **SAN QUENTIN**—RKO: This starts out by pointing up the work in federal prisons of the inmates' league for self-discipline but ends up disappointingly as a routine gangster film with grim-faced Lawrence Tierney chasing his killer prey. (Apr.)

✓✓ **SEA OF GRASS, THE**—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn get emotional about life on the cattle range in the eighteen-hundreds. Their marriage runs into complications, one of whom is lawyer Melvyn Douglas; the years bring children Robert Walker and Phyllis Thaxter as well as plenty to keep you interested. (May)

✓ **SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This had a big opportunity in a brand-new plot—a female "typewriter" who walks into a staid Boston office in 1874. It could have been a diverting comedy, but it peters out instead into a love duet between Betty and her crooning boss Dick Haymes. Fair enough, but could have been better. (June)

✓ **SINBAD THE SAILOR**—RKO: Fabulous *Sinbad* played by Douglas Fairbanks Jr. sails in search of treasure. Done in rich Technicolor, with a fanciful atmosphere, plenty of action, wicked Anthony Quinn and beauteous Maureen O'Hara. (Apr.)

✓✓ **SMASH-UP: THE STORY OF A WOMAN**—Universal-International: Susan Hayward turns in a fine picture of an alcoholic woman married to Lee Bowman and resentful of his secretary Marsha Hunt. When time hangs heavy on her jeweled fingers she takes to the bottle. It's a shocker. (May)

✓ **SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE, THE**—Universal-International: Dreamed-up stuff with Jean Pierre Aumont as composer Rimsky-Korsakov beaming his way through colorful happenings in a Moroccan port. Yvonne De Carlo dances, there's lots of music, a fight with bull whips and nonsense involving Brian Donlevy. (May)

✓ **TARZAN AND THE HUNTRESS**—RKO: Some hunters (one's Patricia Morison) invade Johnny Weissmuller's jungle in search of zoo specimens, but they're defeated before they ever start. Brenda Joyce, Johnny Sheffield, Cheta and some refreshing jungle scenes make this a foregone winner in the Saturday-afternoon line-up. (June)

✓ **TIME OUT OF MIND**—Universal-International: The novel was a best-seller, but the film fell flat on its high-minded nose. Phyllis Calvert is good as the housekeeper's daughter who tries to make a musician of Robert Hutton, with Ella Raines in there plugging, too. Eddie Albert is featured. (June)

✓ **TWO MRS. CARROLLS, THE**—Warners: *Mr. Carroll* is Humphrey Bogart and *Mrs.* is Barbara Stanwyck. They seem an ideal married couple until you and Barbara begin to find out what happened to the first *Mrs. Carroll*. There's roaring wind, beating rain and suspense; everything's dandy except that tough Bogie cracks up unbelievably under the strain. (June)

✓ **WELCOME STRANGER**—Paramount: Everyone takes it easy—Bing sings genially, Barry Fitzgerald's Cupid and Joan Caulfield acts the pretty foil. The plot lallygags pleasantly along the route of a city doctor's sojourn in a Maine village. (June)



...and wait
till you see what
happens when they
all get together to
rescue AUNT MATILDA



...on CHRISTMAS EVE

Benedict Bogeaus
presents

GEORGE RAFT
GEORGE BRENT
RANDOLPH SCOTT
JOAN BLONDELL
VIRGINIA FIELD
DOLORES MORAN
and **ANN HARDING**

Merry
in
CHRISTMAS
EVE

with

Reginald Denny • Douglas Dumbrille • Clarence Kolb • Dennis Hoey
John Litel • Walter Sande • Joe Sawyer • Konstantin Shayne

Screenplay by Laurence Stallings

Adapted from original stories by
Laurence Stallings and Richard H. Landau

Produced by BENEDICT BOGAUS • Directed by Edwin L. Marin

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

*Met Her on Sunday-
Lost Her on Monday!*



JUST WHEN I
THOUGHT THIS PERT
PIGEON AND I WERE
DEFINITELY ON THE BEAM
SHE FLEW! AND WHY?
I ASK YOU, SIS, WHY?

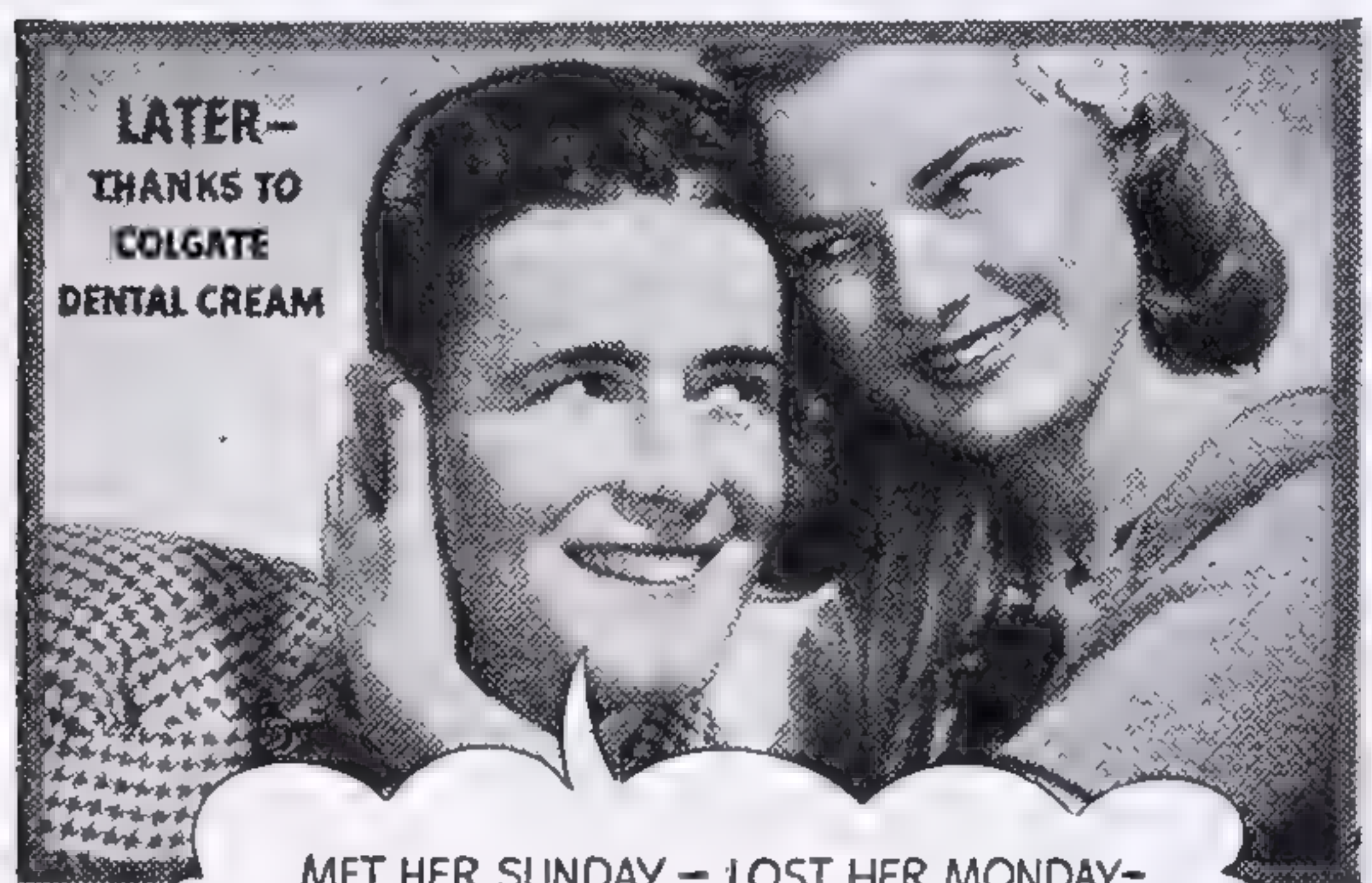
EVER THINK OF THE
BAD BREATH ANGLE?
NO FOOLING, PETE,
YOU OUGHT TO MAKE
TRACKS FOR OUR
DENTIST'S—BUT FAST!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH
THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating
foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth
—helps clean out decaying food particles—
stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause
of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft pol-
ishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly,
gently and safely!"



LATER—
THANKS TO
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM

MET HER SUNDAY — LOST HER MONDAY—
TOOK A TIP— AND WOO! WOO! WEDNESDAY!



**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



Use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
twice a day
and before every date!

Ladies in Luck

Food, fun and frolic for Photoplay's Radio Winners



Catherine McLeod puts
out welcome mat for
Photoplay's Hollywood
Tour winners, Mrs. Lillie
Murray of Winnipeg,
Canada, and Mrs. Hazel
Baier of Glendale, Cal.

Tea for two winners—
Hollywood host Atwater
Kent serves Californians
Mrs. Lawrason and Mrs.
Betty Landon — Hurd
Hatfield dropped in too



Natalie Draper (Lady Castle-
maine of "Forever Amber"),
at Brown Derby with Sylvia
Mizrahi, Brooklyn, and Mrs.
Hansford of Los Angeles

Don't look now, an actor tells Mrs.
Dana, another winner on the daily
afternoon ABC show, but your
wig's showing. It was all in fun—
on set of "The Paradine Case"



A Great Star Of Today Brings You The Life, Loves and
Thrills Of A Great Star Of Yesterday...As Betty Hutton
Portrays The Adventures—On Screen and Off—
Of Pearl White, Beloved “Queen Of The Serials”!

Paramount Presents

THE PERILS OF PAULINE

in TECHNICOLOR

*Betty Hutton
John Lund*

The spectacular life story of a star who risked a thousand deaths in chapter after chapter of the serial that helped make movies famous. Then sang and danced her way into the hearts of 50 million Frenchmen...only to find that love was the most perilous adventure of them all!

with
BILLY DE WOLFE
William Demarest
Constance Collier
Frank Faylen

Directed by
George Marshall

Screen Play by P. J. Wolfson and Frank Butler



the new
Rave Color for
lips and fingertips



PEGGY SAGE

Raving Beauty

Lavish it on your lips, your fingertips. It's Peggy Sage's new dewy, dreamy rose. Beautiful on, beautiful to everybody.

You've never never seen anything like it. You'll rave. He'll rave. They'll all rave. What more can any girl ask?

Shimmer Lipstick, \$1.00*. Shimmer-Sheen or Regular Nail Polish 60¢*

Salons:

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London: 130 New Bond Street

Paris: 7, Place Vendôme

*PLUS FED. TAX. COPR. 1947 BY PEGGY SAGE, INC.



Richard Long, appearing in "The Egg and I"

LONG Shot

IT'S a real caution the way things happen in Hollywood. For instance, casting director Jack Murton had "lifted" two Hollywood High School girls to school.

"You should see him in our class play," the girls were chanting.

"See whom?" Jack asked.

"Richard Long. He's wonderful," they enthused. So Jack suggested the girls have Richard telephone him that day.

It took a lot of doing to get Richard to the phone but after he'd gone to the studio and read the part of *Drew*, Claudette Colbert's older son in the film "Tomorrow Is Forever," he was it and no fooling around. His next performance in "The Stranger" convinced executives Richard was a natural, and International Pictures placed him under contract.

Dick (the youngest of six children) was born in Chicago December 17, 1927, and went from Waller High School to the Township High at Evanston. Remembering their home in Hollywood when they were first married, his father (a commercial artist) and mother returned four years ago and Richard enrolled at Hollywood High. He won an "H" for tennis and created another "H" for havoc among the girls who cased the six-foot-one, brown-haired lad with the oversized gray eyes and two stand-in dimples that almost make big time when he smiles. He's had a few crushes in his time but realizes a teen-age romance isn't to be thought of seriously.

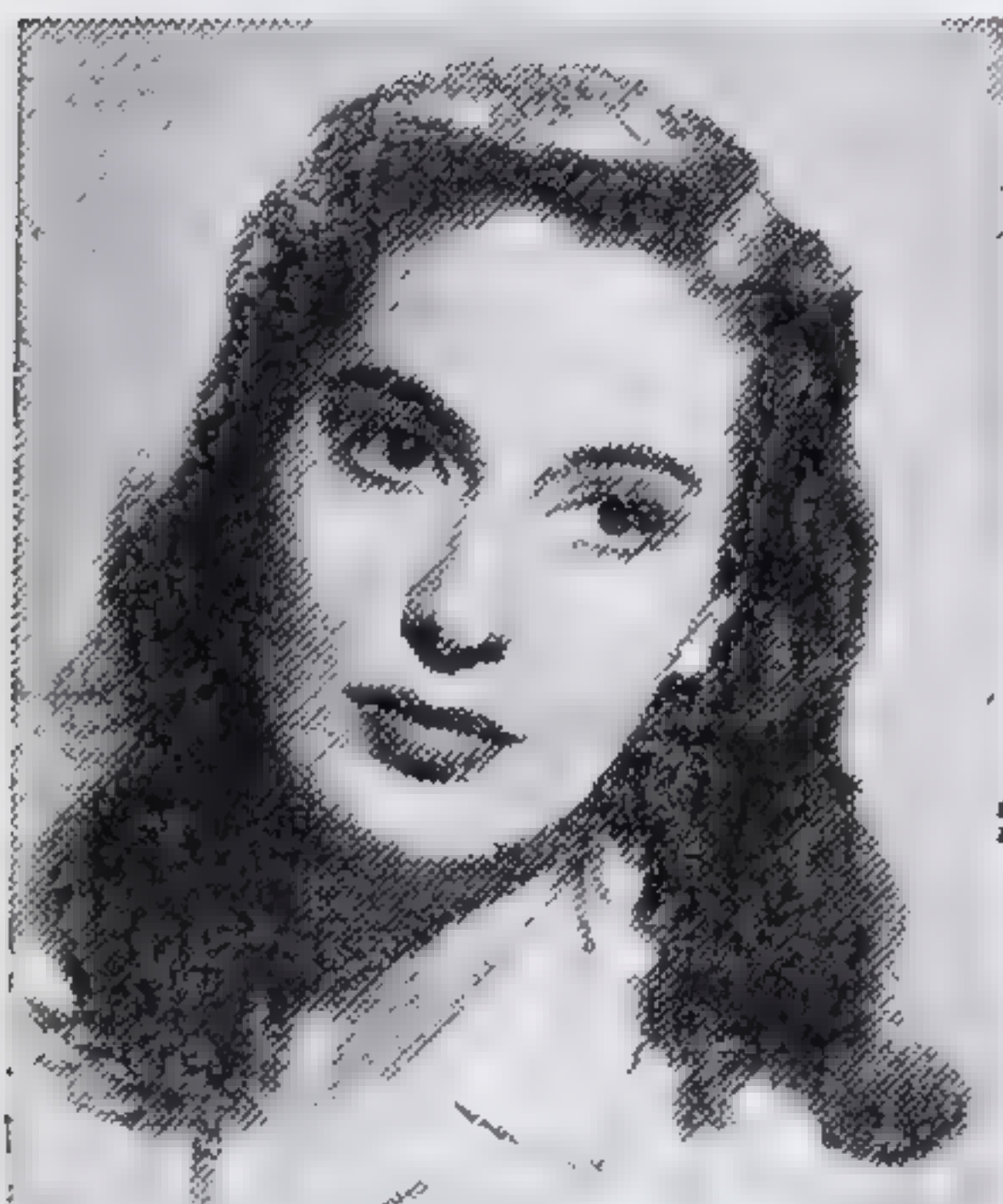
Being the only actor in the family, Dick comes in for quite a bit of well-intentioned criticism which he accepts gratefully. Of course, twelve-year-old Phillip's pronouncement that brother Dick plain stinks, he accepts as disguised praise.

He doesn't think his role in "The Dark Mirror" or his part in "The Egg and I" were very much but his studio just smiles and says nothing. They have plans for Richard, who can not only act but beat a piano into a frenzy—as if he weren't fascinating enough to the femmes.

Outside Romanoff's where the fans gather to glimpse the stars, they made one mad rush for Richard.

"Hey, Dick," both boys and girls called in unison, "how about signing our autographs?" And when fans greet an actor with a "Hey, Dick," brother, he's in.

Beauty Spots



Valerie Hobson
in "Great Expectations," British film

By
Mary Jane Fullton

CALLING LONDON!



VALERIE HOBSON is a popular English actress. When you see her play the femme lead in "Great Expectations," J. Arthur Rank's interesting movie version of the Dickens

classic, she will win your admiration, too . . . PHOTOPLAY, alert to any and all film personalities in the news, decided to talk with Valerie via trans-Atlantic telephone. So, in a trice, we were chatting with her in London!

WHAT IS REAL BEAUTY?

How had she managed to keep well-groomed and attractive in these times of shortages and hardships? Modestly she replied, not alone for herself, but for her countrywomen. Valerie told us that even a movie star, expected to maintain her glamour, cannot have special privileges. With soap products rationed, she, like all English women, must furnish her own soap when having her hair shampooed at the hairdresser's. It's the same with nail polish and nail polish remover . . . Cosmetics, although not rationed, are scarce. At the studios, make-up is kept under lock and key . . . We complain of high prices and taxes—but how lucky we are. There's never been a time when we couldn't buy cosmetics. During temporary shortages, we could change from favorite brands to other good ones. But in England, it's still not a question of what women like best; it's what they can get. On very little, Valerie states, they manage to present an almost unbelievably attractive appearance . . . "Have you noticed that the privations English women have endured during recent years has aged them prematurely?" we asked. Almost reverently, she replied: "In many cases, yes. To me, however, a woman is truly lovely only when she possesses beauty of spirit. I'm proud to say that, no matter what their ages, my countrywomen's wonderful spirit is reflected in their faces—giving to their expressions a beauty which softens any aging effects the war's experiences and its aftermath have etched upon their faces." This answer from lovely Valerie should give all of us American girls much food for thought in the future.



Oh, yes—you look sweet enough to kiss!

But kisses mean close-ups, so guard your charm with Mum

THAT'S a smooth make-up job, Honey. On you it should catch a man's eye, steal his heart.

But even tempting lips hold no lure when a girl is guilty of underarm odor. So

why take chances? Be *sure* you're sweet with Mum. Remember, a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.

checks perspiration odor

- 1. Safe for charm.** Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.
- 2. Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
- 3. Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical; Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

Romance a'brewing: Clark Gable—Iris Bynum at Ciro's



INSIDE STUFF

Larry and Betty: Enjoying his first recess from the movies since he began "The Jolson Story," Larry Parks is like a kid out of school for a summer vacation. He and wife Betty are busy fixing their small house up Nichol's Canyon way.

The house began when a flood swept one room of a nearby house up on a hillside and left it there. When no one reported a missing room, the people who owned the property simply built a little home around the room and sold it to Larry. The white dog house in the rear belongs to the setter given Betty

by the cast of "Call Me Mister" when she left the New York show for Hollywood. Betty, of course, promptly named the dog "Mister" and with his own brush Larry has carefully painted over the dog house door "Mr. Mister."

* * *

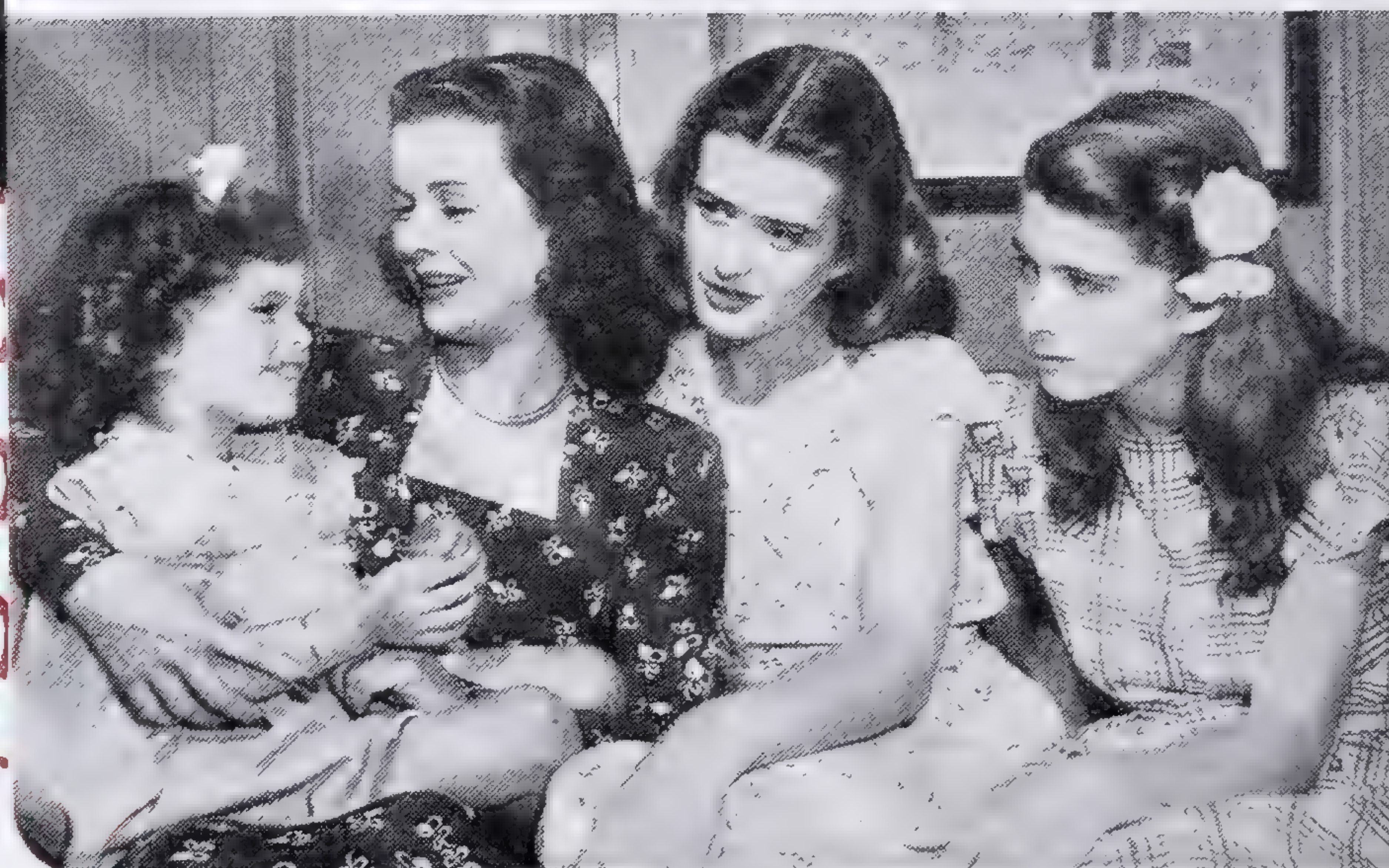
The Taylors: The separation between the parents of sixteen-year-old Elizabeth Taylor was caused by disagreement over how a teen-age daughter should be brought up: The question of dates with boys, of how soon Elizabeth should wear lipstick, what time she should get in from dates, and a dozen other similar

Photographs by

Jack Benny squires daughter Joan at "The Egg and I" premiere



Joan Bennett and three ardent admirers, daughters Stephanie—Diana—Melinda



Tune in Cal's Hollywood Tour—Monday through Friday 4:15 P.M. EDT



Furber's Delight? Ava Gardner and the Best Actor at 'Egg' preem (a Runyon Cancer Benefit)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

problems that confront parents of young girls.

Finally, realizing the welfare and feeling of security in a united home were more important to Elizabeth than any divided opinions concerning her deportment, the Taylors reunited and took a house at Malibu.

More parents who face the same problems can take a lesson from the Taylors and put a child's first needs first.

* * *

At the Moment: Bill Eythe, discouraged over his career, is off to New York where he'll marry Buff Cobb (the ex-Mrs. Greg Bautzer) at the home of her father,

singer Frank Chapman . . . Vic Mature in New York professes he's lonely for Hollywood but denies he made any statement regarding his future intentions with Rita Hayworth. Vic hasn't any . . . The Anita Colby-Skitch Henderson romance ends when Skitch takes off for New York and playing engagements in the East . . . Mark Stevens, tagging it at Jean Sablon's *Ciro* opening, dropped by Cal's table to report the latest on his new son—and Dick Haymes, joining in from the next table, confided their doctor predicts he and Joanne may expect twins soon.



Burt (The Killers) Lancaster and bride at same opening—a rare appearance



Esther Williams, Bob Dalton, Ben Gage at launching of Tally Ho, Bob's venture

Fink and Smith



New Mifflin with Dermium!

3 WAYS BETTER than ordinary alcohol...

1. Leaves the skin feeling smoother, softer!
2. Helps protect against "Alcohol Dry Skin"!
3. Makes massaging easier—feel the difference!



TRY NEW MIFFLIN as an after-bath rubdown for the youngsters—for yourself. Splash it on freely! Ah-h... how invigorating!

Please—don't confuse New Mifflin Rub with ordinary rubbing alcohol. DERMIMUM... Mifflin's new "miracle ingredient"... makes a difference you feel instantly! DERMIMUM aids in preventing absorption of natural skin oils.

For the most exhilarating rubdown you've ever enjoyed, try New Mifflin with DERMIMUM. Use it, too, to cleanse nicks and cuts, and as a mild sickroom antiseptic. Plain, and scented with Pine, Wintergreen, Lilac or Lavender.

Don't just ask for "Alcohol"... insist on genuine New

MIFFLIN

with Dermium!

ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL

★ The National Rubdown!

INSIDE STUFF



Maria Montez and Jim Mitchell of True Story, at Ciro's, where Jean Sablon charmed with his songs in the French-American fashion

Beverly Hills Beachhead: This month the New York division of Photoplay hit our Hollywood shores. Spearheaded by Meyer Dworkin, the man who as treasurer makes Macfadden Publications jingle, and staunchly supported by New York editor Helen Gilmore and Western editor Joyce Moss, the party launched into a gay round at Mocambo, hosted by Perry Lieber, head of RKO publicity (they call him "the genial genius") with Jane Greer, RKO's brunette hope... Jerry Asher, Photoplay writer, threw a stars-at-home party just to prove Hollywood enjoys sitting around on the floor as well as you do. There were Anne and John Hodiak, the Zach Scotts, the Mark Stevenses, John Dall and Helena Carter, Cesar Romero in the flowing beard he wears as Cortez in "Captain from Castile" and Glenn Ford in sideburns as "The Man from Colorado." On him they were even becoming.

Meyer's trip was a success when he spent two hours and a half with his favorite actor, Thomas Mitchell.

Speaking of Mitchell, Jim (The Smile) Mitchell, True Story advertising director, and his charming wife Florence, hit town the following week. In their honor Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont gave a delightful dinner in their home, sparked

by Peggy Cummins, the Seymour Nebenzals, Jean Sablon (the French Sinatra) and the lovely Lucita, Maria's young sister with her groom of five days, Jean Vois, young French journalist. Afterwards the party moved to Ciro's where Sablon wrapped up all hearers in his Paree version of "The Girl I Will Marree." Wait till you hear it!

Then there was the hospitable shindig at Ruth Waterbury's where Joe and Catherine Dooher added a note of brightness to the True Story contingent. Joan Crawford was there with her electric greeting, the Alan Ladds, Dan Duryea, the John Lunds, the Macdonald Careys, Joan Caulfield looking mighty lovely, and Bill Eythe, about to shove off east for his marriage to Buff Cobb. Helen Gilmore told Sue and Alan the four-leaf clovers she found at their ranch had already gone to work. "Ladd's luck" she's going to call everything that happens from here in.

Come again, kids!

Guy and Gail: We could hear suppressed laughter outside our door. It opened and Cal found himself engulfed by Guy and Gail in holiday mood.

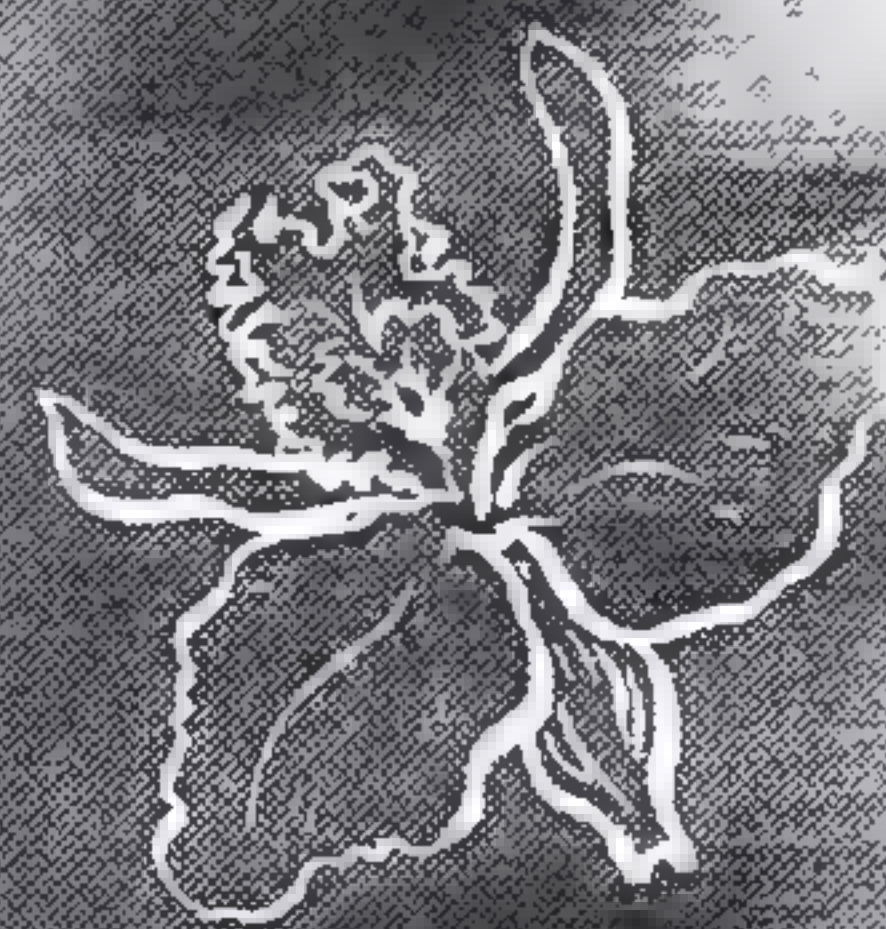
There's downright freshness about the youthful pair that radiates all the healthy qualities of two (Continued on page 24)



Helen Gilmore, Photoplay Editor, and Meyer Dworkin, distinguished members of the New York sweep on Hollywood, visit Ray Milland on set of "The Big Clock"

FEW
WOMEN

DARE
LIVE
IT...



WHITE ORCHIDS
MEAN LOVE!

RED ROSES MEAN
THE *other* LOVE!



FEW
MEN
DARE
GIVE
IT...

BARBARA

DAVID

STANWYCK and **NIVEN**

in the daring unpublished story by
ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
who wrote "Arch of Triumph"

THE *other* LOVE

Presented by
**ENTERPRISE
STUDIOS**

with

RICHARD CONTE

GILBERT ROLAND • JOAN LORRING • LENORE AUBERT • MARIA PALMER
NATALIE SCHAFER • Screen Play by Ladislav Fodor and Harry Brown
Adapted from the short story "Beyond" by Erich Maria Remarque
Directed by **ANDRE de TOTH** • A **DAVID LEWIS** Production

A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE



1. Rounded Ends

Insertion is *easy* with Fibs tampons... because Fibs have *gently rounded ends*. You'll see, when you switch to Fibs and find at last—a tampon that's *easy to use!*



2. "Quilted" Comfort

You scarcely know you're wearing Fibs, because "quilting" makes *this* tampon really comfortable. You see, quilting keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size... which could cause pressure, irritation or difficult removal. Remember the tampon that's *quilted* for your comfort: Fibs.

3. "Quilted" Safety

Quilting adds to your peace of mind—because it helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues—a Fibs safeguard women always appreciate. *Only Fibs* are quilted for your safety. So next month, switch to Fibs for internal sanitary protection.



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Dinah Shore, Al Jolson mix moods on Lux Show



Home and happy: Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck at welcome-home party given for them by David Niven on the Enterprise lot

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 22) youngsters in love. They attempt neither sophistication nor blasé indifference. "Isn't she beautiful, or am I crazy?" Guy kept asking Cal, and the way Gail looked at Guy revealed she felt the same.

They were all over the place, in the kitchen, in the icebox, like neighborhood kids who come visiting.

"What do you do between pictures?" we asked Guy. "Oh, go to the beach," he said. "Gail doesn't like the ocean so I hurry back and we sit in the sun. I guess I just look after my little girl," he smiled with masculine pride.

Gail decided that what Cal needed was a good oil painting of himself and she was the one to do it, so without quite knowing how, we found ourselves posing for pencil sketches which Gail will later transfer to canvas.

On Guy's left hand he wore a wedding ring. "When are you two kids going to get married?" we said. Guy looked down at his ring. "When she'll have me," he said. "I'm ready when she is."

So don't be surprised at anything that happens—and soon.

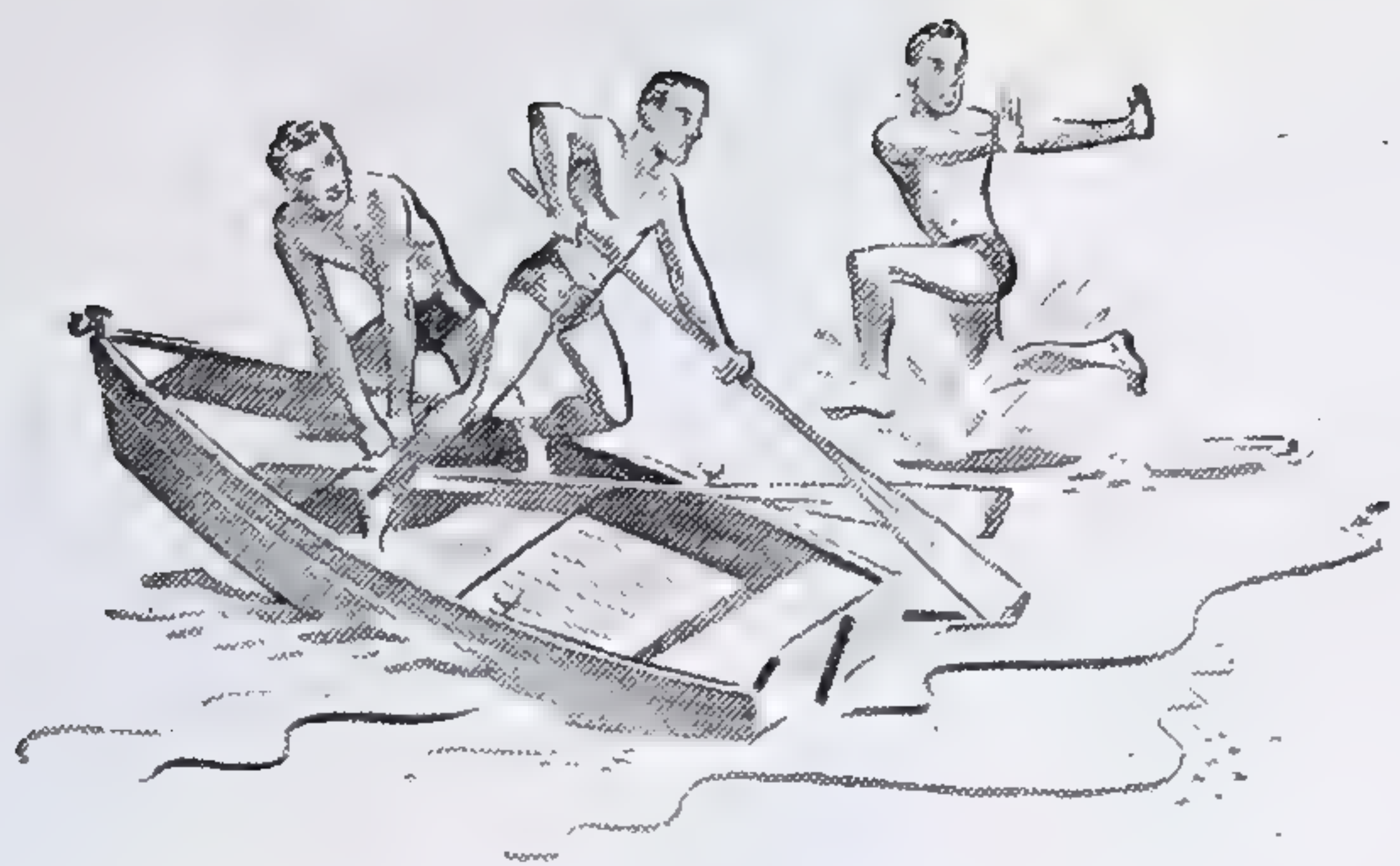
The Inside on the Clarks: "You're going to dinner with Dane and me," Margo Clark said, "and no excuses." But Cal had already made plans to attend the Jean Sablon opening at Ciro's and had to refuse. But we did learn the present marital status between Margo and Clark.

Margo had returned from her estrangement from Dane in New York to divorce the actor. But once here, the couple decided to try again, as Margo freely admits she loves Dane and was in hopeless despair without him. Dane loves and needs Margo, too, so the pair decided to reconcile.

But somehow things weren't the same, as is so often the case. Having relinquished a promising career as a pianist, Margo now felt the need of individual expression, of being the accomplished person she was when Dane knew and fell in love with her. So, after long talks, she has decided to return to New York and take some art and designing courses. When Dane joins her in early summer they will again discuss their still undecided future, and perhaps go to Europe together. Both are trying in an adult way to adjust themselves to a reap-proach to marriage. Cal sincerely hopes it works out.

Romance First Hand: Handsome Michael North, who will disturb feminine hearts when "The Unsuspected" is released, and the girl he adores, Audrey Totter, dropped in for a cocktail. Mike certainly doesn't conceal his admiration for Audrey. He laughed loudest at her tales of her radio experiences, even above the shouts of Glenn Ford, Kurt Kreuger and Hurd Hatfield.

After the others (Continued on page 26)



TAKE TO THE BOATS, BOYS!...
here she comes!

Is that the kind of treatment a pretty girl should get when she's off on her vacation and ready for romance?

Not if she's a bright girl, it isn't!

But Ginny isn't very bright about some things . . . her breath, for example.

She has a little touch of halitosis (bad breath) from time to time, and the boys have already spotted it. She's elected herself to the "Suicide Club" . . . social suicide, that is. She'll miss many a good time, sit out many a dance, watch the moon rise alone . . . *and wonder why.*

You, yourself, may not realize when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath)*. So the smart thing to do is to be extra careful about offending this way. And by being "extra careful" we mean using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date where you want to be at your best!

Almost instantly Listerine Antiseptic makes your breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Start the day and go to your date with a wonderful feeling of greater assurance and freshness. Make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" every day. It helps you to be at your best always.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

*While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

FOR ORAL HYGIENE **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

So Easy to Do at Home



RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL
Permanent Wave

Eileen

home cold wave
permanent

.. \$15 Cold Wave Formula

.. judged highest standard in lab tests

.. easy as putting your hair in curlers

.. conditions any hair, good for children

.. money back guarantee

developed by professional
hairdresser with 15 years'
know-how in permanent-
ing every kind of hair!

\$2 Inc. Fed. Tax
and mailing
charge



Eileen Home Cold Wave answers your wish for hair beauty, permanently yours . . . more economically, more quickly, more easily than ever! Eileen transforms your hair into glowing new beauty . . . takes an hour or less at home . . . easy-to-follow instructions . . . lasts long as the finest professional waves! Don't wait! Send your order today!

Coronet Beauty Products, Inc., Htfd. 1, Conn.

Please send me.....Eileen Home Wave Kits at \$2 per kit (includes tax and mailing costs).

I am enclosing \$.....

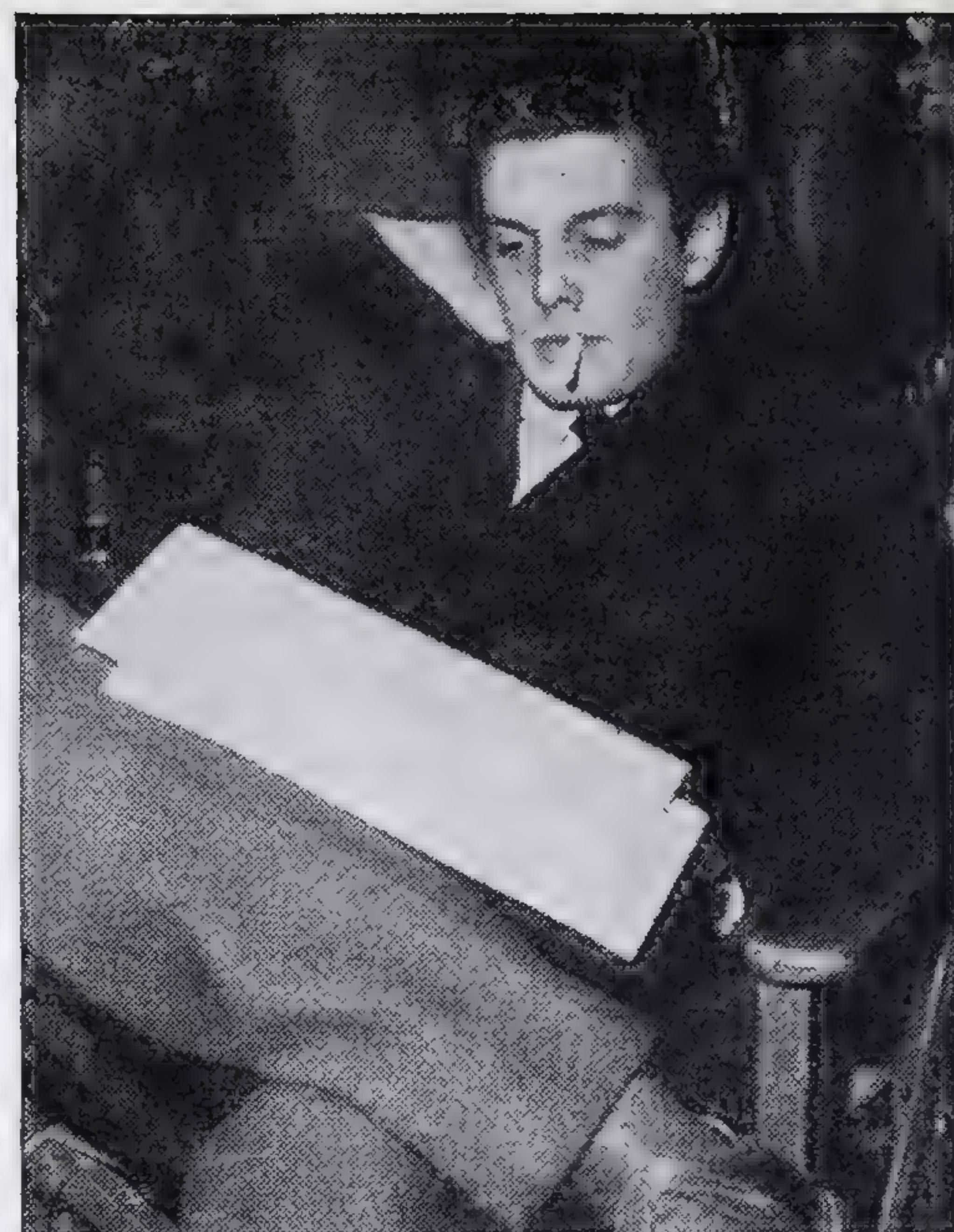
Name.....

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INSIDE STUFF

European invasion: Feminine hearts will pit-a-pat at Louis Jourdan, Gallic star in "The Paradine Case" (first pic here)



And Valli, Italian importation, "most beautiful woman in Europe," with Alfred Hitchcock, picture's director

(Continued from page 24) had left, and Audrey, Mike and Cal had gone to dinner, he told us that he'd been knocked cold from the moment Audrey walked on the set. "I'm really crazy about her but she won't take me seriously," he said. We could have told Mike that perhaps Audrey is more interested in a career at the moment than romance. Anyway our conscience hurt us a bit. Only that morning we'd given Audrey's phone number to Cesar Romero who had met her once.

Oh, well, we like both lads and Audrey too. So now we'll see.

Cocktails and Art: It was a small party for cocktails at Lady Mendl's: Van and Evie Johnson, Cal and Nelson Seabra of Rio, Sir Charles and their house guest Richard Ney. Later we were taken over the house by Lady Mendl and came away convinced this was the loveliest and most ingeniously decorated of homes.

"My autographed book for you," Lady Mendl said and presented Cal with "Elsie De Wolfe's (her maiden name) Recipes for Successful Dining," which Lady Mendl had had printed herself to be sold for the needy of France. When we suggested many of our readers would love having the book, the author, who has now left for France, suggested they write to Gloria Bristol's salon on Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, California, for a copy which costs three dollars, plus postage.

The next week Cal met Tony Duquette at a swank exhibition of his work. He's the young artist Lady Mendl is sponsoring and who created so many of the beautiful things in her home.

Tyrone: "Come over to my dressing room," Tyrone Power had said. "I'll meet you there."

In a suite, large as many an apartment and tastefully furnished, we waited for the actor to arrive from the "Captain from Castile" set. Soon we heard his voice as he entered the outer office and went to meet him. In a few minutes we were off to the studio cafe for lunch.

Lloyd Nolan came over to ask Tyrone if he minded if his luncheon guests came over for his autograph. Without a moment's hesitation, Ty went to their table, was graciousness and kindness itself.

Back in his dressing room, Ty showed us pictures of his South American trip and smiled when we raved over his steam cabinet, the beautiful radio-phonograph, maple furniture, etc.

"A body could very well live here," we remarked. "A body may very well have to if this body doesn't get somewhere to live soon," he laughed.

Ginny and Hyatt: Picking up Bob and Cleatus Hutton we drove up the mountain side to the beautiful new modern home of Ginny Simms and Hyatt Dehn. The cocktail party was in full swing when we got there and after greeting the hostess, we were taken upstairs by the host to see the mirrored window that permitted the couple to view their little son asleep in his crib in the next room.

Howard Hughes sat down for a chat and Bob and Mary Cummings proudly showed us pictures of their son. Frances Langford and (Continued on page 29)



Cutex (wonderful new, improved Cutex) brings you beautiful new bowl-him-over "Applecart"

So spicy, so saucy, such a flattering red it's wicked!

"Applecart"—the bright young thing to wear with your sun-gold tan! You'll love the provocative new shade, "Pippin," too—dark and delightfully attractive.

And the beauty of it is—all the new Cutex polishes are so wonderfully well behaved.

New stay-on and-on-and-on! Improved Cutex can really take it—thanks to a highly talented ingredient found only in the new Cutex. This wonder ingredient defies chipping and peeling.

New drying speed! Try new Cutex on one hand, your old-time polish on the other, and clock-watch them. You'll be amazed—new Cutex dries so fast!

"Polished performance?"—now, more than ever, you get it with Cutex. Northam Warren, New York.



NEW! NOW! LUSCIOUS CUTEX LIPSTICKS!

Yes, Cutex, the most popular name in nail beauty, now brings you heavenly new lip beauty!

Creamy-smooth, alluringly lovely lipsticks in shades that match or harmonize with your new Cutex nails. Only 49¢, at your favorite cosmetic counter.

VIRGINIA MAYO discovers New Improved *Drene*

At Last! The New
Miracle Shampoo
that lets your hair

*Shine
like the Stars!*

New! Leaves your hair dazzling
as the stars! Take Miss Mayo's advice.
Discover how new improved Drene's *richer, creamier* lather brings out *all* the glorious
brilliance now hidden by dulling soap film!

New! Never leaves hair dried out!
Proved superior in tests by hundreds of
women. New improved Drene does not dry
out hair. Instead, its *richer, mellower*
lather actually leaves your hair softer,
smoother, far easier to set, curl, and
arrange right after shampooing.

New! See and feel the difference,
instantly, in the way new Drene lathers...
the way it brings out all the beauty of
your hair! Ask for new Drene today.



Now! For All Types of Hair

New improved Drene is at your dealer's now
in the familiar blue-and-yellow package



VIRGINIA MAYO

Co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy,
"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

Miss Mayo says: "Thanks to new Drene,
my hair is now so full of highlights
it actually shines"

Never before DRENE

could any shampoo perform ALL of these Beauty Miracles

- ★ Reveals ALL the lustre in your hair
- ★ Does not dry out hair
- ★ Leaves hair far easier to manage
- ★ Marvelous hair conditioning action
- ★ Luxurious instant lather
- ★ Removes unsightly dandruff
- ★ No acid after-rinses needed
- ★ Flower-fresh fragrance

INSIDE STUFF



A cup of tea between friends: Ronald Reagan and Eleanor Parker, lovely appearing with him in film version of "Voice of the Turtle," New York stage hit

(Continued from page 26) husband Jon Hall stopped for a chat. Later Frances and Ginny gave out with a duet while Cary Grant and Skitch Henderson played.

After the party, the Huttons and Cal dined at the Chanteclair where practically every booth was crowded with stars listening to the wonderful music. A combination Romanoff's and Mocambo, Bob called it. Still later, we all trekked over to Slapsy Maxie's to hear Joe Lewis sing but Cal was so diverted by dancer Johnny Coy's convulsive laughter over everything Lewis did, we forgot to listen to the singer. Johnny had his cute wife Babs out for their first evening's fun since their baby's birth. He tells us they'll take the baby back to Montreal to be christened by the same minister who christened John.

Here and There: Frank Sinatra ignored magazine writers at a press conference, held a little late after all those bombastic insults Frank has been hurling in the direction of the press. Or maybe Frankie now needs the press on his side since his arrest for socking columnist Lee Mortimer . . . Difficult to believe Mona Freeman, that precocious teen-ager in "Dear Ruth," is the wife of Pat Nearney and will become a mother in the fall . . . John Lund and his cute wife Marie trekked to La Quinta in Palm Springs for a rest and the first person John ran into was Olivia de Havilland who played his mother in "To Each His Own." The Lunds, Olivia and husband Marcus Goodrich were a constant tennis foursome . . . Alan Ladd is making his first Technicolor film, "Whispering Smith," after ten years of acting and doesn't even need make-up due to the deep tan acquired on his Valley ranch . . . Creating a stir at "The Egg and I" were Turhan Bey and Ava Gardner looking soooo interested in each other.

Ohio to Castile: It's a long jump from a small farm in Ohio to Tyrone Power's leading lady in "Captain from Castile," but Jean Peters made it. And with the picture over, months of location in Mexico behind her, and multi-millionaire Howard Hughes for a beau, Jean still looks the farm-maid type.

The publicity boys at Twentieth came

running into Jim Reid's office where we were to meet Jean, with glamour poses of Miss Peters to offset, we suppose, her appearance off-screen which borders on the dowdy. Like a deliberate challenge to Hollywood, Miss Peters wears no make-up, not even a vestige of lipstick or powder. Her brown hair, uncombed and uncurled, clung to one side of her head, but her small brown eyes reveal the intelligence within. Plainly, the studio lads were embarrassed and seemed ill at ease, but Cal quite frankly enjoyed the experience and sensed instantly the fact that here was a gal gone overboard in her rebellion against any Hollywood demands.

After her freshman years at the University of Michigan, Jean went back to her native Ohio. She won the campus popularity contest at Ohio State, which won her a movie test and a contract at Twentieth. "Captain from Castile" was her first movie assignment.

Outside Canton, Ohio, where Jean was born, she led a wonderful life as a child with orchards to play in, church festivals to attend, and a seven-acre farm to roam over. She still knits and tats but can't dance—at least not the ballroom kind. She'd better be as good on the screen as one hears if she is to maintain that rugged individualism. For heavens sake, Cal keeps wondering, what must Tyrone and Howard Hughes think of it all, or is she merely trying to emulate Howard's appearance? As for us, we like it and Jean. 'Pears like she really has something.

Viva Mexico: A brand new friendship has developed between Evelyn Keyes and Lauren Bacall through the interests of their husbands, both in Mexico making "Treasure of the Sierra Madre."

Evelyn and Lauren planned to fly together to Mexico to visit Humphrey Bogart and John Huston. The girls shopped for all kinds of vacation clothes and when Evelyn had to return sooner than the others for "The Mating of Millie McGonigle," she brought back dozens of Mexican sandals.

The two couples had a wonderful time on location and expect to take up where they left off when they all get back to Hollywood.

New way to be
SWEET
to CARESS



You keep adorable with Jergens Dryad, a new kind of cream deodorant. Already approved by leading skin specialists, new Dryad actually prevents underarm odor safely, helps check perspiration more daintily. A secret ingredient keeps it face-cream-smooth to the bottom of the largest jar. Dryad is harmless to clothing—has a more luxurious fragrance. Preferred by fastidious women everywhere. Stay sweet to caress with Dryad. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢.



DRYAD

New Kind of Cream Deodorant—by Makers of Jergens Lotion

FREE: GIFT JAR—so you can try this new kind of cream deodorant—free.

Simply fill out and mail coupon to:
Box 57, Cincinnati 14, Ohio

625

Your name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Paste coupon on penny postcard if you wish.)
(Print name, address plainly . . . Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only).

Lifting Your Heart to the Highlands of Adventure...

*with the endearing
charm of
young love!*

BOB, Son of Battle

in Technicolor

*The call of adventure
rings out across the
hills and glens!
Surging with the
warm spirit of the
classic millions have
read and loved!*

Starring

**LON
McCALLISTER**

with **PEGGY ANN GARNER**
EDMUND GWENN
REGINALD OWEN
CHARLES IRWIN

From the
producers of
"Smoky"
and "My
Friend Flicka"

20th

**CENTURY-FOX
ACTION HIT!**

Directed by **LOUIS KING** Produced by **ROBERT BASSLER**

Screen Play by Jerome Cady • Based on the Novel by Alfred Ollivant

Our Baby

Paul Frederick Brinkman Jr.

Is Here

BY
RUTH
WATERBURY

It's three on a mountain-top for
Jeanne Crain now that little Paul
has come to live with her and big Paul

JUST an hour after dawn on Easter Sunday the phone rang in a flower-bedecked room in Los Angeles Queen of the Angels Hospital.

It was all wrong that the phone should have been jangled at that hour—and one of those flukes that exactly that moment the nurse had stepped out on some errand. The doctor had left—but the whole hospital understood that. He had had a tough night—delivering four babies since ten p.m.

The beautiful girl in the bed, still drowsy from anesthesia, reached out a hand and held the receiver close to her ear.

"The report is out that Jeanne Crain's baby has been born," a man's voice said. "Can you tell me if that's true?"

"Yes, it's true."

"Boy or girl?"

"A boy. Seven pounds and fifteen ounces."

"Did they name him yet?"

"Oh, yes. Paul Frederick Brinkman Jr."

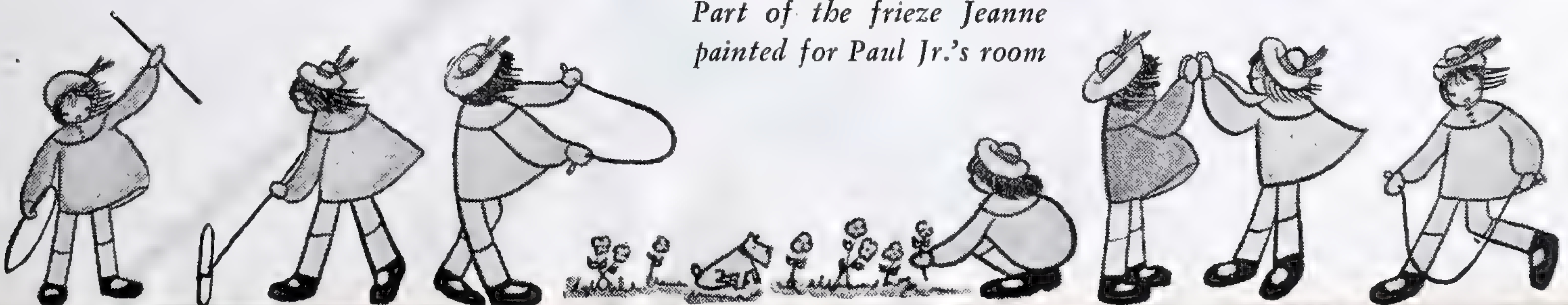
"How's the mother?"

"Oh, she's fine. And the baby—he's simply perfect."

"Thanks," said the reporter, and hung up, so excited about getting his scoop that he never realized that he had talked to Jeanne Crain herself.

As for Jeanne, she hung up, and didn't even know she had held the conversation—or with whom. She just went back to sleep again. But that was how it happened that the news of her baby's birth made the papers less than an hour after the proud and adoring father was allowed upstairs into the room.

They laugh about that now, Jeanne and Paul, as they camp with Paul (Continued on page 89)



Part of the frieze Jeanne
painted for Paul Jr.'s room



Hollywood Vs.

Are you one of those who thought Hollywood was ungrateful in fighting the Fans' Convention? If so, you should read this

Starlight
Publication for "Official Pull
Harris Family Fan Club"

FRANKIE'S UNITED SWOONERS

VINCENT PRICE OFFICIAL FAN CLUB

VANAGRAMS

SCANNY'S - RAY'S

Roy Rogers
FAN CLUB

THE OFFICIAL
DANE CLARK
FAN CLUB



IS Hollywood inhospitable to the fans who support it? Is Hollywood being rude to the International Fan Club League which wants to hold a convention in honor of the stars?

On the other hand:

Is there a good reason why the fans shouldn't meet in Hollywood and see their favorites? Would it be dangerous to turn a national convention of fans loose in Hollywood? Could the studios sponsor or co-operate with such a convention?

Hollywood has been unhappily aware of the fact that it was sitting on top of a first-class volcano. It all began last November with Mrs. Ellen E. Roufs, President of the International Fan Club League. Mrs. Roufs operates a mimeographing service and was launched in this business by the fan club she formed for James Stewart six years ago. Subsequently, she formed other clubs to which she extended her mimeographing service. Then, last November, Mrs. Roufs had an idea. Then and there she put it into effect. She sent bulletins to the presidents of the five hundred member clubs of the International League suggesting a Hollywood convention during the month of June. Mrs. Roufs *hoped*, she stated, to hold a dance at which the stars would be present, to take fans through the studios, to have the stars present at a tea and open forum. And she *planned*, she announced, to use the Masonic

The Fan Club

BY
CAMERON
SHIPP

Temple for a convention hall and to hold a dinner party at Ciro's.

She told the 500 club presidents of the League that they would have to make their own hotel reservations in advance and that the fee for attendance at the convention would be twenty dollars per person.

Unaware of any of this, Hollywood went its usually hectic, but comparatively calm, way. Until last February. In February Mrs. Roufs sent her publicity man, Ned Crawford, well-known in Hollywood, to the two motion picture studio associations, the Association of Motion Picture Producers and the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers, to ask for studio cooperation. Envisioning a full-dress affair with enormous national publicity, Mr. Crawford suggested that the producers contribute \$4,000 to assure the convention's success.

It was at this point that dismay, frustration and bitterness set in and a national hullabaloo began to pop. For the producers said no. They said it very firmly. They explained such a contribution would make them legally and morally responsible for the convention. They pointed out Los Angeles was in the throes of a pretty frightening crime wave . . . that Mrs. Roufs had made no arrangements for chaperoning, supervising or protecting the hundreds of visitors she had invited to California. The producers (Continued on page 119)



Too



George Sanders, star of "The Affairs of Bel Ami"

Well Remembered

George Sanders, the man who said he hated women, is learning too late what one woman—his wife—really meant to him

By
Harriet Eaton



Elsie Sanders discovered waiting was no good

GEORGE SANDERS, the most mysterious and close-mouthed actor in Hollywood, who convinced many people he meant all the cynical things he has said about women, has broken his ten-year silence because of the break-up of his marriage. After a secret courtship followed by seven years of an equally secret marriage, his wife suddenly left him last December.

"I didn't give, you see," George told a friend. "I only took."

This does not sound remotely like the George Sanders about whom Hollywood has puzzled ever since his arrival from England ten years ago. Depending upon the point of view, he has been called a difficult personality and a provocative personality . . . a bitterly scathing talker and a brilliant talker. And always he has hidden his innermost feelings; frequently with a curt, "That's none of your business."

No more, however. Today he says: "Since the break-up of my marriage, friends have tried to

console me by saying there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it . . .

"I wonder about that . . . I really wonder . . ."

His friends are amazed at the change in him. Not many are his friends, actually, for during his years in Hollywood he has gone out of his way not to make friends. He has been very frank about this too. "I am always rude to people, I'm afraid," he told a writer whom he had just met. "I don't put on the prop smile and oblige. I just look frightfully busy. I am not a sweet person. I am a disagreeable person."

However, George's few friends insist it was not because of any wish to be disagreeable that he kept his wife in the background—and so finally lost her. He did this, they say, rather out of his love for her. He wished her to stay the way she was—simple, unaffected, truly a woman. When he left the studio for home he wanted her to be waiting for him, bringing him everything a man could ask for: Serenity, peace, (Continued on page 70)

It's Like This, LOUELLA ...

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



A dream finally realized, Rita boards SS Veendam for Europe

ARE you going to marry David Niven after you divorce Orson Welles?" I put the question straight to Rita Hayworth. I am never one to quibble with my friends even when the question is as delicate as this rude poser.

"How can you ask such a ridiculous question?" Rita asked me. "Of course I am not. I am young. I like to go out. I like to have dinner with my friends, but I am not thinking of marrying anyone right now."

"David was lonely," she went on. "He had lost his beautiful young wife. He has two motherless boys and, as a mother, I can appreciate his problem. I like David and admire him tremendously. I think right now we are good for each other. But because you leave your husband is no reason you have to marry immediately."

"Then, you won't marry again," I persisted.

Mr. and Mrs. Welles at LaRue's before the dam broke





*Photoplay's headline reporter breaks the
silence that could be heard from Hollywood to New
York when Rita Hayworth left Orson Welles*

Rita Hayworth



Scott

Rita Hayworth, flying high in "Down to Earth"

Cropped and blonde for "Lady from Shanghai" at daughter Rebecca's birthday party



It's Like This, LOUELLA ...

"Certainly, I'll marry again. I love a home and I would hate to think that I would have to spend all my days alone in the future. But I am in no hurry to marry. I have had two husbands and I am not yet thirty. The next time must be the right one."

I talked with Rita in New York, the day before she sailed for Europe where, as a guest of the Army, she was to visit and entertain soldiers. She had not yet recovered from the heartache she knew over the dissolution of her marriage. But she had, nevertheless, taken hold of herself.

I found our interview strangely reminiscent of one I did with Rita for *PHOTOPLAY* the first time she left Orson Welles. Then I asked her if she expected to marry Tony Martin. And she was as vehement in her denials as she is now about David Niven. However, her dates with Tony were in the open, at night clubs where they danced as beautifully as any pair I ever saw.

(Continued on page 81)

Mother first, then artist: Rita at party with Rebecca and, on her knee, Lana Turner's daughter Cheryl Christine Crane





Engstead

Solo in the sun for Gregory Peck, star of "The Macomber Affair"

the affairs of Peck

**Greg always has insisted that
Uncle Charlie was the only one in his family
who ever knew where he was going**

BY DEE LOWRANCE

LIKE the late Tammany politician, Big Tim Sullivan, Gregory Peck works on the theory that he doesn't care what is printed about him, as long as his name is spelled right.

He's adopted this philosophy out of necessity, not out of choice.

"Lesson number one I've learned in my three and a half years in Hollywood," he explained, "is to say 'It doesn't matter' to whatever is printed about me. I've learned to mean it, too.

"Every profession has its hazards. Doctors lose patients, lawyers get adverse court decisions. An actor must plan on seeing the unexpected, even the untrue, about his personal and professional life appear in print."

Because he is honest, and natural, Gregory Peck has had more trouble than a lot of Hollywood poseurs. Around the studios they tell of one of his early interviewers, a lady with fixed ideas of her own. She was looking for a combination of John Barrymore, Sir Henry Irving and Basil Rathbone. She opened the interview with: "Oh, that beautiful voice of yours, Mr. Peck-- (Continued on page 118)



Four Pecks make a bushel of fun: Greg, sons Stephen and Jonathan, and Greta. Greg is also starred in "Duel in the Sun"

Gene Tierney



The G.E.T. GIRL

Gene Tierney's initials give her away. They're clues
to her divorce, why she left Hollywood, what's ahead

BY ELSA MAXWELL

GENE TIERNEY looks as sophisticated as pink champagne and as exotic as Scheherazade. But she's as simple as the New England countryside in which she grew up and as much fun as Brooklyn where she was born.

All of which explains why Gene left Hollywood exactly seven days after the Los Angeles Superior Court granted her divorce from Oleg Cassini.

"You feel so lonely when you're divorced," she said. "You wonder if you'll ever be able to care that much again—or have that much to give anybody else."

Gene, of course, could have remained in Hollywood. Any one of a dozen attractive men I might name would have been delighted to be in constant attendance. She could have gone dancing at all the smartest places. She would have been invited to swim in the biggest pools. She would have been a desired (Continued on page 112)



Gene knew her lines and Rex Harrison his—so they join forces to put Rummy through his paces

Sparkling as New England in spring—Gene is the co-star of "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir"



A new slant on the "merry widow"—Gene in a demure mood, on set between shots

Powolny

If you come by train, your gateway to Hollywood is the colorful Union Station on a plaza where lazy oxen browsed when Los Angeles was a sleepy Spanish pueblo



HOLLYWOOD

All aboard! Photoplay's own super-sensational, terrific tour of Cinema-land-on-the-Pacific is about to begin



And your guides are on hand to welcome you to the City of the Angels—Larry Parks and wife Betty Garrett, recently arrived from New York

You'll find Los Angeles a potpourri, made up of Mexico, China and Kansas, U.S.A. This is entrance to New Chinatown





A row of palms waves a royal welcome to the Beverly Hills Hotel. The lovely large swimming pool is a place to relax—and scrutinize some world famous figures

Pictures by Fink and Smith



Alone at last at the Beverly Hills. Beauty and The Feet—it's been a strenuous day—and Larry's too weary even to help wife Betty unpack

TOUR



THE road to romance—for sixty million people in the United States who go to the movies—is the road to Hollywood. So, what's the next best thing to going there? PHOTOPLAY's Hollywood Tours, personally conducted by your favorite stars.

The highway to Hollywood begins at the rambling, Spanish-colonial Union Station. The pride of Los Angeles, it was built in 1937 (seventy-five trains a day, 10,000 to 15,000 passengers arriving and leaving). Next, past colorful Olvera Street, as Mexican as Mexico City, with ever-intriguing Chinatown nearby. Then on to Sunset Boulevard.

Hills polka-dotted with pastel houses—Columbia Pictures, (Continued on page 86)



THE LIE

Guy was only seven, but in some desperate way he knew he had been put to the test—and failed

BY DOROTHY DEERE

HE STOOD with scared eyes fastened to the criminal evidence spread on the floor. He was seven years old and dressed in khaki shorts that hung loosely on his bony little hips.

The words of the nurse made hissing sounds in the shower-room. "Someone hasn't been eating their bread—" she was saying sternly, pointing to the unrolled napkin, spilling its stiffening bread-crusts to public gaze . . .

"Someone doesn't care if he gets strong and healthy or not—" the nurse was accusing. "And—what's much worse—someone has been being *sneaky* about it!"

Silence rode the ranks of the dozen small boys lined up against the wall. Only the drip-drip of a faucet dared intrude on the shameful sound of that word "sneaky." It was a new word to the vocabulary of young Bob Moseley (later to become famous as Guy Madison) and he instantly decided he wanted no further connection with it. . . .

Of course, everyone at the health resort knew it was a sin not to eat the four helpings of everything served to them each day. It was just that young Bob preferred his own method for a balanced diet. By rolling up his day's ration of bread or toast and stuffing it into his shorts, to be thrown away after mealtime, (Cont'd on page 93)



Morris

Guy Madison definitely has not "failed" in Hollywood. He stars in "Honeymoon"



Joan is off for some tennis in Palm Springs, but she'll be starring in "Welcome Stranger"

I BELIEVE in personal check-ups. Life seems to be a series of check-ups, whether it's the dentist, the doctor or the last time the oil was changed in the family car.

What more important than a little checking up—and down—with yourself? Find out what is wanting . . . and what you yourself want.

What about this girl Caulfield? Am I reasonably happy? What do I expect from my film future, and what can I do about getting it?

I'm a lucky girl. A very lucky girl. But what assurance have I that there will be blue skies from now on? Would the odds be better if I had struggled and starved?

I came to Hollywood three years ago from the cast of a hit Broadway show, "Kiss and Tell." In three years I've starred in two pictures with Bing Crosby, one with Bob Hope, danced in a film with Fred Astaire, and worked with prize people like Claude Rains and Bill Holden, with whom I co-star in the Paramount production, "Dear Ruth." Then add to this the privilege of being directed by that great artist, director Mike Curtiz.

And for all of it I can take little or no credit. I've had help, great help, from every star I've worked with. At all times I've had the full backing of my studio, and particularly that of the Paramount publicity personnel who have publicized Caulfield into a "name" in an (Continued on page 78)

I like it here

BY JOAN CAULFIELD



Fraker

*What to do about Caulfield?. A
first-person check-up of that time ahead when
head and heart say yes to romance*

My Romance With Evelyn Keyes



Sidney Skolsky and Evelyn Keyes:
Nice work if you can get it

The "affair" was going strong
until her husband came
along—now it's just a memo
for a columnist's notebook

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I UNDERSTAND," said Sidney Skolsky, the columnist, to Sidney Skolsky, the producer, "that you know Evelyn Keyes very well. That you had a romance with her."

"How you talk!" said the producer. "And what difference does it make if I did?"

"Ah, you admit it," said the columnist. "I just want to ask you a few questions because I am doing an article on her."

That's the difference between a columnist and a producer. A columnist leans back and asks questions. A producer leans forward and answers them.

"And what do you want to know?" asked the producer, leaning forward.

"I want to know how the romance started," said the columnist, leaning back and rather powerfully pleased. "But in telling me about the romance, I want you to reveal everything about Evelyn Keyes."



Scott

Atlanta, Georgia, is her home town. Evelyn stars in "The Mating of Millie McGonigle"



Advice on the hanging—of an Indian mask. Beauteous Evelyn, an ardent collector, and husband John Huston



The Hustons and family: Jennifer, their Kerry blue named for Jennifer Jones, and Willie the Airedale



John is a famous director and writer—Evelyn an actress. They only kibitz at home



John lovingly examines Oaxaca ceremonial candlestick and Evelyn gives points on Mexican ceramics

My Romance With Evelyn Keyes

There wasn't anything to do but tell him. The producer started. "Our acquaintance really began just before 'The Jolson Story' went into production. I was the producer of that picture, you know. Well, I wanted to make certain that Evelyn was the type to play Mrs. Al Jolson and so I began to instruct her and coach her in the part."

"But don't you think that Al Jolson would have been better qualified for that task?" asked the columnist.

"Gee, a producer has to do something," said the producer, "and besides it appeared like such nice work."

The producer started again. "Evelyn Keyes hails from Port Arthur, Texas, and the date is November 20, 1919. She moved to Atlanta, Georgia, when she was a youngster and she considers this her home town. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has brown eyes and blonde hair."

Her full name is Evelyn Louise Keyes. In the beginning she used to sign (Continued on page 96)



They're Mr. and Mrs., their home is in Tarzana, California, and bussing is international

TWO MEN IN



Straight-from-the-shoulder talk: Frank Sinatra and Pete Lawford

WHAT happens when two male stars come to New York City for a few weeks of business and fun? What happens when these two stars are Peter Lawford and Frank Sinatra? What happens if these two are together?

What happens?—Everything! Pull up a ringside chair and have a look!

Peter and Frankie were in Manhattan to do some scenes for their new co-starring M-G-M picture, "It Happened in Brooklyn" . . . but that's beside the point. Most of the scenes in their trip happened in real life. And everything turned into an adventure. Take something as simple as deciding to go out to buy shoes.

"We'll go to my favorite shoe shop," Frank told Peter.

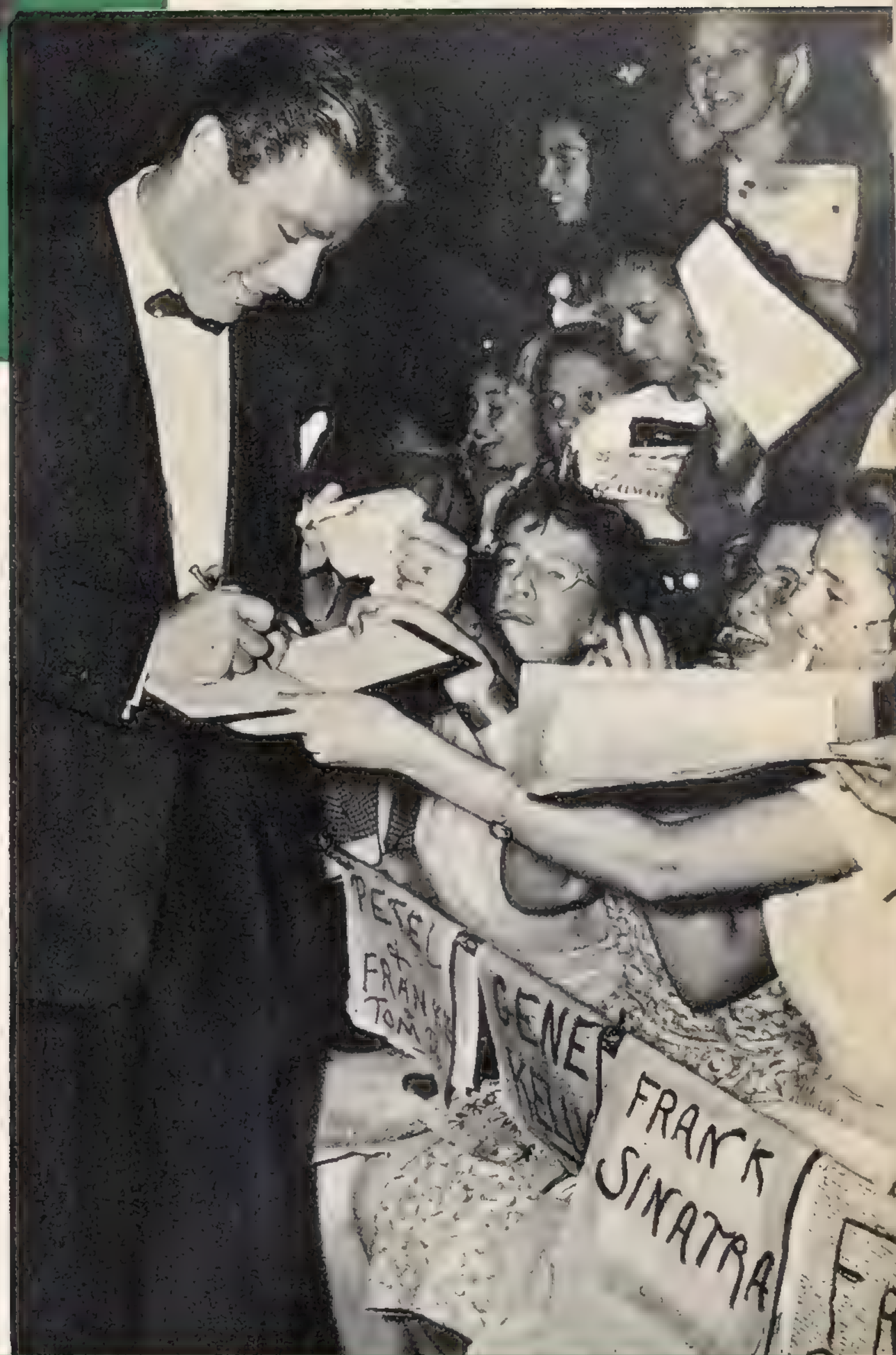
"Oke," said Peter. They set out from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, whistling in harmony.

It was a rainy afternoon, and hardly a figure moved on the wet streets as they rode in a taxi to the shoe store at 47th Street and Madison Avenue. Only one rain-soaked boy noticed them as they got out of the taxi and went into the shop. They sat (Continued on page 83)

MANHATTAN

They came, they saw—but the crowds conquered those slickers from the flickers when they went to work on Brooklyn Bridge

BY ELEANOR HARRIS



Pete signs on the line for Sinatra fans—and Frank took messages for Peter at the hotel



Peter Lawford, Frankie and Jimmy Durante in "It Happened in Brooklyn"



Not a barber-shop trio. But Frankie, Kathryn Grayson and Pete all warble in same picture

3 Wishes



It's a gala time for Esther,
starring in "Fiesta"

Esther and her pup take
their places in Paul
Hesse's heart—sand style



COVER GIRL

ESTHER WILLIAMS is in the small kitchen of her small house. She is wearing a two-piece swim suit. Her feet are bare. And the ends of her hair are wet. She stirs something in a big black pot on the gas range, takes a sip, nods her head and says, "I had a ham bone and I made pea soup—try it."

This is Esther Williams, the All-American Girl—at home. Usually you see Esther all dressed up—or all undressed up, on a lavish studio set, or at a glittering party. But after spending a day with Esther in her own home, you understand for the first time why she is a prime favorite with movie audiences all over the world. The wholesomeness that you see on the screen is not acting. It's as real as a sunny day in California. Or—a better metaphor—it's as real as Esther Williams.

The house shared by Esther and her husband, Ben Gage, is the clue to her personality. Esther bought the house two years ago when she was working in "Easy to Wed." And when Don Loper, Hollywood's famous designer of everything from hats to houses, heard about it he said to Esther, "I hear you've got a new house." "Yes," replied Esther, "and I'm so happy." (Continued on page 116)



had ESTHER

That engaging Mrs. Gage who
didn't want to be president, a movie star
or even Photoplay's Cover Girl

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



Snuggle-bug Esther waits for ol' man Sun

Finale: Being a cover girl has its points, decides Esther, as she takes the pose that puts her on the cover





Photoplay's

PHOTOLIFE OF Lizabeth Scott

ONCE there was a little girl who set her heart on becoming a great actress. Her mother disapproved, but what mother can withstand a pretty daughter who goes around for weeks repeating: "It's drama school, or nothing!"

So, Lizabeth Scott came to New York to study at the Alviene School of Drama and, believe it or not, turned down all the adoring young men who wanted to take her to dinner at 21, late suppers at the Persian Room, or dancing on a starlit roof.

She had work to do. She had a dream that had to be forged into reality.

And—like the tale of Cinderella—this ends on a happy note. Judging by the acclaim of Mr. and Mrs. Moviegoer, Lizabeth Scott's dream has become a reality.

BY LYNN PERKINS



2. When she was in high school in Scranton, Pennsylvania, Lizbeth, in love with a medical student, boned up on medicine. She believed in "talking to your love about his love"

4. Tired of waiting for a chance at "Talu's" part, she quit to model hats—which she hates. Then a frantic stage director recalled her—and she returned to score in Tallulah's role



3. Her first job after drama school was in a road show of "Hellzapoppin." "Charming nonsense," says Liz. Next she understudied Tallulah Bankhead in Broadway's "Skin of Our Teeth"

Photoplay's
PHOTOLIFE OF *Lizbeth Scott*



5. Her fashion modeling and a photo in Harper's Bazaar brought a phone call from the coast. Lizbeth wound up at Warners' with a contract, paycheck—but no work. She read scripts and scripts, nary a part



7. The movie public first saw Lizbeth with Bob Cummings in "You Came Along." As an opening gun it was terrific. Movie-goers said "Great Scott!"



6. When Hal Wallis left Warners' to form his own company, he remembered Lizbeth Scott—her voice, her looks. She was the first personality he signed

8. Off the screen she indulges in her tomboy streak—goes in for such sports as ocean fishing. Her love of the outdoors is reflected in her personality





9. Another notch in the gun for Lizabeth when she was starred with Humphrey Bogart in "Dead Reckoning." Bogie met a fair match in Siren Liz

10. But starring with Bogie wasn't the ultimate. Liz will next be seen in Paramount's "Desert Fury" with lady-killers Burt Lancaster and John Hodiak



11. Home—a cozy, compact two-room apartment in Beverly. The girl who set her heart on becoming a great actress has caught up with her dream



KELLY CAPERS

Take one Irishman, one
statue and one pair of dancing
shoes—mix thoroughly for
a mid-summer daydream



Gene, star of "Living
in a Big Way," looks askance.
The pose is pretty,
But can she dance?



Inspired by Gene's apache clothes,
She plays *Carmen* with a rose



The sun was warm,
The music gay—
What dancer could resist its sway?



With Kelly on a dancing spree—
Fame rests lightly on her knee



Chris, the dog, lends orchestration
To this dreamy situation



Donna, of "Green Dolphin Street," is a home movie fan

Wonderful

And a wonderful
time for the author, who
starts out a reporter
and finishes a poet



Starbeams: Sister Karen's keen about Donna

Donna and husband Tony at Haver wedding—that's June's mother



Life with Donna

BY HERB HOWE

DONNA MULLENGER, born in Iowa, the principal crops of which are corn and beautiful women, was thrice selected a queen.

"Which is quite understandable."

This is the unbiased view of no less an authority than debonair Tony Owen. Mr. Owen is in the enviable position of knowing. He is her husband.

Tony looks the way a guy named Tony ought to look. His hair and eyes are black, his hide the tan of saddle leather; he's athletic, horsey and he looks right in tobacco tweed.

Darksome Tony is a setting for the topaz sparkle of Donna who doesn't care awfully for the name Reed or know how in Metro she got it. She thinks probably it was given her under ether by Bill Grady, the casting director.

Donna's hair and eyes are autumn brown. When laughing her eyes fizz with golden bubbles like fresh

churned cider; her nose tilts and her lips part wide for a dazzle you seldom get from beauties not of African ancestry. (Miss Mullenger's ancestors were Irish and Queens no doubt.) It's not royalty but nature you think of when gazing on Donna. She has the shimmer of rippling streams full of rainbow trout. You can hear the meadow larks and sniff the goldenrod, and goldarned near write poetry good as Walt Whitman's.

Mr. Owen was stricken on first sight of her.

"What a radiantly beautiful girl—and a lady," he said to himself breathing hard. A second later he had a psychic flash. "I am going to marry her."

Mr. Owen was shocked severely by the flash.

"It can't be," he said. "It can't happen. Not to old Pop Owen."

He had no idea who the vision was.

"She is Donna Reed," (Continued on page 87)

Airing "A Wonderful Life"—Donna and Jimmy Stewart



Donna takes the high notes while Karen waits her cue

Summer Performance



Blue-eyed Virginia Mayo,
the twinkling star of
"Out of the Blue"

On city streets—in summer stock—or on
a *playa* in Havana, keep it simple and your
performance will win you encores

BY ANITA COLBY

Photoplay's Beauty Editor

A sip to the wise: Virginia believes in sunrays, but shade too



A fine fence for a pretty foil

"SUMMERTIME and the livin' is
easy . . ."

And that, gals, should be our theme song for the summer—plus the motto, "Take it easy!" To suit actions to words, we should cut down on everything—clothes, food, and work. If we do this, we're bound to be summer-glamour-gals!

Let me introduce my model beach beauty right now—Virginia Mayo, one of the most gorgeous blondes the sun shines on. What's her summer recipe?

"Keep it simple," said she. "By which I mean your clothes, your hair-do, your meals and your activities. Be stripped for hot weather in every way, including mentally. But then," she added, "I have a special theory about the summer. I think it's the time when every girl can be more relaxed, comfortable, happy and attractive than any other time of the year. Why, I've worked out a summer system myself, based on my theory!"

That's all (Continued on page 110)

Added Attractions

Photoplay's gay gadabout reports
on the foolish little things with which the
stars win "double takes"

BY EDITH GWYNN

Photoplay's Reporter-about-town



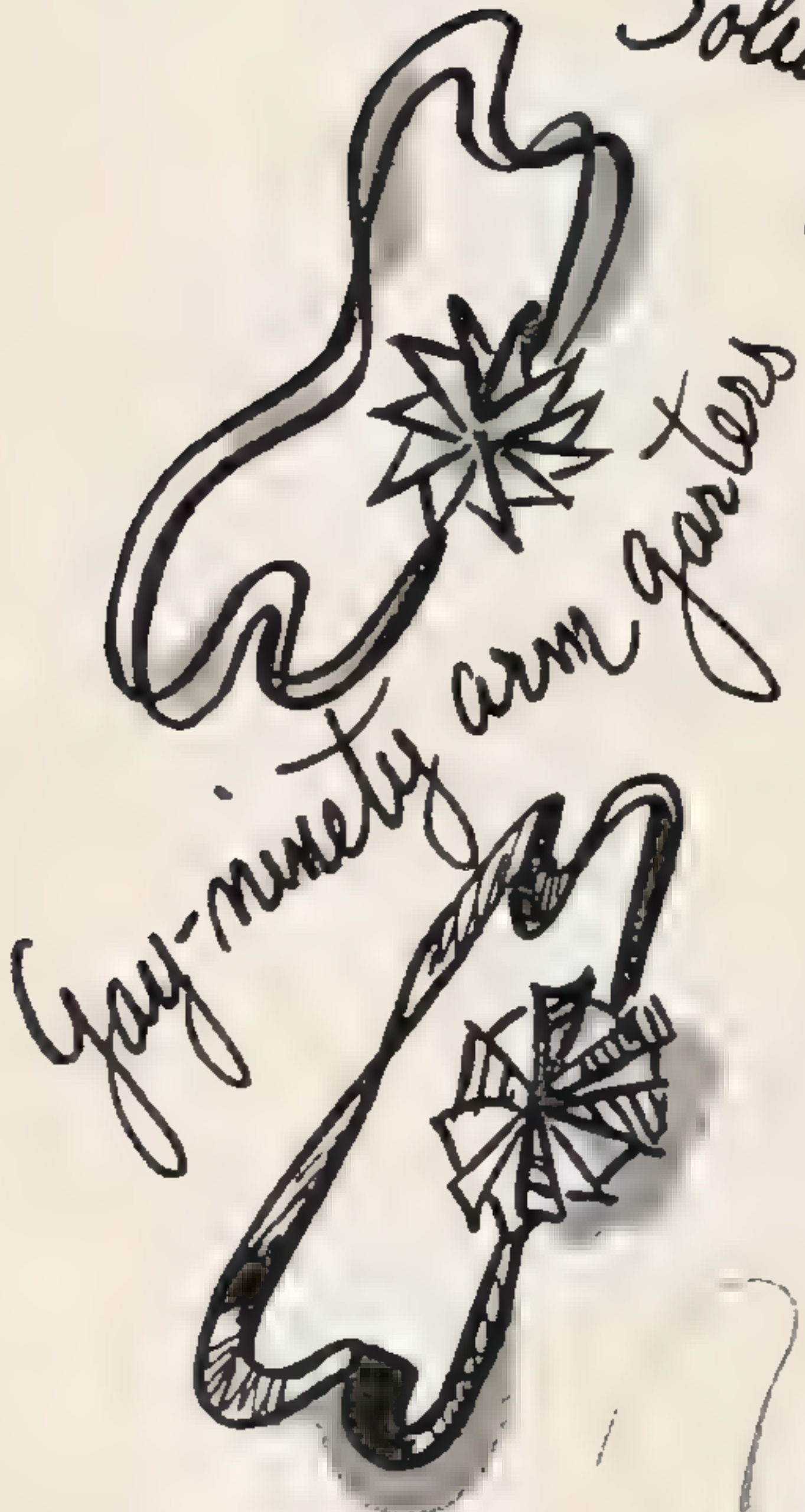
Jeweled hairpins

IT'S those precious little details, subtle or otherwise, those extra stitches—which make the difference between the accepted fashion, the "usual thing," and an effect that combines the last word in chic and becoming-ness. I've always thought this applies not only to a dress or costume as a whole—but in the matter of accessories. Like bothering to see that a bag, shoes or gloves really match each other, or the dress they're being worn with, instead of settling for something that "goes with it."

I saw proof of this in the absolutely dreamy ensemble that Joan Fontaine wowed forty-nine other gals with at the lovely luncheon and baby shower that Mrs. Lee Bowman gave for Constance Moore. There wasn't one meow for Joan's suit that looked like a knitted job, but actually was made of strips of silk woven together to look like striped wool. It was of bright canary (Continued on page 107)



Solid gold safety pins



Gay-minute arm garters



Mammoth rings



cobwebby lace scarves

New! Blush-cleanser your face — *for that lovely engaged-girl look*

See it give *your* skin:
—an instant clean-fresh look
—an instant softer, silkier feel
—a lovely blush of color

SEE RESULTS TONIGHT — with this new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

BLUSH-CLEANSE — Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it over your receptively moist,

warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

BLUSH-RINSE — Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

CLEAN, SOFT, GLOWING — your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up — helps *free* your skin! *Every night*, this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's!

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

MISS ELEANOR PAINTER, recently introduced to Philadelphia society by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Painter, is engaged to Mitchell Wing Beardsley of Narberth, Pa. During the war he flew a P-51 in China in the A.A.F.

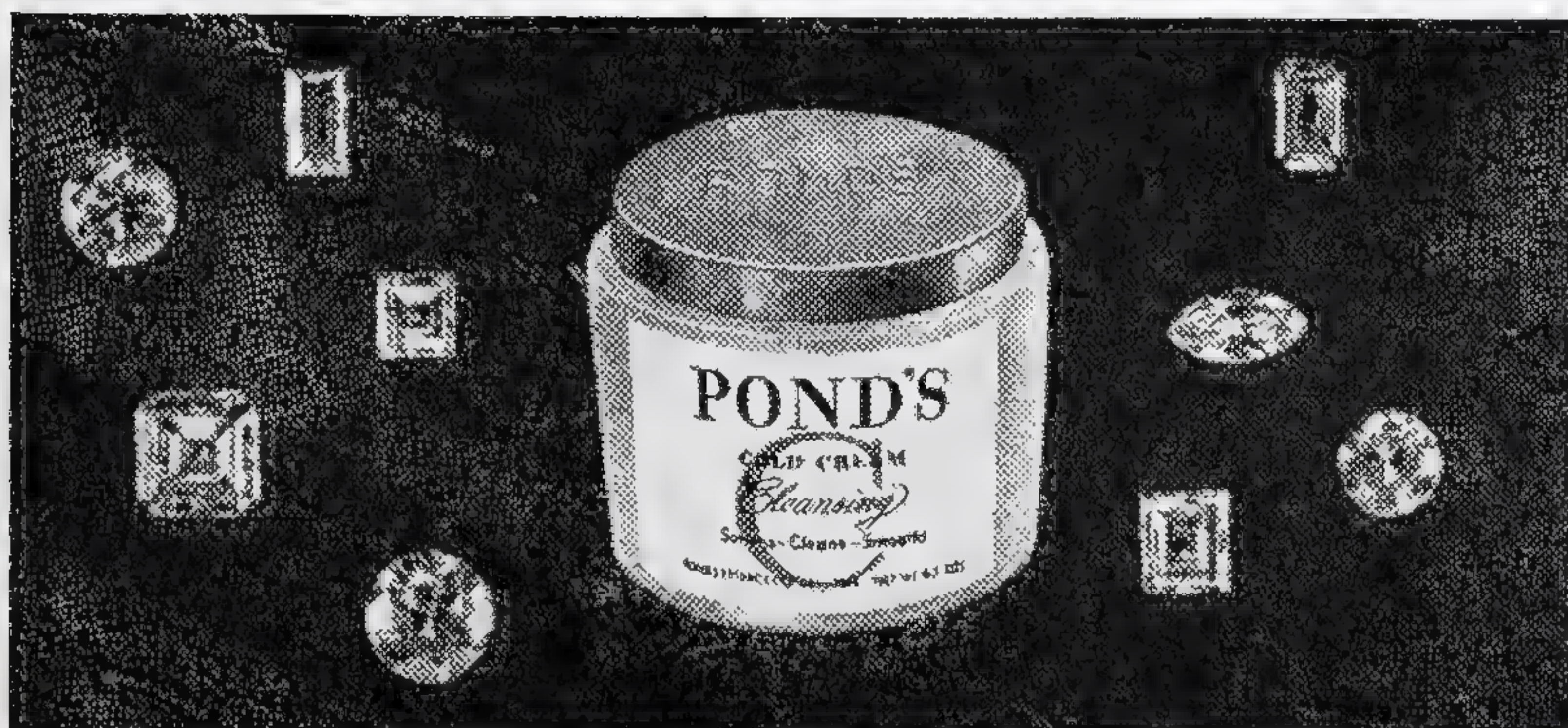
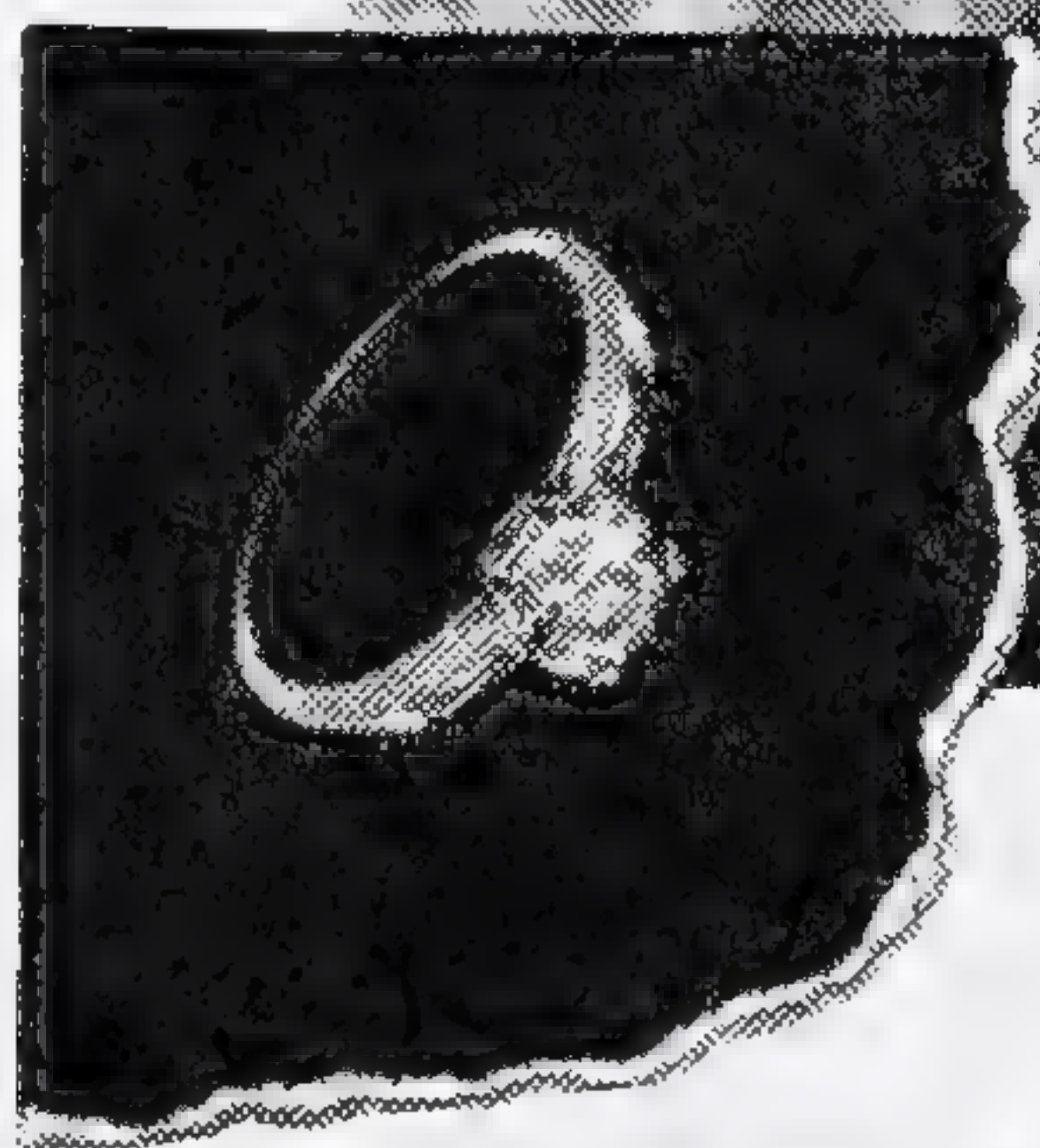
Miss Painter's profile is cameo-perfect, and her eyes darkly hazel under winged brows. Her complexion has a soft and fresh-as-a-dewy-rose look that is the lovely reward of lovely care. A Pond's "blush-cleanser" is her conscientious beauty routine. "It feels blissful," she says, "and leaves my skin so clean-fresh and *extra* soft."

Have the Pond's "blush-cleansed" look! Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Blush-cleanser your face with Pond's tonight!



Eleanor Painter gives her luminous complexion Pond's blush-cleanser care

HER RING — a beautiful diamond set high and round, a baguette deep-set on either side



Engagement Diamonds and Pond's! Round diamonds like Eleanor Painter's; a pointed marquise; emerald-cut diamonds, shining clear as ice!

*Among the beautiful women of Society
who use Pond's*

MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD, JR. THE LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT
MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE
MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART
THE DUCHESS DE RICHELIEU VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN

Give three cheers and three cheers more
For the Blue Swan undies we all adore.
So tailored, so stylish—real comfort to wear...
They cling to your figure as though they're not there.

Blue Swan

LOVELY LINGERIE

BLUE SWAN MILLS, Empire State Bldg., New York
A Division of the McKay Products Corporation

Too Well Remembered

(Continued from page 35) reality in place of competition and artificiality.

There is no doubt that Elsie, loving George devotedly, did wait upon him and do everything in her power to please him and to meet his every mood. . .

Until that day just before Christmas when George came home to discover that Elsie would be waiting for him no longer. She was tired, apparently, of waiting for him and waiting on him. She was leaving. She made her announcement as she packed. And completely taken by surprise, he argued with her for hours . . . while she methodically continued her packing, called a taxi and drove away.

It now seems unbelievable that a famous star could court and marry a girl under the nose of Hollywood—and yet have nobody know about it. It seems particularly hard to believe when you realize that the girl was also in the acting profession. Yet that is what happened. Eight years ago, when George had been a Hollywood resident for two years, he met Elsie Poole—whose professional name was Susan Larson. He met her inevitably, on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, where both were acting.

Elsie was a quiet, unpretentious girl who had never been away from home, which was Hollywood. She had grown up there, gone to Hollywood High School, and had drifted into the factory work of her home town—which was acting in the movies. She had achieved no eminence at all when she met the big, handsome, much-traveled Englishman. And their courtship certainly received no eminence. George saw to that.

They were never seen out together—not even riding in the same car, not even walking, not even talking at the studio. This absolute privacy was achieved by their driving separately to a meeting place—often the boat on which he was then living, which was in Santa Monica harbor. Throughout this time George continued the Sanders pattern of living. Take his method of lunching at the studio commissary, for instance.

Although every other actor ate with studio friends, George ate prominently alone, with a magazine or book propped up in front of him. And when he left the studio at the day's end, he vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. So did Elsie.

They married in the same complete secrecy—and by the simple device of doing it openly. Instead of a hurried flight to Arizona, they saved time, trouble (and all notice) by strolling into the Hollywood Methodist Church on the sunny afternoon of October 27th, 1940. George said to the Reverend Mr. Glenn Phillips, "Will you marry us?"—and he did. It was as simple as that. On the following day, Elsie quietly resigned from her acting duties at Twentieth Century-Fox—and seemed to resign from the face of the earth.

But not George. He continued going his usual way. During the next two years an occasional rumor started that he was in love with somebody—maybe even married. When people asked him that question, he gave them one of the two Sanders treatments: Either he snapped, "That's none of your business," or he closed his eyes in a sudden cat-nap that terminated any further talk completely.

To further throw up a concealing smoke-screen he even went out publicly now and then, with lovely actresses. And he talked freely on his views on women, none of them fervent. "I do not spoil women," he said on one occasion. "I am not what is known as 'attentive.' I do not send flowers, gifts. I do none of these things because I have found it isn't necessary. I am saving all that for when I am an old man and have to." Always, however, whatever he said, whatever he did, he managed to be interesting and tantalizing.

Take an interview with him in a 1942 PHOTOPLAY in which he said: "Men have proven themselves supreme in all the arts and crafts; therefore I see no reason why women should presume to equality with us. Women often (Continued on page 72)

Get In The Swim

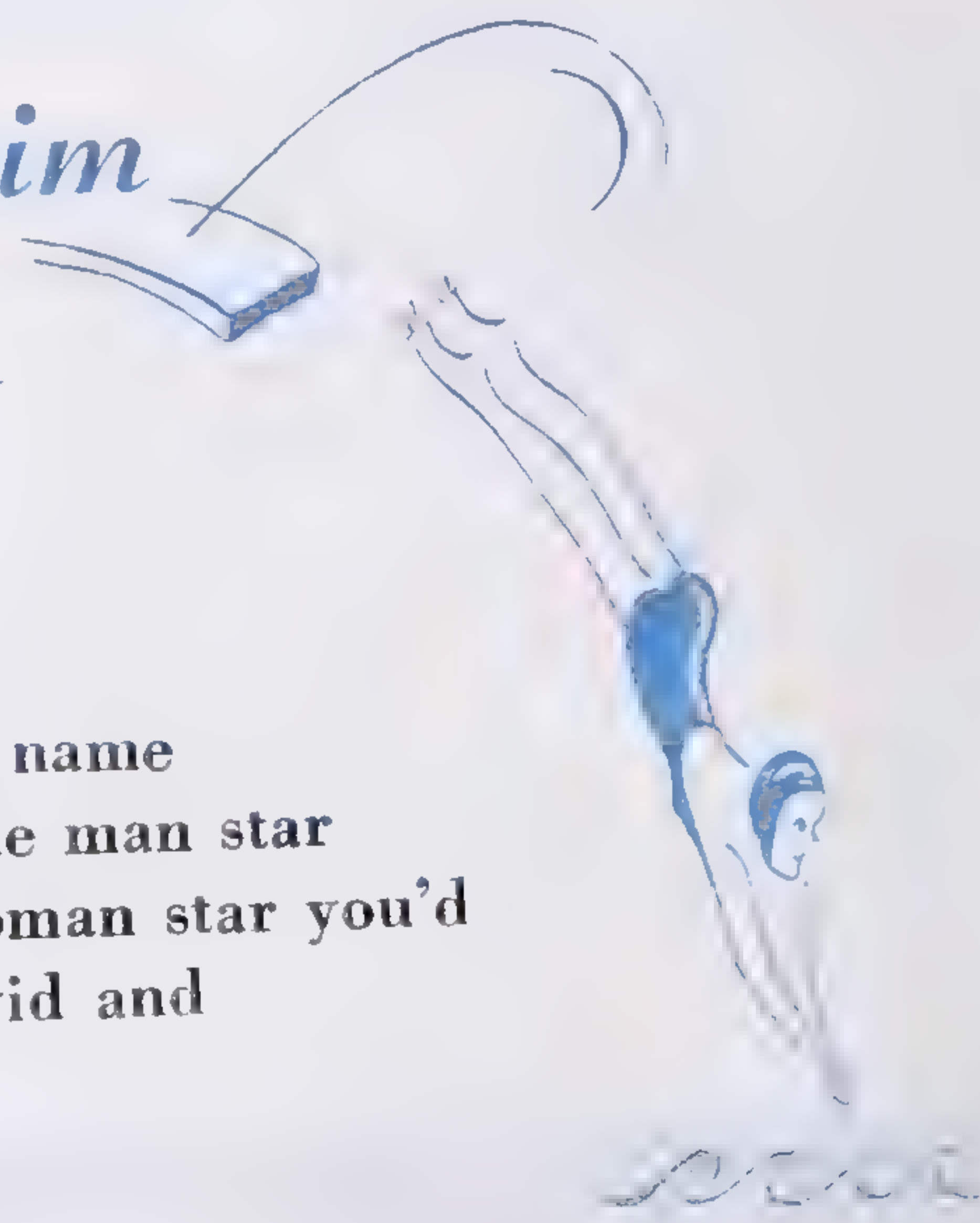
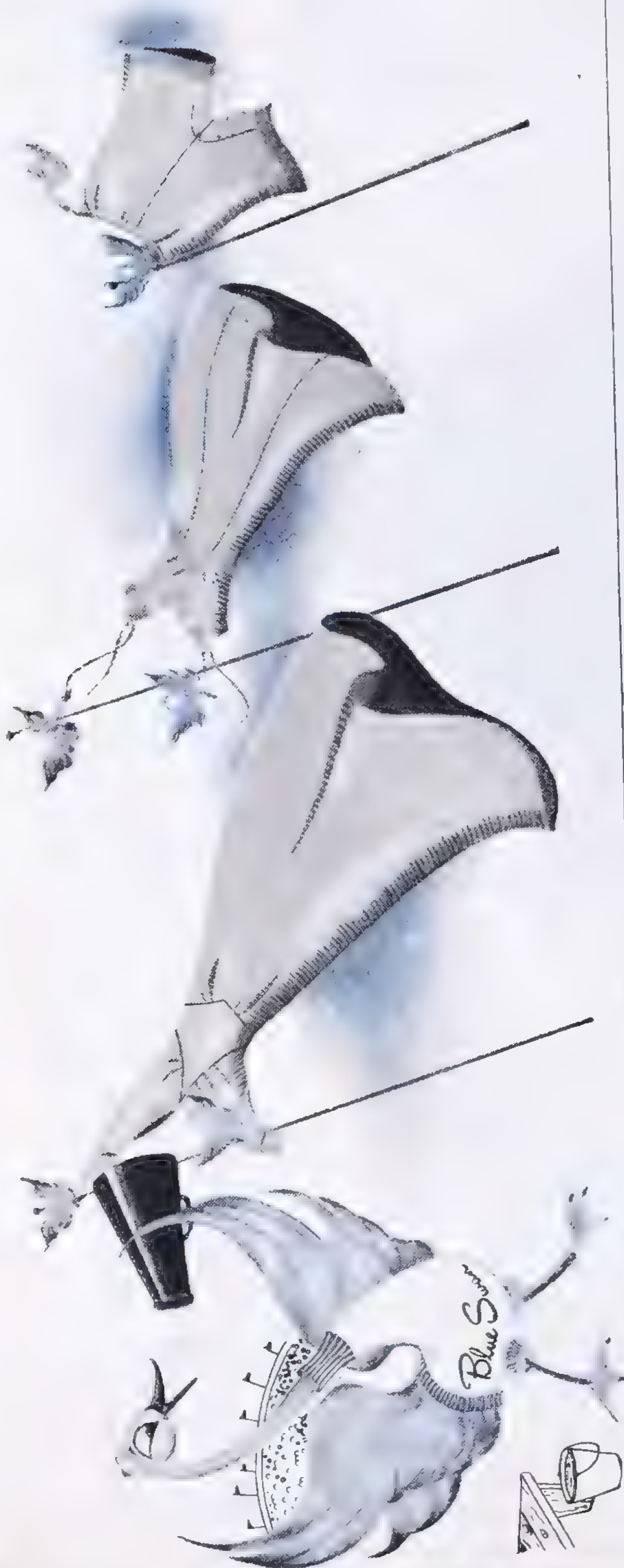
Put your favorites
in the champ class

Write in below the name
of the man star
and the woman star you'd
like to see in vivid and
lovely color in
PHOTOPLAY

Paste it on the back
of a penny postcard.
Then mail it to:
Color Portrait Editor
Photoplay
205 East 42nd St.
New York 17, N. Y.

Man
Woman
My Name

(Ed. Note: We regret this cannot mean you individually will receive color portraits of the stars. It means the pictures in full color of the stars who receive the most votes will appear in Photoplay.)



"Lux Girls are Daintier!"

"A Lux Soap Beauty Bath makes you sure of skin that's sweet!"

JOAN BENNETT

Starring in
Diana Production

"THE SECRET BEYOND
THE DOOR"



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

"THERE'S APPEAL men can't resist in skin that's smooth, fragrant," says Joan Bennett. "I love the delicate, clinging perfume Lux Soap leaves on my skin."

"If a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts, and a daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you sure. Active lather swiftly carries away dust and dirt, leaves skin fresh, sweet."

Take Joan Bennett's tip! Use this fine complexion soap as a daily bath soap, too. You'll agree—Lux Girls are daintier!



YOU thrill when he whispers "You're sweet!" There's appeal men can't resist in skin that's exquisitely fresh. Try this fragrant Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—*Lux Girls are Lovelier!*



NEW COMFORT!

SEND FOR IT NOW!

Mail the coupon—and be comfortable "next time"! Try Slender Meds—extra-easy-to-insert—the REGULAR absorbency most mature women need. Be free from pins, belts, odor, and chafing. Enjoy convenience and comfort you've never known before!

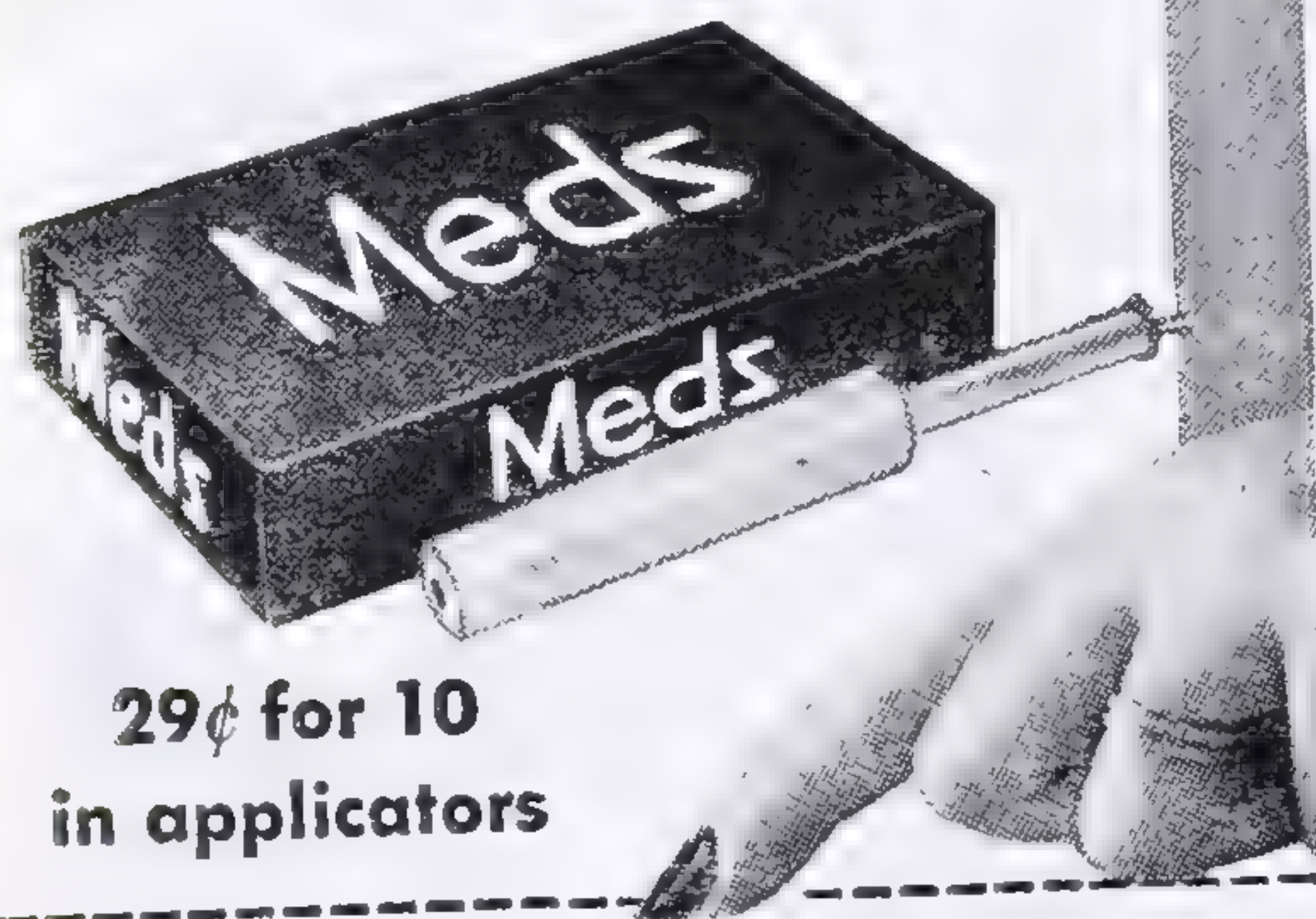
See what Meds give you:

- "SAFETY-WELL" designed for your extra protection
- COTTON of high-test absorbency, soft and fine
- EXPANSION—mostly side-wise—to avoid pressure
- APPLICATORS—dainty, firm, easy to use

Get your trial package of Slender Meds now! Send me the coupon TODAY!

Slender MEDS with REGULAR absorbency and extra ease-of-use (in light blue box)

De Luxe MEDS with SUPER absorbency for greater need (in dark blue box)



29¢ for 10
in applicators

Martha Steele
Personal Products Corporation
Milltown, New Jersey

P-7

Dear Martha Steele: I want to try the new Slender Meds. Please send me, in plain wrapper, the trial package of 3 for which I enclose 10¢ in coin to cover mailing cost.

Name

Address

City State

Meds are made by Personal Products Corporation.

(Continued from page 70) advance the specious argument that they are the 'Power Behind the Throne.' They mean that many great men would not have been so great had they not had brilliant and enterprising women back of them. Granted. But the women in back of men were just that—back of them, where they belong. . . ."

PERHAPS it was that public statement that, after two years of complete secrecy as to their marriage, made Elsie announce it to the world. For it was Elsie who finally did announce it, not George. She announced it in 1942, and Hollywood was left gasping. After her announcement, like a wraith that appears but once, she disappeared entirely from sight again—and so did the Sanders marriage.

George snorts when anything is said about his secret courtship and marriage. "That's nonsense," he announces shortly. "We lived with privacy—but not secrecy." There's satisfaction in his voice when he says they lived with privacy. As there well can be. Few Hollywood men of his prominence achieve this desirable state.

He didn't withstand other phases of Hollywood life so successfully, however. As he says himself: "I resent the way in which I allowed Hollywood to ruin my perspective—much as I enjoy living there."

"Let me try and explain what I mean. Hollywood has everything that God has to offer. Beautiful surroundings and a beautiful climate. In Hollywood there are no daily obstacles such as people everywhere else in the world have—the obstacles of bad weather, difficult transportation to work, sharp changes of season. Hollywood also permits you to live too comfortably. With the result that in Hollywood one vegetates. . . ."

"I see only one way to get back one's perspective. To get away from Hollywood as often as possible. As example, take my recent trip to New York City. Why I was astounded to see how even very wealthy people there could only afford a few feet of space in which to live. In Hollywood, people of really limited means have big and sunny apartments."

"But that's the very root of Hollywood's trouble. Once I was satisfied to live on a boat, anchored off the Santa Monica pier. Then I had a small apartment. Then I began wanting more and more. I got the idea I was living like a pig if I didn't have spreading gardens, a swimming pool, a huge house. The luxuries of today became the basic necessities of tomorrow."

He does not add that it was his loss of

perspective, due to the lushness of Hollywood life, that caused the break-up of his marriage. But since he talks of it in this connection the implication is clear.

"I began wanting more and more," he says.

Certainly the man who says all this is hardly recognizable as the George Sanders Hollywood has known these past ten years. He has taken the "Keep Out" sign off his private life. For he is in trouble now—you have only to see him and talk with him to realize how deeply he misses his wife, who was one person from whom he did not stand apart. And it is not easy to be independent when you are in trouble and bewildered and lonely.

Elsie Sanders appears to always have had great understanding for the man who for ten years has been an Hollywood enigma. And it may well have been because she refused to be abashed or dismayed by the defensively cynical, scathing things it has been his habit to say, that she became so important to him.

A friend tells how George came home from the set of "The Affairs of Bel Ami." Without any preamble he began intoning some of the lines from his script: "All women strike me as being so incredibly stupid," he declaimed over the dinner table. "Women can be bought by a smile, a look, a compliment, anything that touches their vanity. It's impossible not to despise them."

Another woman would have been infuriated by those lines. Not Elsie. She laughed.

George's reaction? He burst out laughing too.

But that was before December 10th of last year—when Elsie suddenly told him she was leaving, packed, called a taxi, and drove away.

And that is all anyone knows about the marriage enigma of the Sanderses. Since its ending, George has gone through a series of phases to forget—he has made a trip to New York; he has gone out with Gene Tierney; he has whirled through a most un-Sanders-like collection of cocktail parties and radio appearances. Shortly, he is trying another memory-eraser: He is going to Italy for several months to make the picture "Better Now."

But always his underlying theme remains the same:

"... everywhere I have gone I have been told by everyone that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it . . . now I'm wondering about that. I'm wondering. . . ."

THE END

"Such a relief from serial dramas

—THESE GENUINE STORIES
THAT REALLY HELP ME"



• Many a listener to daytime radio drama gratefully writes in about the enjoyment and help she gets from "MY TRUE STORY." Each complete drama is culled from the experiences of real people—their problems, loves, sorrows . . . and is produced in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine. Here is entertainment that satisfies. "MY TRUE STORY" is broadcast every morning, Monday thru Friday, over your American Broadcasting Company stations.

10 a.m. ET • 9 a.m. CT
11:30 a.m. MT • 10:30 a.m. PT

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(and which has the beauty shop permanent?)



The *Toni* twin—winsome Ella Wigren of Chicago, exclaimed "My *Toni* Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni* twins." (Can you tell their permanents apart? See answer below.)

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Beautiful, deep, graceful waves — so smooth, so natural-looking. A *Toni* is truly lovely. And look how easy it is to give yourself a *Toni* Permanent—at home.

1. Roll your hair up on curlers (new *Toni* plastic curlers make it easier than ever). Dab on *Toni* Creme Lotion as you go.
2. Tie a turban round your head and do whatever you like for 2 to 3 hours.
3. Saturate each curl with *Toni* Neutralizer and rinse.

Your wave is in — just the way you like it. By following the simple *Toni* directions you get the curl just as tight or as loose as you want. And your wonderful *Toni* wave is frizz-free from the start. For *Toni* Creme Lotion coaxes the hair into soft, graceful, easy-to-manage waves.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent — even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And the wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a beauty-shop permanent costing \$15 or more. That's why — every hour of the day

another thousand women use *Toni*. Take a tip from them and get a *Toni* Home Permanent Kit today. On sale at leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters.

Ella, the twin with the *Toni* is on the right above. Did you guess right?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers — but the wave stays in for months.

De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers
\$2.00

Regular Kit with fiber curlers
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Refill Kit complete except for curlers
\$1.00

All prices plus tax • Prices slightly higher in Canada

Toni HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE



WHAT

SHOULD

I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Several years ago I met a fellow I liked very much and would have married after suitable courtship. However, when he found out that I was a domestic, he simply dropped out of sight. This struck my pride so deeply that I went to night school and acquired credits equivalent to a college degree and a teaching certificate.

Three years ago I met this same man at a party. When he found out what I had made of myself, he began to pursue me. Nothing seems to discourage him. He is sorry for what happened before, and says he would do anything to get me to marry him. He is comfortably situated and wants me to drop teaching and simply keep house for him.

When I think of the years of sacrifice, going without friends, recreation, or decent clothing, sometimes even going hungry just to achieve my goal, I can think of him only with wondering pity. He was my goal, and nowadays I doubt that he was worth the agony.

Here is my problem: I am thirty-four years old, extremely contented with my work, and proud of my contribution to children whom I love.

However, like every woman, I want a home and children of my own. My matrimonial chances are few. This man is willing to take me on my terms, just as long as I marry him.

Should I take a chance on growing to feel a mild sort of affection for him, or should I stay in my work, which has given me real satisfaction?

Madeleine R.

In your case, I believe that it would be a tremendous tragedy for you to marry this man. It is always wrong to marry a man for any reason except that you love him and want to spend the rest of your life building a fine life with him. Marriage is work and even in cases of devoted love, there are many adjustments to make.

It seems to me this man has served his purpose in your life. Don't despair of marriage—for a woman of your vitality and determination life is full of surprises. I'm certain that one of them will be a man with whom you will fall wholeheartedly in love.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

My husband is being transferred to a large city next month. Can you tell me what is customary about entertaining and calls, etc.? If some of the company wives call on me at home, what is the procedure in returning the calls? Should I phone first to see if they are home, or just "drop in"?

I get panicky when I think of having to entertain guests in our home, for fear each meal wouldn't go just as it should



Claudette Colbert stars in "The Egg and I"

Photoplay Fashions

In Color

Start on Page 99

or that I wouldn't be able to converse properly. I would even hesitate to join a church in a large city, as I know I would be called upon to help in their ladies' groups and I don't feel confident.

This may seem terribly trivial to you, but I do want to help my husband go as far as he can because he has already proved that he has the qualifications, so I'll appreciate any help you can give me in fulfilling my duties.

(Mrs.) Norah M.

First of all, buy yourself a book of etiquette. Get a modern version, and read it carefully. It will give you some important information.

Customs differ in different cities. Eastern and Southern cities are still quite formal in social observances, whereas the West is not so rigid.

Although you have expressed a fear of joining in church activities, I feel that you should affiliate at once and make friends with some older woman whom you admire. Ask her to take you under her wing and help you to get started properly. Don't be afraid to admit that you seek guidance.

If some of the wives of your husband's business associates call upon you, it would be proper for you to return the call some afternoon around 3:30, without telephoning in advance. A formal call lasts only twenty minutes, a period so short that you would have no trouble in keeping the conversation rolling.

However, you should remember that all good manners are based upon thoughtfulness. When you entertain, the welfare of your guests is important, not the impression you are making. In planning a dinner find out what sort of menu would be welcome by having your husband observe his associates' luncheon choice and report to you.

Relax, and you'll get along fine.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I started at a new school last fall and became very popular. Then a certain boy began to pester me for dates. I didn't think I'd like him, but I did after two or three dates. He dominated me so, I dropped all my other friends. We fought all the time because he went into a jealous rage if I smiled at another boy. I liked him, so I



No, Mother . . .

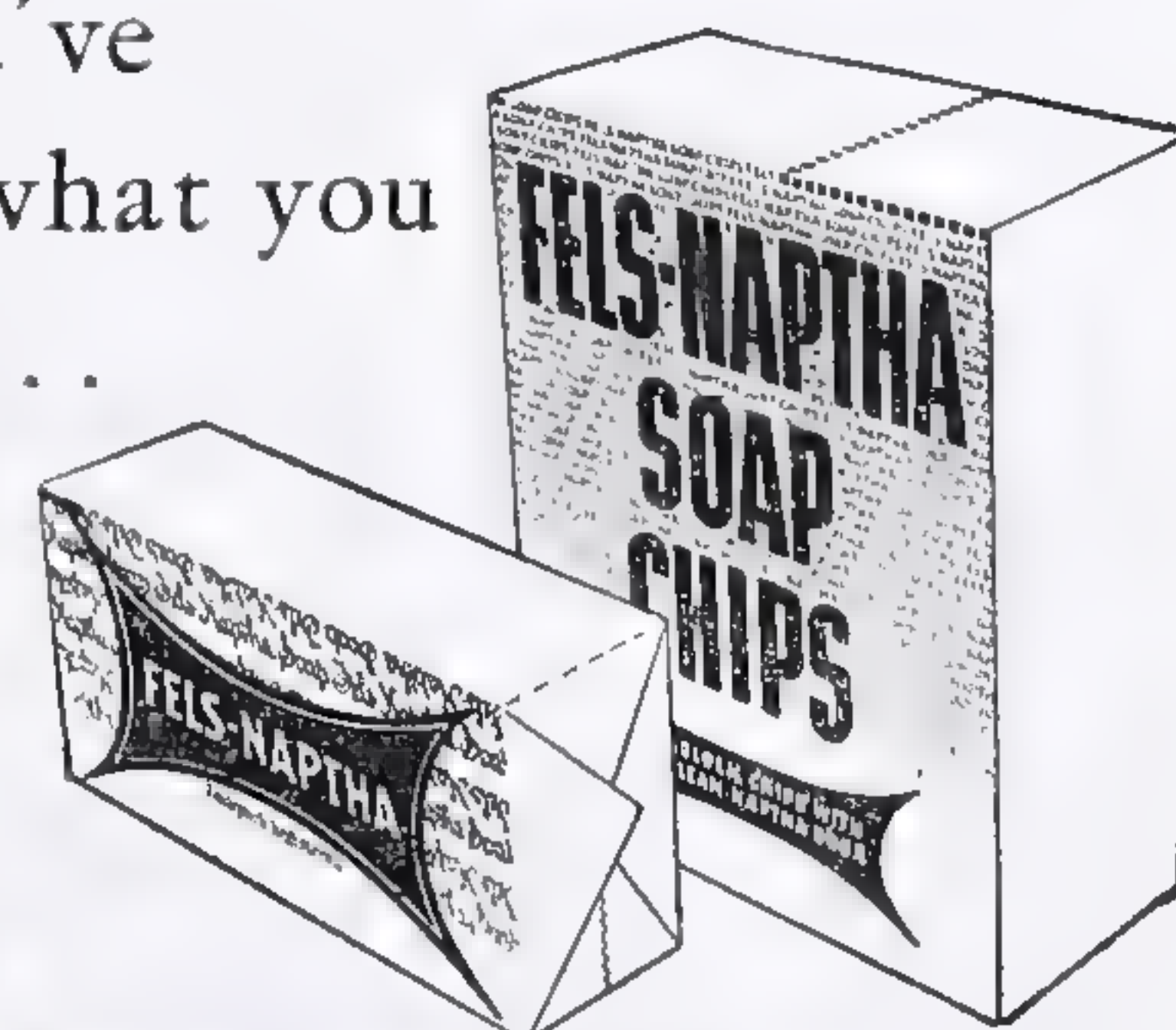
"I didn't forget to 'phone . . . but I never knew just how much work went with a wedding ring. Seems to me there's always something . . . Oh, my goodness! that's what you used to say, isn't it . . . ?"

Yes, Mother . . .

"I'm doing my own cleaning and washing. Our place is so tiny . . . and everything's so new and bright, I can't bear to let anyone else touch it or my beautiful linens and towels either . . ."

Of course, Mother! . .

"Fels-Naptha Soap? . . . I never use anything else. That's one thing I did remember . . . By the way, Mother, *how* does a man get so much dirt in his collars and cuffs? . . . All you've learned is how to get it out? I see what you mean, darling. Fels-Naptha Chips? . . . I have plenty—I think. Soon as I hang up I'll make sure . . . 'bye!"



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



Highlights and shadows: Catherine McLeod and Frances Langford, sporting some very chic lids at Atwater Kent's party

ready for romance?

start with NONSPI

liquid deodorant

checks perspiration—

prevents odor—

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fewer applications

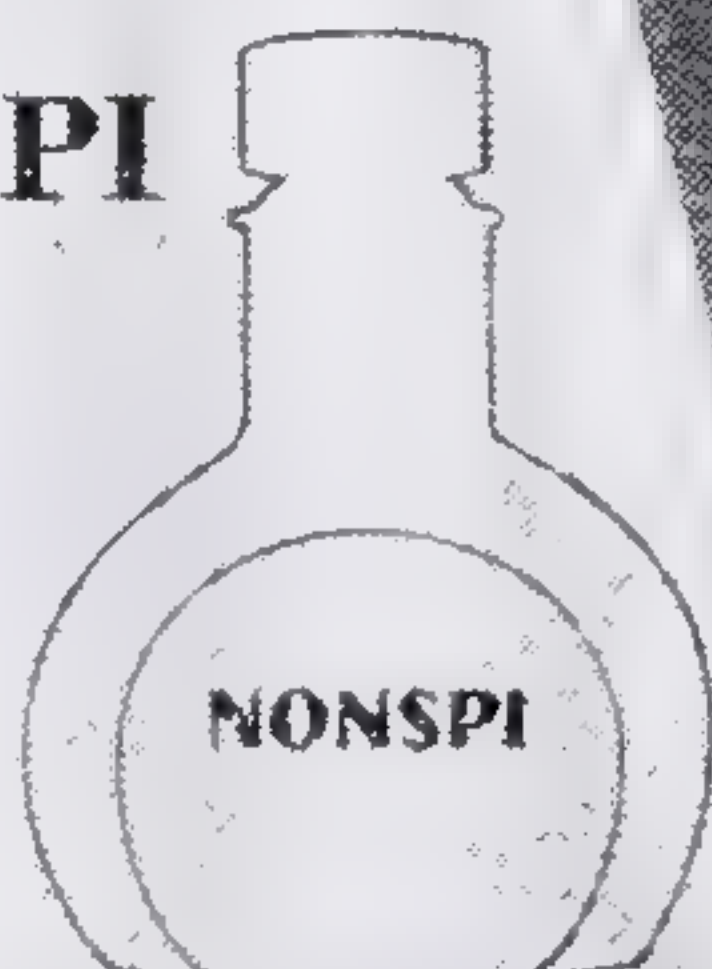
non-caking—

won't dry out

applicator cap

makes NONSPI

easy to use



35¢ and 60¢ plus tax
everywhere

took it. Another thing: He kept telling me that love was right and beautiful if two people were meant for one another, so very much against my will, we petted.

After three months, we broke up. He did the breaking up and I could scarcely bear it, but I kept my chin up. When the news got around, two darling boys, both football players, began to give me a rush.

As soon as I began to have fun, Tommy wanted me back again. He wanted to go steady. When I said I had been through all that, he told me that I had better get rid of my other boy friends and just be his girl or he would blacken my reputation.

I'm scared to death. I never did a cheap thing in my life until I met this boy, and I swear I never will again. What shall I do? Give up everyone else and go steady with this boy, or run the risk of being hated by everyone in school?

Mary Lou

Under no circumstances should you ever give this boy another date. He is a cheap blackmailer and any number of other unpleasant things as well. If you gave up your other friends, in cowardly acquiescence, he would drop you within a few months again.

In addition to living blamelessly, which I am certain you will from now on, you should tell your girl friends quite frankly that Tommy has threatened you. Don't admit that you made a mistake; that belongs to the past. Simply say that Tommy is causing you trouble by saying that he will tell lies to disgrace you if you don't accept dates with him.

In other words, beat him to the punch. Discredit him before he has a chance to tell his stories. If you live an exemplary life, you will be believed—no matter what Tommy says.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Some months ago we moved to a farm and now have a cow, horses, hogs, and some chickens. My father (really a step-father, but he is so good to me that I claim him as my own) is a Master Sergeant in the Army, stationed thirty miles away. He comes home every night, but not until ten o'clock which is too late to feed stock.

The only answer to the problem was to take me out of school to care for the animals. I am fifteen years old and was in the ninth grade. Don't get me wrong; I love to care for the stock, but it's hard work, especially for a girl.

Since I quit school, I have been trying to go on with my studies alone. My father thinks it is a grand idea, but every time my mother sees me with a book, she screams at me and says I am lazy.

If it hadn't been for my father, I would have run away from home long ago. Mother left school when she was in fifth grade, so she says education never did anyone any good.

Miss Colbert, how can I make my mother see that an education is necessary?

Paula D.

There are a number of things about your case which puzzle me.

In the first place, why can't your mother attend to the chores instead of keeping you out of school to do this work? Your letter does not indicate that she is an invalid.

In the second place, I assume that in your state there is a law which provides for your schooling until you are sixteen, at least, perhaps until you are eighteen.

Fond as you are of your stepfather, you should ponder the possibility that he, or your mother, or both, are showing little regard for your future. Since you are

ambitious and wish to continue your education, I think you should discuss your position with your school principal.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen. For the past four years, I have grown up with a boy who is now twenty-two. All during the war he was around because he was classed as essential in his war job. He is a lot of fun and I have enjoyed our friendship. But I am not in love with him.

Last summer he asked me to marry him. I explained I didn't want to marry for at least three years, perhaps longer. I also told him frankly that I thought he was nice, but that I didn't want to encourage him to think I might grow to love him.

Immediately after that he began to drink heavily, and has been in all sorts of trouble.

Our parents belong to the same church and clubs. They are very close. When this boy began to misbehave, his mother came over to the house to talk it over with me. She said she thought I was being unnecessarily brutal, and that since there was no one else in my life I could be nice enough to encourage her son a little bit.

I had a few dates with him, then tried to fluff him off. He wrote me a note telling me that he was going to kill himself if we weren't married on his birthday which falls in October, 1947.

I don't think he really would, but I'd feel horrible if he did.

This is making a bad situation between the families, but I don't know what to do.

Lucille W.

Obviously, this boy is a spoiled baby, pampered by his mother, who thinks that all he has to do to get what he wants is to make a scene.

From your letter I presume that you have graduated from high school and not gone on to college. I am also taking for granted that your family would be able to send you out of town to school.

I think you should enter a school at some distance, or visit relatives this summer. Usually one should not run away from a problem, but there are some problems which can be solved only by running away.

Your family should not tell this boy where you are going. You shouldn't communicate with him in any way.

The chances are excellent that if you are away this summer, and enter school this fall, the boy—like a child whose attention has been distracted—will begin to devote himself to some other girl.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

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has the world sunning



TAN with JAN...for a glorious copper-tan use new Jan sun oil or Jan protective cream lotion

Fun is more fun when you're set for it like this in wonderful man-tailored Jantzen sunclothes that hold their lines, their color, their good-looks! Two-piecer (left) is Bates fine mercerized cotton twill, with button-down tabs for your belt, 5.95. Shorts (right) are Juilliard finest combed yarn Zephyroy, Sanforized and vat-dyed, 6.95. Finest two-ply combed cotton shirts, 2.95 ...all in marvelous colors.

*Come out!
Come out!
in*
Debutante
*bedazzling new
cosmetics—*



*Here's Debutante's glittering beauty array... to help keep
you looking delectable on the sultriest summer's day!
A tinted Make-up Lotion that clings from dawn to dusk...
a fragrant, quick-lathering Powder Shampoo... even a frothy,
rose-pink Bubble Bath... the last word in refreshing bath luxury!
All, of course, from beauty lotion to bath powder...
in the delightful flower-laden Debutante fragrance...
All at better cosmetic counters.*



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The House
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Daggett
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COPR. 1947, DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL

"SUN ROMPER" BATHING SUIT... DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY FOR DEBUTANTE COSMETICS BY CHEE ARMSTRONG.

I Like It Here

(Continued from page 48) incredibly short time.

Furthermore, I have the most wonderful family in the world.

So, whatever success I've achieved has come comparatively easy. Too easy perhaps. And perhaps that's why small failures have assumed a false importance for me. A few disagreeable past experiences might have helped me pass through the few disappointments I have had in Hollywood less painfully. And prepared me for the challenge to come.

The most important lesson I've learned in these three years is that success is selfish. It demands all of you... all the time. The brief breather you have between pictures is filled with interviews, publicity still sittings, wardrobe fittings, make-up tests, etc. Then you're off before the cameras again.

It's essential in the beginning of any career that you direct all your talents and energy toward one goal. It's that "extra" drive you put behind yourself that pushes you to the top. It's the "extra something" that accounts for the Bette Davises and the Ingrid Bergmans in Hollywood.

Even then, it's hard going. This fact was borne out recently by Claude Rains, with whom I have been working in "The Unsuspected" at Warner Brothers, and whose opinions I respect. Claude, you know, was up for the Academy Award this year. Yet by his own measuring stick—and these are his words—a few years ago he was a dead duck. Now his career has gone up again. If a finished actor like Claude Rains, with all his experience, can be a "dead duck," what about the future and Caulfield?

I BELIEVE that anything you really want is worth the sacrifices necessary to attain it. And I have wanted ever since I can remember to become an actress. I used to go to a little dramatic school on Saturdays and afternoons after regular school. I remember when I was twelve years old doing "Pygmalion" in a white cheesecloth costume, and with utter confidence. My mother and I thought I was wonderful. I gravely doubt the others present agreed with us. Later on, at Columbia University, despite a full schedule that included an exhaustive academic course, I devoted all time possible to dramatic work.

Yes, I'm sure that more than anything else, I've wanted to be an actress. For I believe that basically we all do what we really want to do.

Yet like any other girl, I want to get married. I want a home, a husband, and children. But too, I want that marriage to have a fairly even chance for success. And on the way up in Hollywood you can't waver. Your own personal happiness, if any, awaits you at the top.

But, I know that any attempt to mix movies and matrimony at this point would be fatal for me. I know Caulfield far too well. I would want to continue to give a hundred per cent to my career and give another hundred to my marriage. No matter what system you use, that's mathematically impossible.

So while my heart may say, "Go ahead, Joan, take a chance," my head keeps shaking no and at this writing my head still rules my heart.

Hollywood is very hard on romance, anyway. You go out with someone once or twice, and the startled gentleman picks up his morning paper to read where somebody says he's going to marry you. Then he's scared off. And so, in a sense, are you. You worry about whether he thinks you are in any way responsible for the match-making urges columnists have.

Actually, I'm still naive enough to be-

lieve that when you meet the man for you . . . your man . . . you'll know it. What qualities am I looking for in that man? What do I want? I want stability, a sense of humor, an engaging personality. He doesn't have to be handsome or even attractive, just somebody who would be fun to spend the rest of my life with, whether he turns out to be an actor, lawyer, or an Indian Chief.

GENERALLY speaking. I can't say that I've ever been short on self-confidence. I've always been fairly sure of myself at anything I attempted—tennis or a good Australian Crawl. And I arrived in Hollywood completely at ease. "You have nothing to worry about. Absolutely nothing," said Producer George Abbott (producer of the show I was starring in, "Kiss and Tell") when I embarked for movieland. And I was only too ready to agree with him.

This self-confidence helped me get my first break and my first heartbreak. Checking back now, I'm sure I could have handled the whole situation with more finesse and fewer tears, if I'd been more prepared for it. I really suffered at the time.

When the late Producer Mark Sandrich, who was to direct "Blue Skies," first approached me about doing the lead and asked, "Do you think you can dance and sing well enough to carry it?" I didn't have a qualm, and answered sincerely, "Sure, I can." He gave me the part.

It was a great break, starring opposite Bing Crosby. It would automatically make any newcomer a star.

Then came the sudden tragic death of Mr. Sandrich, and another producer took over "Blue Skies." The new movie maestro, together with the dancer who was set for a starring role, decided between them that I wasn't right for the part. But they neglected to inform me. Other girls were tested for the role, and finally just before the picture was ready to go I was told that other arrangements were being made, and that I was out.

I wouldn't have minded if they'd just told me at the beginning that they felt I wasn't suitable for the role. But I can't stand evasion in any form. Ironically enough, when the picture finally got under way, the producer and the dancer were out, and I got my big chance anyway. But I'll never forget those few days between . . .

Perhaps this was in some measure my own fault. For I am very direct, and I usually expect everybody else to be. Perhaps I should just "curve" a little now and then.

But I don't know. The worst thing one can do is be too nice to the wrong people. If you're too nice they think you're a push-over, and believe me they push you over too. Through a few such hard-learned incidents, I've decided one must maintain a certain dignity and authority always.

On occasion, I have a positive knack for trusting the wrong people.

For one thing, I'm much too sensitive. Though thanks to Bing Crosby, Bill Holden, Sonny Tufts and others I've worked with, I'm learning to laugh a lot more, to take little things people say or do less seriously, and to let down between scenes until it's time to pick up the cue again.

However some things still affect me out of proportion. If the rushes, for instance, look a little bad to me, my whole day is upset. But I am gradually worrying less and less.

Little things can make me very happy. A spontaneous surprise, a small act of thoughtfulness.

And never will I forget the day Director Mike Curtiz called to tell me he'd observed my work and was considering me for the lead in his picture, "The Unsuspected." This meant about as much

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to me as actually getting the part; just the fact that he had been thinking of me for it.

My chances for getting that role, however, were soon dimmed by the prospect of a package deal with a different studio.

"I'm sorry, Joan... I would have liked to work with you," Mr. Curtiz said. And my keen disappointment was assuaged by the fact that a great director like Mr. Curtiz would have liked to work with me.

THINKING I had lost the part, Mother and I packed up and headed back to New York to spend the Christmas holidays with my father and sister. The four of us then left for North Carolina to visit my married sister and see her new baby. We were motoring down and stopped off for the night at the John Marshall Hotel in Richmond, Virginia.

We had just registered, when I was paged by long distance for a call from Mike Curtiz asking me to return to the coast immediately for the lead in his picture. I couldn't imagine how he'd found me, since nobody in Hollywood knew where I was. He'd called New York, gotten the message that I was en route to North Carolina and might spend the night in Richmond, and had promptly put in a call to every hotel there.

There are so many factors that can change your future, some less happily. Like acquiring affectations, losing one's naturalness, and dropping a certain sense of dignity.

It's hard to keep from getting a little spoiled, with all the attention you receive; hairdressers fussing around you, wardrobe girls waiting on you, a make-up man repairing your make-up, the entire key personnel of an entire studio eternally looking out after you. To me, nobody is more repulsive than a spoiled woman. Consequently, I'm constantly underplaying, to the point of almost seeming inhibited. Which, of course, is equally bad.

As a challenge to myself I'd like to some day portray a screen character like *Sadie Thompson*. Complete with loud manners, wild clothing, garish make-up, spike heels, spangled jewelry, and gobs of chewing gum.

If I can play *Sadie* successfully, I'll have reached another movie milestone. And it will be high time for another check-up with Caulfield, for anything could happen from there on.

THE END



Joan Caulfield, with best friend Benay Venuta, and Benay's daughter Debbie. Both girls are expert tennis players and got in a few games while in Palm Springs

It's Like This, Louella . . .

(Continued from page 39) When she returned to Orson Welles he was heart-broken. David Niven and she have not frequented night clubs. They saw each other at Palm Springs, quietly and without the public looking on.

The first time Rita separated from Orson she was very frank in saying she could not live up to his giant intellect. "You get fed up listening to how great a person he is, you get weary of so much egotism. All our conversation was about his greatness, his plans, his radio show—never anything about me, my career or our marriage."

But after this last separation she has less to say, only, "It's hard to enjoy life with a genius." Perhaps she is a little on the defensive, because when she reconciled with Orson she went against the advice of her friends. For Rita, very sweet, will always take the line of least resistance. She never in her life has wanted to hurt anyone. So when Orson, apparently repentant, said he was sorry, she forgave him.

It is a great pity, I think, that Rita never has known the happiness of a contented marriage. Her two husbands were entirely different but neither was a helpmate in the accepted meaning of the word. Edward Judson, her first husband, drove her day and night. Eager for her to get ahead in her career, he never was happier than when she was a monetary success. He must, however, be given credit for inspiring her to ambition and for helping her in her earlier days; even though Rita, like many others, did not believe that his interest in her career was entirely altruistic.

To Welles, of course, money meant nothing. I doubt, too, that he counted Rita's career important, except when it touched his own as an actor or a director. Rita, to him, was a beautiful statue, something to admire. I cannot feel he is carrying the torch for her as many columnists have said. His pride is hurt because she left him, walked out without a word.

Knowing Rita as I do, I believe she had taken just as much as she could endure when she departed for Palm Springs. Orson was so taken by surprise that he said to all inquiring reporters: "It's ridiculous. Mrs. Welles and I have not separated. She has merely gone to Palm Springs to rest." When it could no longer be denied that she *had* left him his silence could have been heard from Hollywood to New York.

WHEN Rita telephoned me in New York after her second matrimonial break-up with Orson I thought she would tell me her troubles as she has before. But the new Rita was in evidence. The girl who shot to fame overnight—and whom I have known since she was Marguerite Cansino, a dancer at Agua Caliente—has had so many heartbreaking things happen to her that she has learned to be discreet.

"Tell me," I said, "are you going to Europe because you want to put the ocean between you and Orson?"

"Oh, Louella, don't say that," she pleaded. "I'm going to Europe because I've never been there. I'll go to Rotterdam, then to Amsterdam and Brussels, which they tell me is the most sophisticated of cities. And later I'll go on to Paris and London."

"This isn't a case of going away to forget. It's mostly to learn and see things I've never had a chance to learn or see before. I've always wanted to go abroad."

"I'm going to travel with Evelyn Lane, a friend," she went on. "I know that my daughter, Rebecca, will be all right because she is with a great aunt of mine, besides her wonderful nurse."

"Are you glad to be rid of Orson?"



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"Let's not underestimate what Orson did for me, Louella," she answered. "He helped me a lot, educationally speaking. But he is pretty difficult to live up to. I think he's best when left alone. And," she said this a little wistfully, "I think it's better for me too. I must think for myself and no one can have a personal thought that Orson doesn't want to intrude upon."

I certainly agreed with her there.

"Have you ever tried living with a genius?" she asked. "Well, Orson's a genius and never forgets it. But I don't want to say too much against him because he's the father of my daughter. And I think if you loved a man enough to marry him the least you can do, if you must part, is to say nothing against him."

"Tell me, Rita," I said, changing the subject. "What's happened to your glorious long hair. You've always worn it so magnificently it's almost a trade mark with you, like Zasu Pitts's hands. Then, suddenly, it was very blonde and short and you looked like any other glamour girl."

She laughed apologetically. "I'm letting it grow out and it will be red. I don't ever want my hair like this again."

"Orson liked it blonde and short?" I asked with a sneaking hunch that it was he who suggested it. She just laughed.

Rita wears her hair blonde and short, incidentally, in "The Lady from Shanghai" the picture which Orson directed her in just before the rift. It's the most dramatic thing she has ever done, I hear, and ends forever the idea she is just a beautiful ex-cover girl. Well, she was unhappy enough while she was making it to look dramatic!

RITA sailed on a small Dutch boat, the Veendam. She wanted to enjoy her first trip without the fanfare and glory that usually accompanies a star—particularly such a glamorous one as Rita.

My mind went back to the time I sailed in 1920 with Olga Petrova on the Rhydam, a small Dutch boat. It, too, was my first trip to Europe and the thrill of it has always lingered.

I have gone abroad many times since with my favorite doctor, but always on big boats. But somehow the memories of those large ships are not as nostalgic as my memories of that little Dutch boat with its friendly captain. Rita may not have known it but she will eat cheese for breakfast. That's what they served me. It's an accepted custom of the dairy-minded Dutch. What's more I'm sure she will learn to like it. As I did.

I thought Rita was wise to choose one of the smaller vessels. She will find real friends who will wish to help her. And, temporarily, I think, she needs help. The fascination that the Welles intellect—or genius, if you will—has for her must not be forgotten. Following her divorce from Judson, Welles was able to take her away from Victor Mature, who was madly in love with her, who said he could never live without her. And, later, without too much trouble, Welles recalled her from Tony Martin's side.

Always Welles has been Rita's choice. It is a great pity he did not appreciate what a fine woman she is or understand how she needs love and understanding.

This time, however, I believe she will stand clear of genius. And, I think, too, when she has had time to put her marriage behind her, broken completely free from the Svengali spell of Orson and started to live her own life—something she has not done for too long—she will be a happier and lovelier woman than ever before.

THE END

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Photoplay Fashions in Color

Two Men in Manhattan

(Continued from page 54) down, began trying on shoes, looked out the window—and saw a huge mob forming on the sidewalk, led by the rain-soaked boy.

"We'll be torn to shreds when we come out," Peter moaned.

"And me in my new suit," moaned Frank in return.

"There's a back door to this joint," crowed the shoe salesman.

So, Frank and Peter waved at the enormous crowd pushing against the windows, and rushed out the back way—which led right into the lobby of a building into which fifty secretaries had just swarmed on their way down from their offices at the end of the day!

"Frankie! Pete!" shrieked fifty feminine voices in unison—and all fifty girls began running for the two men. The two men began running too. They ran right through the crowd, out the door, and down the street. They were still running when they jumped into the elevator back home at the Waldorf. They were even running when they got back into the peace of their suite.

DID we say "peace of their suite"? How could we tell such lies?

Their phone rang steadily, persistently, mercilessly. It was nearly always a bobby-soxer posing as a friend. To hear the names on the other end of the phone, you'd think that everyone in Hollywood was in New York. "This is Lana Turner," "Louella Parsons," "June Haver," "Mrs. Sinatra," "Betty Grable," squeaked the little voices over the telephone. The doorbell rang just as steadily—with pretty young things eagerly trying to put a foot in the door.

No, the two stars were not alone. Not ever. What's more, everything they touched became complicated . . . as, for instance, what Frank thought was the funniest thing that happened to them in New York:

That particular evening, Peter and Frank decided to eat dinner with separate groups of friends. Peter was going to the night club El Morocco, and Frank agreed to join him there after dinner. So, around ten o'clock, Frank breezed up to the front door of El Morocco in a taxi. He wore a sports jacket and slacks. He got one foot out on the sidewalk when the gold-decorated doorman descended on him.

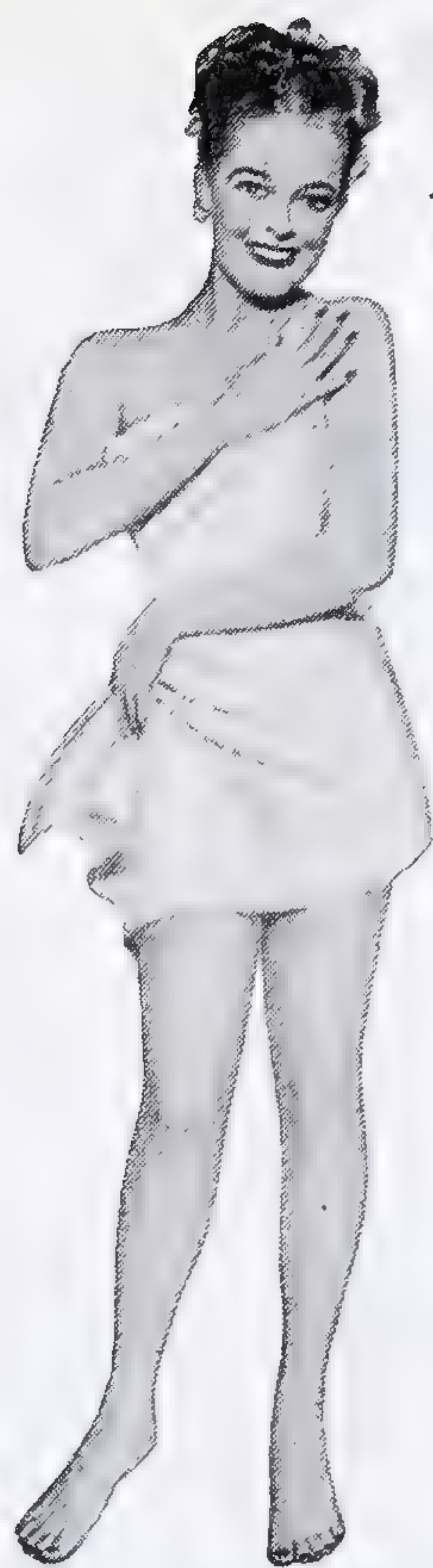
"Just a minute, bud!" said that worthy. "No one's allowed in this joint without wearing a full suit. Out you go!" With which he pushed Frank back into the taxi, slammed the door, and told the cab driver to keep going.

All of this dazed and delighted Frank—who lay in the back of the taxi roaring with helpless laughter all the way to his favorite restaurant, Toots Shor's. Here, still shouting with laughter, he telephoned Peter at El Morocco and told him, "I don't dress right for the kind of places you go—they wouldn't let me in!"

Naturally, this caused pandemonium in the night-club circuit. Peter told the owner of El Morocco that Frank Sinatra had been thrown out by the doorman; the owner called up Frank (at Toots Shor's) and apologized, and swore he would fire the doorman . . . and Frank, being Frank, insisted that he do no such thing.

"The doorman was only carrying out orders, and he didn't recognize me besides," he said. "You shouldn't give orders if you don't expect them to be obeyed. I'll be over some other night, dressed the way I should be dressed."

But adventures like these happened regularly every twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, the two Hollywood stars carried on their New York life as best they



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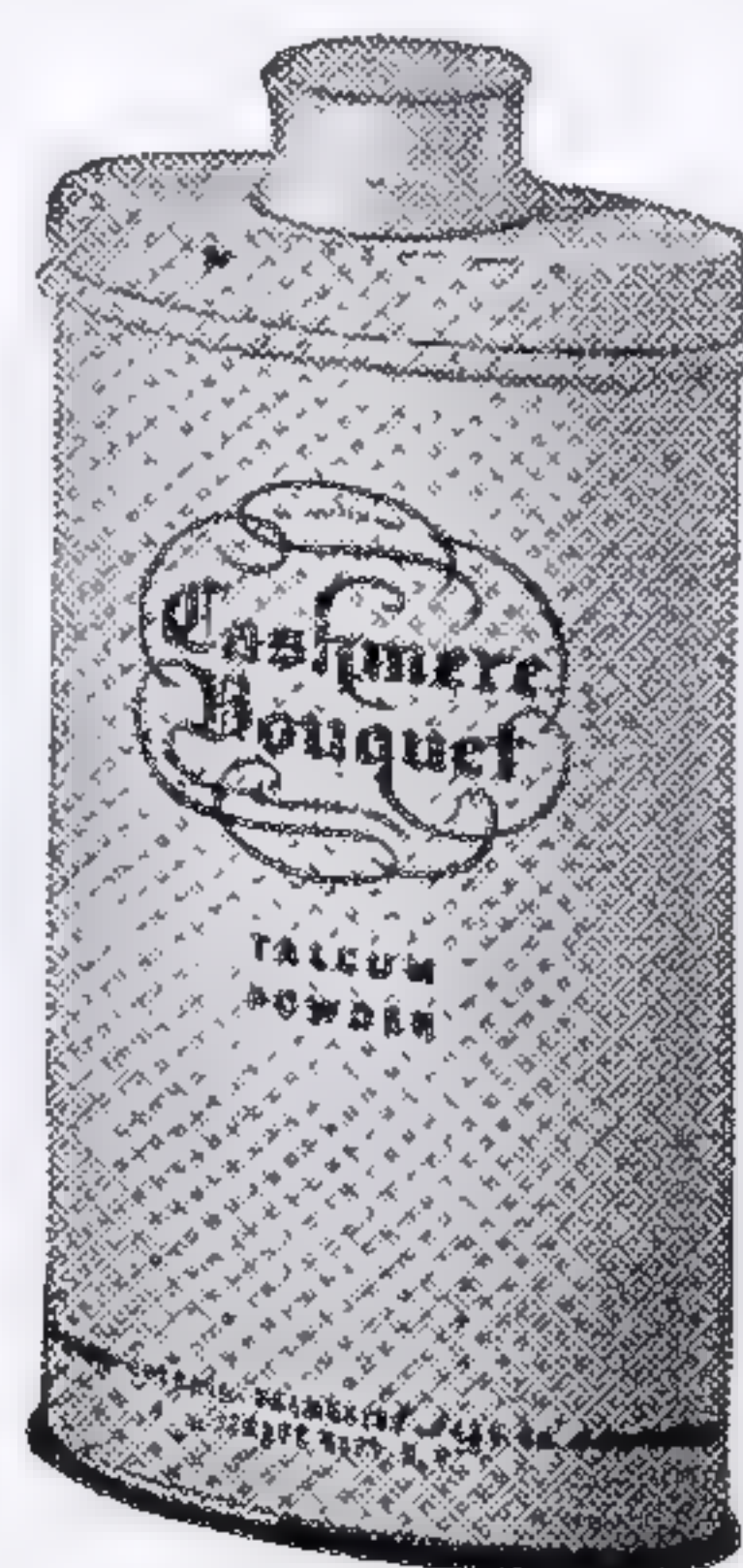
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could. Finally they had things down to a schedule. During the daytime they worked whenever necessary—Frank on shots for their picture, singing on the Brooklyn Bridge; Peter on radio broadcasts.

When they weren't working, they went shopping. Peter bought his mother two handmade leather bags, and his father a cashmere sweater. Frank bought Nancy a broadtail coat, and his daughter Nancy Jr., a priceless treasure, 100 sticks of bubble gum! (Which was tested one evening by fifteen of Frank's friends in the ornate setting of his suite at the Waldorf!)

Nights, the schedule continued. Usually the same gang gathered for dinner at Toots Shor's: Frank, Peter, Marilyn Maxwell, Jimmy Durante, Phil Silvers, Joan Roberts, Dolores Gray, Johnny Downs, John Dall, Andy Russell, Quentin Reynolds, Florence Pritchett. After dinner, they went to a play. Then came El Morocco or the Stork Club.

And after *that*, they invariably went to the Copacabana night club for the 2:30 a. m. show—featuring Peter Lind Hayes. They never stopped marveling at the pretty chorus girls or shouting their amusement over Hayes's jokes.

Let us hastily explain here that out in Hollywood, Peter and Frankie labor from dawn to dusk before cameras, and get to bed with the chickens. New York only happens to them a few times a year, and they make the most of it.

NOT THAT Frank's New York is the average star's New York, though. In one week, for instance, he was in three other cities—Detroit; Washington, D. C., for lunch with Postmaster General Robert Hannegan and for dinner with Joe Noonan of the Internal Revenue; Chicago, on business.

Whenever he was free in New York he ran down to do a few hours' work at his music publishing firm, "Barton Music Corporation." This firm was born in order to bring to light some of the excellent songs sent to Frank by hopeful songwriters. If the songs seem good, Frank sees that they are plugged by big orchestras and radio programs—and hence such songs as "Saturday Night is the Loneliest Night in the Week," "Full Moon and Empty Arms," and "Day by Day" have become famous.

Afternoons he posed for the celebrated sculptor Jo Davidson, who has completed a bust of Frank for the Museum of Modern Art—his singing on the Brooklyn Bridge took place only from seven until eleven in the morning, when the sun was just right. "After eleven," Frank explains with a grin, "it casts shadows under your eyes—and believe me, I had shadows under 'em already."

Frank never wears any make-up, except for a faint dusting of it in a Technicolor movie. So, as he stood on the footbridge above the Brooklyn Bridge, he was easily recognizable to the carloads of fans who drove back and forth steadily beneath him, screaming, "Hello, Frankie!"

In New York, two groups of his fans have taxis waiting always beside the door of the Waldorf; when Frank comes out—at any hour of the day or night—they give the word and their two taxis take after the one he's in. Often, since they know he eats every meal at Toots Shor's restaurant, they are there waiting for him when he arrives. "Hi, Frankie—we beat you over!" they announce as he goes inside.

The "Five Fog Sisters" did better than taxi-chasing, though. These five fifteen-year-olds telephoned Frank and Peter from Chicago that they would be in New York that evening—by air.

Peter had answered the phone, and he

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Photoplay Fashions in Color**

was shocked. "You say you're fifteen years old—and flying around the country on transport planes?" he asked. "What do your parents think of this?"

"They think it's fine. See you tonight—at Toots Shor's." And sure enough, as Peter and Frank were dining there that night, they saw at the next table five teenagers all waving and smiling. "We are the Fog Sisters here to see you!" they called. So what could Peter and Frank do but go over and sit with them awhile? That's just what they did!

But it wasn't just fans who kept the phone busy for Peter—it was girls, girls, girls. He met them at parties, and they rang him up from then on—usually when Frank was alone in the suite. Frank would answer the phone, say, "This is Mr. Lawford's secretary speaking," and then laboriously write down messages for Peter. And that night, when they'd meet at some night club, Peter would ask, "Any messages for me?" Frank would grin, "I should say so" . . . and pull out handfuls of them. "Nobody," Frank said at the end of the trip, "ever thought to ask my name when I answered the phone for him!"

Both Frank and Peter talked together a lot about their plans for the future—Peter's immediate plan being a light-hearted one: He wanted to cruise steadily around Hollywood in his new fire engine red convertible, which is half bright paint, and half station-wagon wood. Frank's plans are more complicated. He is trying to buy a thirty-two-foot Higgins boat, a private airplane big enough for a pilot and crew, and most of all he is trying to get his picture work completed in time to go to Czechoslovakia for the World Conference of Christians and Jews.

All of these talks went on in their suite . . . a suite made instantly their own. Peter's loud sports shirts were tossed around it at random. There was, also, Frank's collection of records, recording machine, boxes of cheese and crackers for quick snacks. All this was part and parcel of their mad pattern.

So was a taxi driver they hailed one night. He wanted to be an actor, and insisted on giving a take-off on Jimmy Durante all the time he dodged his way through traffic! Behind him, of course, streamed a caravan of taxis all jammed with Sinatra and Lawford fans.

So much for the New York whirl enjoyed by the two boys from Hollywood. Can anyone deny this is a man's world? Not if the men are Sinatra and Lawford!

THE END

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Hollywood Tour

(Continued from page 45) where Larry Parks hangs his hat—Earl Carroll's—the broadcasting studios at Sunset and Vine, from which PHOTOPLAY's daily ABC radio show "Hollywood Tour" emanates.

To the right we see the road that curves up into Hollywood Hills. The lovely white and gaily colored houses seemed perched ready to fall into The Valley that lies on the other side. At night they're a fairyland with their twinkling lights.

But we continue past Schwab's Pharmacy, hang-out of such Hollywood soda-sippers as Shirley Temple, Linda Darnell and Sidney Skolsky . . .

And on to Sunset Strip, that stretch of boulevard between Hollywood and the sea. The "midway to movieland," it is as clean-lined as an etching with its white stucco and neo-Spanish architecture. The Strip is famous for such glamorous establishments as: The Players, the Chanteclair, Paul Hesse's modern photographic studios, Mocambo, LaRue's, Ciro's.

The winding road goes past a score of swank buildings housing offices like Sue Carol's and Bing Crosby's—and then around the bend, the bridal path marks Beverly Hills. Union Station is now thirty miles behind us.

Another mile to go, to the Beverly Hills Hotel—the hostel they built the town around. Up the palm-shaded drive and to the lovely swimming pool colorful with red and yellow cabanas and a real sand beach. We visit the exotic and beautiful Palm Room, for parties, such as PHOTOPLAY's annual Gold Medal Dinner.

But now, time to unpack—and to bed—for an early start on the next day of your Hollywood Tour.

Be sure to come with us in the next issue on a tour of the Warner Studios, in famous San Fernando Valley. We'll be seeing you.

THE END

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Over Many Stations of the
American Broadcasting Co.

Wonderful Life with Donna

(Continued from page 65) said an office colleague.

"Who is Donna Reed?" said the stricken heathen.

"She is an actress and you are working for her."

"Already?" gasped Tony who can take things as they come but not that fast.

"Our agency has a contract to manage her," said his side-kick.

"Heavenly ordinance!" said Mr. Owen, quoting Montaigne, for Mr. Owen is a scholar and gentleman from old New Orleans, a graduate from the University of Chicago, and a literateur who earned fifteen thousand a year as saloon columnist on the Chicago Daily News.

With the variegated culture of his Chicago background, Tony quotes at will from Montaigne or Mayor Kelly or Alfonso Capone. But never in his reporting career had he picked up anything so sensational as the flash he got on beholding Miss Reed. He had scooped himself and couldn't believe it.

HE LEAPED into his car and drove to Palm Springs to reduce his blood pressure. But his Hamlet soliloquy—"It can't be, it can be"—kept on driving him nuts. At length he achieved a sort of optimistic fatalism which by heavenly ordinance is the philosophy of the vision he was to wed. She describes it as a feeling that everything works out for the best if you just keep doing your best. Tony dashed back to Hollywood and started doing his best. He telephoned Miss Reed.

"This is Mr. Owen, your business agent, Miss Reed."

"How do you do, Mr. Owen," Miss Reed said.

"Would it be possible for you to have dinner with me, Miss Reed?"

"No," said Miss Reed, "but thank you."

"It is a business matter of some importance, Miss Reed."

"I am sorry, Mr. Owen. Perhaps we can meet at the studio or your office."

That's the way it went for two years, "Miss Reed" and "Mr. Owen." Tony can't remember when it ended. He thinks that when he proposed he probably said, "Miss Reed, would you consider marrying Mr. Owen?"

"Anyhow it was refreshingly novel in Hollywood," says Tony. "Here everyone calls everyone by nickname on sight, or honey or darling if you don't know the name."

Miss Reed and Mr. Owen honeymooned on the Iowa farm with Donna's folks. Relatives and friends came from all over Crawford county, and banners hung across the streets of Denison.

"After three years in Hollywood," says Tony, "I thought you had to die and go to heaven before you met such people—no one envious, no one with personal ambition but all for the family. It *was* heaven. I understood Donna then. She has quality; the quality of being wholly and transparently genuine."

Serenity out of fortitude is the substance of her beauty. Through her girlhood she endured with her family the desperation of ten years of heart-searing drought on the farm.

"We were able to eat because it is always possible to carry water from a well to a vegetable patch."

Her worst experience, she says, was starting high school in Denison after attending the one-room country school.

The Stars Model

Photoplay Fashions on Page 99



Whoa, darling—
that's all for **NOW!**

Too much of a good thing isn't ever too good for tiny tots. For instance, when you start your baby on Gerber's Cereals, measure out the amount your doctor suggests. Gerber's (ready-to-serve) taste *so good* even beginners often want more than their share. And, my how they go for . . .

Luscious fruits, vegetables and all the many delicious *Gerber's Strained Foods*. When your baby's ready, he'll find *them* as easy to swallow and as much fun as Gerber's Cereals. *Thousands of babies prefer Gerber's* from . . .

Start to finish! So, follow through with *Gerber's Chopped Foods* when he can chew a bit. Gerber's one-portion containers (*same size and price as Strained Foods*) help you serve baby wholesome variety—*without leftovers*. First, last and always, mother, it's Gerber's for happier mealtimes.

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18 STRAINED FOODS

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ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Once we thought only fat babies were healthy. But modern child experts have upset that theory. If check-ups prove your baby's healthy, why worry if he isn't a roly-poly?

Mrs. Dan Gerber

© 1947, G. P. C.

Denison was a dizzy metropolis of four thousand people. For a country girl, breaking into school activities was a struggle of titanic perseverance.

Her greatest moment in life occurred when these kids elected her their Queen of May, "for grace, for looks, for personality and popularity."

But her original patent of nobility rests on a pan of biscuits. She won a prize and membership in the 4-H clubs. These 4-H clubs constitute the nobility of red-blooded democracy. You can't get in to them by the simple process of being born; you have to do something essential for mankind, such as raising bulls or biscuits.

DONNA came to Los Angeles to visit an aunt and remained to work her way through City College. Her fellow students elected her their campus queen. The newspapers published her picture. Within twenty-four hours three studios were on the telephone requesting her to make tests but Donna graciously declined until she had her diploma in secretarial efficiency.

With her performance in "It's a Wonderful Life" she was enthroned queen for the third time. Peers of the realm paid homage after the premiere. King Gable pressed her hands and bestowed his accolade, "Swell, Donna, you've arrived." William Wyler, the Oscar-studded director of "The Best Years of Our Lives," made his bow saying, "My name is Wyler; I'm a director and I hope for the privilege of directing you one day."

Donna was moved but not giddied by the starry coronation. You never can top the triumph of your own home town, and no performance can surpass a pan of biscuits that wins a 4-H prize.

Donna's ambition is to have a family of children as fine as her brothers and sisters,

and to be as good a mother as her own, to whom each week she types three letters.

She and Tony adopted a baby girl. Before they saw her they chose the name Penny Jane. Jane is the name of Donna's grandmother. Tony's oldest Hollywood friend, Randy Scott, suggested Penny. Tony liked the name Mary. A penny was tossed and Penny won. The baby cooperated by growing copper colored hair, which she changed to black and now to gold—already she has gone Hollywood.

The Owens would like to have a little place in the country and wear sloppy clothes, but in these days of housing shortage beggars can't be choosers and have to live in palaces. They have traded a beach lot they owned for a shelter with five bedrooms and five baths in Beverly.

The house is L-shaped, opening inward on a patio which is an outdoor living room, the other two sides having walls tapestried with flowering vines. Windows of the one-story living room open into it; the two-story wing has glass porches upstairs and down.

Donna has no hobbies, belongs to no societies except City College alumnae. She works with intensity. Her husband calls her a perfectionist. She likes low-heeled shoes and slacks and her favorite colors are blue and green.

In people, sincerity and naturalness are her only demand. Dorothy McGuire and Ingrid Bergman are her favorite actresses; Jimmy Stewart ranks among men, with Cary Grant runner-up. Plain food is preferred. For a treat she will take a cheeseburger.

The Owens do not care for big parties but entertain for a few friends. Their closest are Mr. and Mrs. Randy Scott, director George Sydney and his wife Lillian Burns, the drama coach of Metro-

Goldwyn-Mayer. Donna says Lillian made possible all dramatic achievement and is virtually her alter ego. Tony says its mutual worship.

TONY now is partner in the Orsatti-Towen Agency, business representatives for stars and directors. He will probably end up a producer. He says he would rather be a newspaperman than anything, a beachcomber next. He likes to call himself Pop Owen. That's what he was called by the kids in his horse cavalry unit at Fort Riley. When war broke, passing up the chance of being an officer, he enlisted as a buck because that's what he felt like doing. He thanks God he did.

"I got to know the finest kids in this country, most of them cowhands and farm boys of the west."

When he was discharged from the hospital where he was laid up with a broken foot, the kids chipped nine dollars and five cents out of their pay to buy Pop a present. Pop says that will always be the big moment of his life.

Two years ago when producer Carey Wilson read the prize-winning novel "Green Dolphin Street" by Elizabeth Goudge, he was struck by a passage describing the character of *Marguerite*. It was, he recognized, a perfect delineation of Donna Reed.

The passage that designated Donna for the part, reads: "Transparent honesty and purity and serenity that, like clear water flooding over the bed of a stream, washes away uncleanness, and makes fresh and divinely lovely all that is seen through its own transparency."

In "Green Dolphin Street," all who have seen it agree, Donna will add jewels to her crowns.

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT



"She's not a model really—that bag's full of Pepsi-Cola."

Our Baby Is Here

(Continued from page 31) Frederick Jr. in their beautiful, almost entirely finished, almost entirely unfurnished home that's high on the crest of the mountains that separate Hollywood from San Fernando Valley.

They started building their home in February of last year, less than two months after they were married. Paul had owned the land for some time, and the fun of planning their own house was part of the lovely excitement of their honeymoon. Yet like many another house in these United States, it stands, some eighteen months later, like a beautiful movie set, not quite all there. Its architect was Walter Wurdeman, one the men who designed Hollywood's famed "House of Tomorrow."

THE Brinkman house, compared to "The House of Tomorrow," is the House of the Next Century. It has gadgets that do everything but make a suit of clothes.

In the kitchen one button makes the dishes all wash themselves. Another makes the garbage chew itself into eternity. The ice cubes, on command, fly out of the box and into the glasses. The heat comes on or goes off, the cooling air wafts through during the summer, the solid plate glass windows, which run to the floor in all the rooms and act as doors as well as windows, open and close themselves. The indoor barbecue turns its own spit; so does the out-door one.

Don't ask why two barbecues. So did Mr. Wurdeman—and it got him nowhere except with orders to go ahead with them. So he did. The Brinkmans, it seems, are great steak eaters. Mr. Wurdeman got orders to go ahead with three fireplaces—in what is now a one-story "modern" ranch house with only two master bedrooms—so those are there, in beautiful fieldstone.

The fireplaces, you may be sure, have gas under them—just as the barbecues have—so that there's no trouble getting them "to start." The electric gates open themselves, on command, by telephone, just as the electric clock sounds its own alarm and the front door answers its own buzzer. The woodwork—what there is of it and it isn't much, as the house is mostly of glass and stone—is red oak, left its natural shade and waxed—and the bathroom walls are vitrolite, which means the housekeeping is reduced to a minimum. The garage is a "port" rather than what you and I know as a garage. You drive right into a kind of glorified box, that has an overhang but no doors, so that all opening and closing trouble is eliminated.

Naturally, being a future-looking house, it has its own deep-freeze unit, which eventually will have to do something about the fruit from the forty varieties of fruit trees now planted about the house. (The

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Something new has been added—

Ingrid Bergman

as ELSA MAXWELL finds her
after her New York triumph
in the poignant
"Joan of Lorraine"

See the August Photoplay

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Sunglasses

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"Our marriage was all thorns . . ."

Ned was habitually bristling like a cactus, over nothing at all . . . was seldom his sweet, loving self any more. What had happened to our perfect marriage? Why, *this*: I only *thought* I knew about feminine hy-

giene. I didn't realize that careless *now-and-then* care could spoil one's married happiness . . . until my doctor enlightened me. Yes—then, he recommended using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"Now it's love in bloom"

Happiness is, to the heart, as sunshine to a flower . . . and we're so happy again now! Ever since I began following my doctor's advice on feminine hygiene—always use "Lysol" for douching. No more salt,

soda or other homemade solutions for *me*! Not when far more effective "Lysol"—a *real* germ-killer—is so easy and economical to use. As the doctor said, "Lysol" is a thorough yet gentle cleanser . . . and it *works*!

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Reason No. 2: NON-CAUSTIC . . . GENTLE . . . "Lysol" douching solution is non-caustic, non-injurious to delicate membrane—not harmful to vaginal

tissue. Try the easy-to-follow "Lysol" way!

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

Brinkmans are fruit crazy as well as steak crazy.) They haven't yet got a gadget that will pick that fruit for them but they have got an outdoor trick that will shake you with excitement. They built, believe it or not, a waterfall, up in those hills where there's not so much as a rill.

Paul worked that one out, by means of pipes and a lot of planning. The water jumps up the mountain behind their house—a right smart jump, too, of better than a hundred feet—and comes tumbling down again, whenever they want it.

In fact, their whole estate lacks only two things to make them blissful (besides being finished and furnished): Paul wants to find an ice-cream freezer that can be buried in some electrified nook of the kitchen and turn out a neat two quarts daily, since he and Jeanne consume that much. Jeanne wants a real live fawn to romp about the place. She's had to give up her lion cub—of which more later.

But while it is faintly irksome not to have every last doorknob and window latch in place, it is absolute bliss to have the house virtually unfurnished.

This is because they were so jammed during the six months prior to Paul Jr.'s birth that the only free space they had in their three-room Santa Monica apartment was their beds. They slept in the beds, they ate in them, they sat on them. Every other inch of space was stacked with clothes and presents for the baby.

For some reason, most of Jeanne's fans chose to send her knives and forks for "Junior." Along with bassinets, comforters, carriage throws, she's got enough silverware to stock a jewelry store. But Jeanne said the future baby Brinkmans will inherit it all from little Paul.

On Easter Monday there was a story printed that Jeanne had been so sure her baby would be a girl, she hadn't known what to name her child. That wasn't true.

Actually, Jeanne had always insisted that her baby would be a boy, and that he had to be called Paul Jr. Paul Sr., being the more worldly, said they'd better prepare for a girl, too, but he insisted if she happened, she must be Jeanne too.

THE great gift that Jeanne has is that of making her dreams come true. The happiness that Paul can bring to her is the masculine strength that backs up her dreams and shares them.

For example, "Margie" was her first "mother" role. Jeanne was enchanted with it. On screen, she seems to waft through her characterizations, but behind that airy finesse, there is much hard work and, more important, careful, hard thinking. One of the pleasures she and Paul share is reading aloud to one another, and this they did particularly with the script of "Margie." Long before it got to the screen, Jeanne was playing "Margie" at home, with Paul playing all the male parts, for her amusement and instruction. So, when during the actual filming, Jeanne discovered she was truly to become a mother, it was her third happiest moment. (The first had been falling in love with Paul, the second marrying him on New Year's Eve, 1945.)

She never went through any odd "yearnings," like for strawberries at midnight. She made only one request of Paul. "Let's stay by ourselves as much as we can," she begged. "Let's have it just be us alone during this great experience."

Her slightest wish is Paul's only desire. For the first three months they saw a friend or two but during the last six they never "dated" with anyone except their

**Photoplay Fashions to
Make You Lovelier on Page 99**

families, and that was only on Sundays. They had "brunch" every Sunday noon with Mrs. Crain and Jeanne's lovely younger sister, Rita. At six, they moved on to Paul's parents and had dinner with them.

Other than that, they did nothing but visit their house, and watch the orchard being planted, and the flowers put in and the space for the waterfall being dug out. They read to one another evenings, saw occasional movies, and Jeanne took up water color painting, turning out sketches of crazy, wild animals and charming little children which are now being turned into a frieze for Paul Jr.'s nursery.

The Saturday evening before Easter, they went to see "The Egg and I." The baby was then about two weeks overdue but Jeanne wasn't feeling too uncomfortable. While she laughed at the picture, she felt a twinge or two of pain but she ignored it. They had huge hot-fudge sundaes before returning to the apartment and were just nicely settled in their beds when Jeanne said, "Paul, where's your stop watch?"

The stop watch had been one of her Christmas presents to her husband. Working over his radios, Paul often had desired split second timing. But it is to be doubted if a stop watch has often been used to time labor pains, as it was on this occasion—and seldom that any father knew such pains were being spaced exactly five minutes and twenty seconds apart. In fact, Paul didn't know that for more than ten minutes and forty seconds before he had Jeanne in the car heading toward The Queen of the Angels. They cut the hospital gates at 12:30 and at 5:13.10 on the stop watch, Paul Jr. made his debut.

ASK Jeanne which one of them the baby looks like and she smiles that tender smile of hers and says, "Exactly like Paul." Ask Paul and his dark, distinguished face glows and he announces, "He's the image of Jeanne." Ask me or any other observer of this baby of babies and we'll tell you it looks identically like both of them.

Only one thing had worried Jeanne during the nine months. She was frightened that she might have a "bald" baby. Why, with such heads of hair as she and Paul have this idea ever occurred to her, nobody will ever know.

They gave her only a spinal, so she heard her baby's first cry, whereupon she demanded to know its sex, and to see it. She took one glance and relaxed. "Oh, what beautiful hair he has," she sighed happily.

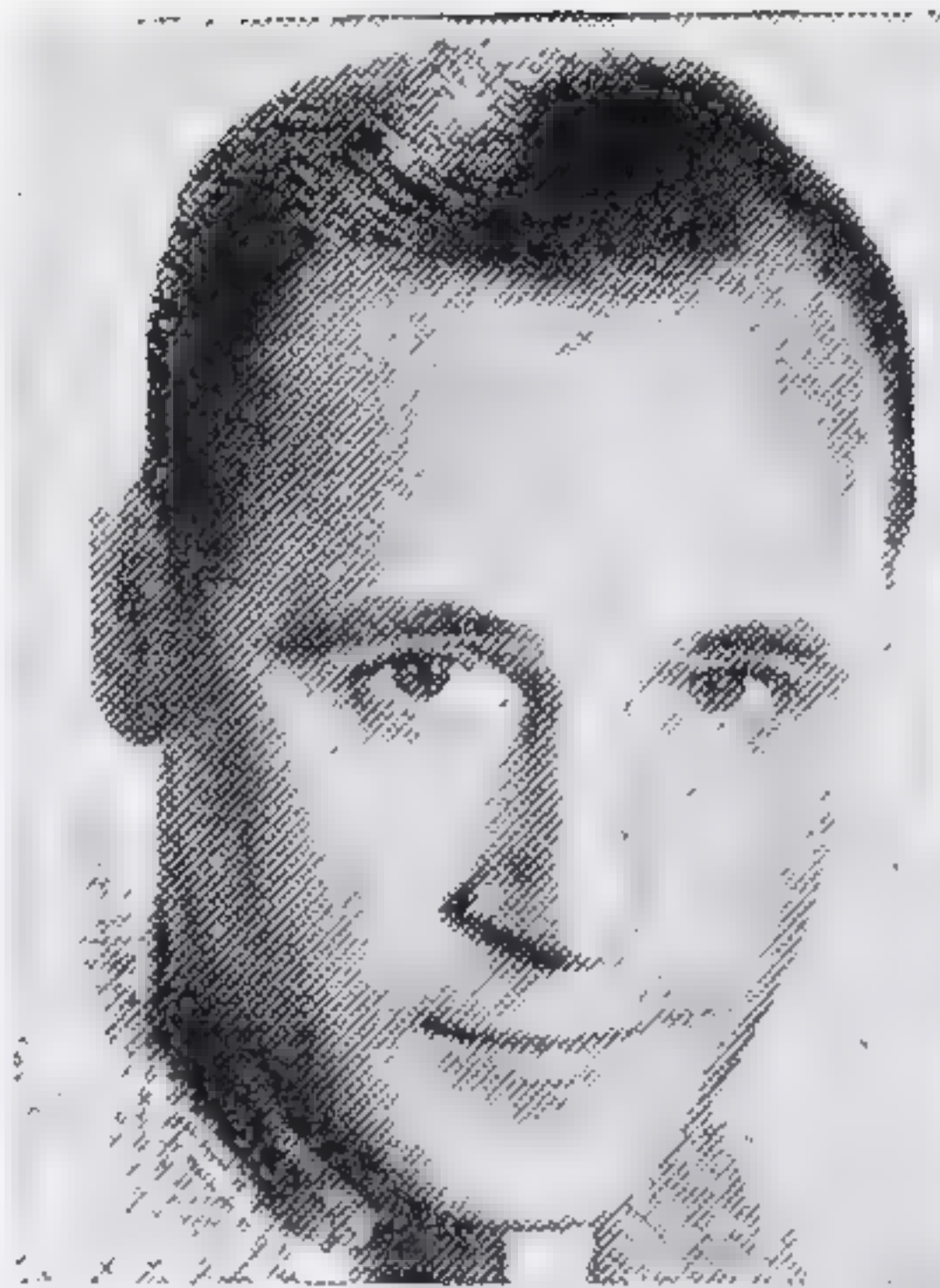
The doctor snorted at her. "Look at his shoulders," Dr. Alphonsus McCarthy said. "I never saw such shoulders. You'd better register him for the Notre Dame team tomorrow morning."

Little Paul has very dark hair, like his father and very blue eyes like his mother. Being the first grandchild in either family, both elder sets are wildly happy. In fact there's only one creature who isn't thrilled over his advent. That's Jeanne's lion cub. She got banished to a private zoo. That broke Jeanne's heart almost as much as it did the cub's—but the doctor wouldn't hear of his being around such a wonder child. But right in that small, empty spot in Jeanne's wild-animal-loving heart is where the fawn may come in.

That is, unless the second baby makes her forget about fawns, too. For already Jeanne is planning for another baby. He will be, Jeanne says, another boy and his name will be Michael Anthony Brinkman.

Paul grins. Paul says he would like it if he turned out to be a she, Jeanne Crain Brinkman, Second. But he knows he hasn't a chance. For Jeanne always makes her dreams come true, which is what Paul wants for her, forever and always.

THE END



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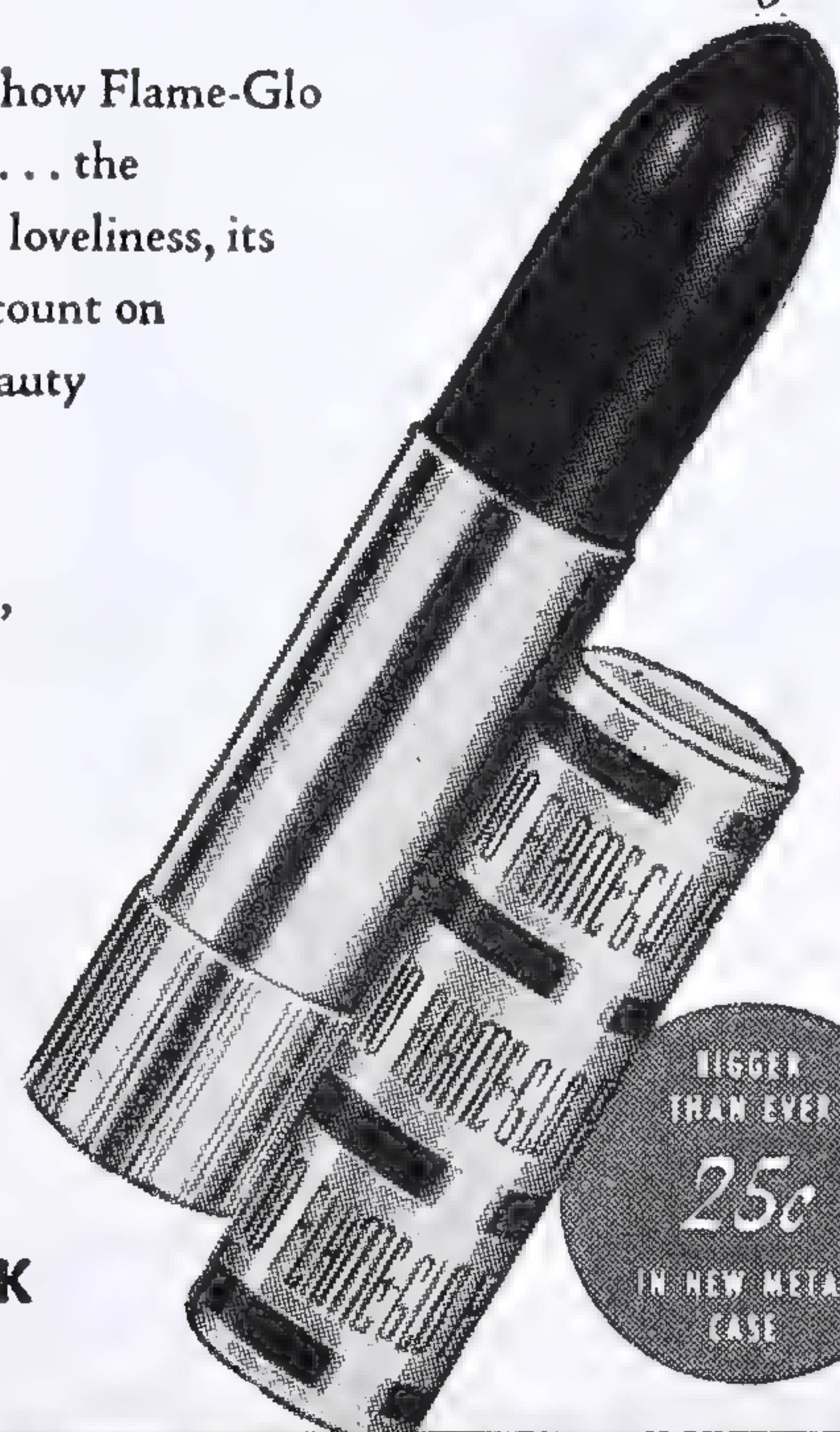
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Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

A rapid record review of this month's popular and classical disks—spotlighting songs and singers from Hollywood



Phil Harris

THE RAZOR'S EDGE: Tunes like "Mam'selle" have a way with them and young singer Art Lund has crashed the juke box big time with his fine pressing (M-G-M). Close behind him in popularity are the Dennis Day (Victor) and Pied Pipers (Capitol) versions.

PERILS OF PAULINE: Phil Harris selects the hit tune "Poppa, Don't Preach to Me" from Betty Hutton's latest and has a Harrised field day with it (Victor).

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN: Frank Sinatra clicks with "Time after Time," "I Believe," "Brooklyn Bridge" and "It's the Same Old Dream" (Columbia). The Pied Pipers (Capitol) and Tommy Dorsey (Victor) also handle the latter tune effectively, while Jimmy Dorsey (M-G-M) wraps up "Time after Time" and adds a sure-fire Latin-American winner, "Quien Sabe?" on the reverse.

THE EGG AND I: It was inevitable that this intriguing title would wind up with a melody. It took four tunesmiths, including Al Jolson, and now you can hear Dinah Shore (Columbia) and Sammy Kaye (Victor) spin it.

JANE RUSSELL: "The Outlaw" girl will probably get more circulation with the record she made with Kay Kyser than she will with the controversial horse opera. The tune she sings is called "As Long As I Live" (Columbia).

NORA PRENTISS: The theme song is aptly titled "Who Cares What People Say" and Dinah Shore (Columbia) sings it.

THE UNINVITED: Billy Butterfield (Capitol) and Dennis Day (Victor) have just waxed the film's haunting theme "Stella by Starlight" and it was worth waiting for.



Jane Russell

CARNEGIE HALL: Lily Pons sings "The Bell Song" from "Lakme," Ezio Pinza sings a robust aria from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and Rise Stevens has a fine time with "Seguidilla" from "Carmen" in an impressive Columbia album.

HUMORESQUE: Now, happily, Columbia has just issued an album of Isaac Stern's, re-creating the same immortal melodies he bowed in the film, including the title song by Dvorak, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble Bee," the Carmen Fantasy and Sarasate's Gypsy Airs. The piano accompaniment is by Oscar Levant.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: For religious records, try Victor's new album of Bach's Cantata No. 4, as performed by the RCA Chorale and Orchestra, under Robert Shaw's baton, and a reading of his own poems by Francis Cardinal Spellman, elegantly transcribed by Victor . . . The musical delicacy of Mozart's Quartet No. 2 in E Flat Major for piano and strings is played by the Budapest String Quartet and pianist George Szell for Columbia . . . A new pressing of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" by Paul Whiteman is a Signature feature . . . The pretentious orchestrations of Morton Gould get a full dress airing by the Robin Hood Dell orchestra in a Columbia album with Gould conducting. Highlight is Gould's version of the stirring Red Calvary March . . . Sibelius's solemn Symphony No. 4 is ably interpreted by the N. Y. Philharmonic, conducted by Artur Rodzinski for Columbia . . . The same company has issued a package of Italian operatic arias by the Met's soprano Helen Traubel, a singer of impressive and physical proportions . . . Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata played by Vladimir Horowitz is a Victor musical gift . . . The interesting ballet suite by Handel, "The Great Elopement," is disked by its favorite delineator, Sir Thomas Beecham, with the London Philharmonic in a new Victor issue.

The Lie

(Continued from page 46) the balance of stomach room could be devoted to more alluring food.

It had been working fine. Until this moment, that is, when before he'd had time to get rid of it, the crumpled bread had dropped into view. The nurse's voice was taking on a more ominous emphasis:

"Who is responsible for *this*—" she pointed a long finger at the crusts. No one spoke—not even Bob.

"I'm giving you *one more chance* to step out of line. Come now—speak up and step out—" The words were a clarion call which many years later, Bob would be able to liken to "The Voice of Gabriel." At seven, however, they struck pure, wordless terror to his heart. He couldn't have opened his dry little mouth if someone had promised to drop a shiny new dollar inside.

"A-l-l-r-i-g-h-t, I'll come get you!" She was advancing down the line now, her finger extended like a dagger. He closed his lids tight, his breath stopped and his skinny body tensed to meet its doom...

"You bad—sneaky—little boy!" A hand whooshed through the air—clutched—and there was another whoosh as a youngster went flying out of line. Not Bob—but the red-headed kid in front of him. "Not speaking up is even worse than lying!"

"Yesm—" The redhead stood patiently, under the pelting words, showing no surprise, his freckles only slightly more prominent than usual. Somehow, he was always falling into crime—it seemed useless to deny this one. Bob's mouth, too, stayed tight-closed.

There still seemed no way to force it open when that afternoon, the youngsters went tramping out into the clear mountain air to play health games in the snow. In the evening there was a special ceremony—Red in the middle of the ring of teachers and kids, making public apology for those sneaked-out crusts. And instead of his helping of custard pie, gulping down an extra, full-day's ration of bread.

That night, Bob could hear Red breathing soundly, a couple of cots away. In some inexplicable way, however, he himself was too miserable to sleep. He had a kind of sore throat—not a regular one, but a sort of lump that seemed to want to spread out and choke him...

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Bob Moseley kicked the dust along the road from Bakersfield Public School No. 2, and whistled absent-mindedly. Tanned, and with a thatch of sun-bleached hair, he was feeling—if he had been thinking about it—like a young man who'd never even heard of a health resort for underweight children.

Happened, however, he was thinking of the couple of hours stretch until chore-time. A couple of hours so-far uncharted, and offering some very fine possibilities. There was, fr'instance, the possibility of taking kid brother Harold for a walk through the fields and showing him how to scare up rabbits. Or, of getting together with his pal Bill and a couple of other kids for hide and seek.

Bill, it turned out, was waiting for him. "Got somethin' to show you," he said, stalking off with a mysterious air toward the barn. Not until he stood over a nest behind the feed-box, would he speak further. The nest had a half-dozen eggs.

"Look—all rotten. Good and stinkin' rotten. Ol' settin' hen walked off and left 'em."

Bob, for the moment, was too envious to speak. Actually, the hoard being Bill's, it was his place to do the speaking, anyhow. "Let's throw 'em," said Bill.

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LITTLE LULU



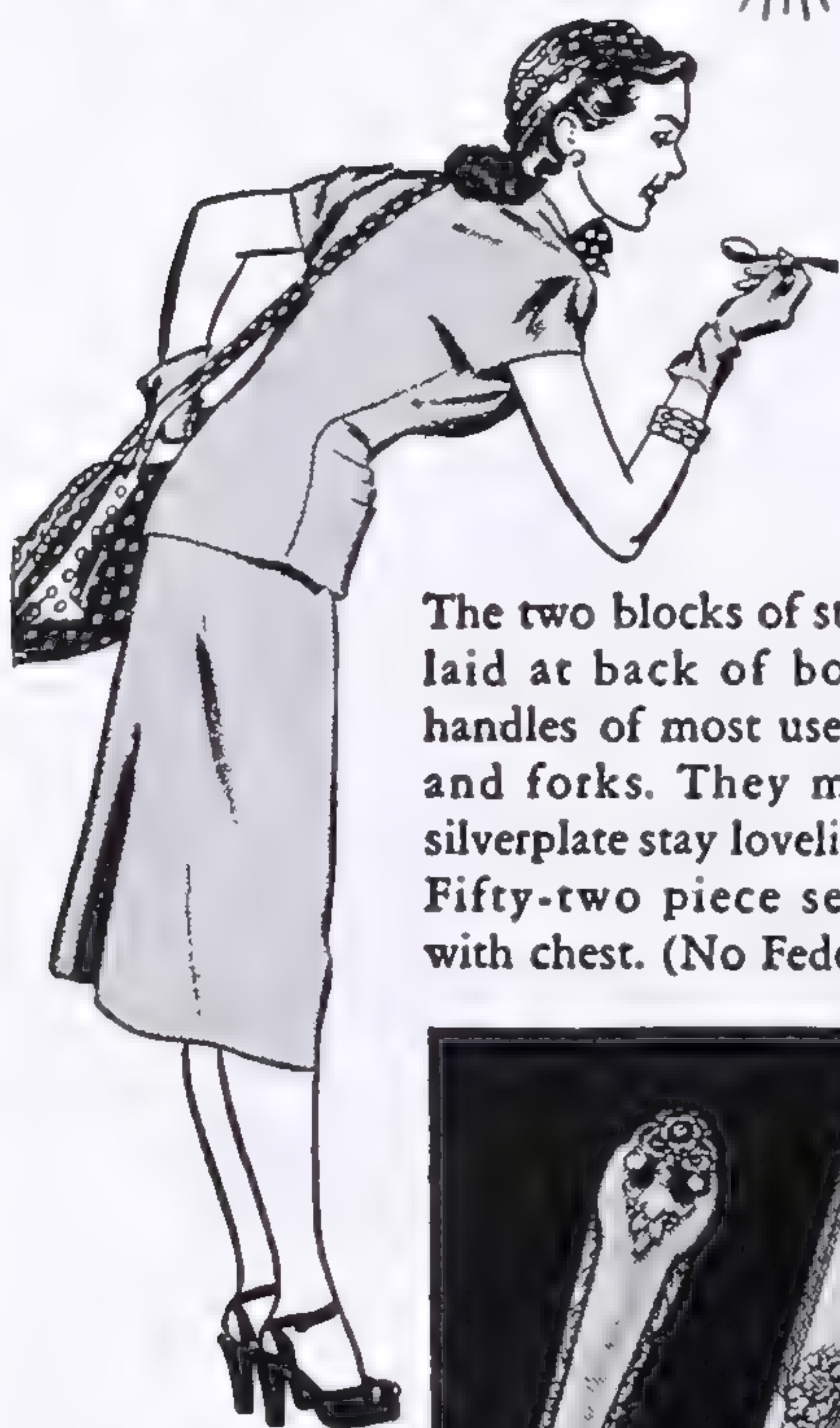
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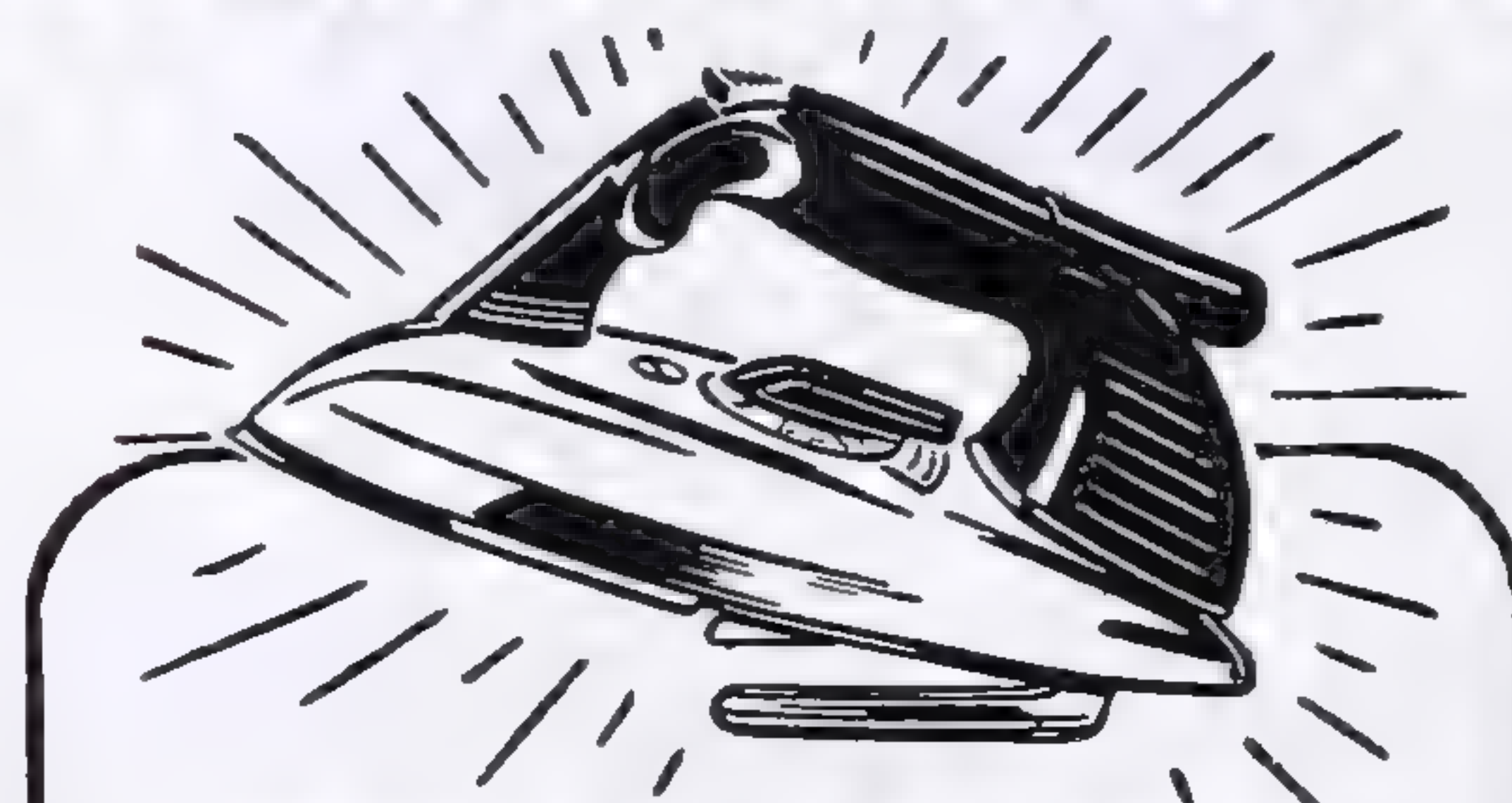


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"Where, out behind the barn?"

"Just out behind the barn—at nothing? I'm not wastin' rotten eggs that way—not me," said Bill scornfully.

It was Bill's idea to throw them at the Joneses' house and, admitted Bob with admiration, only a pretty smart kid would have thought of it. What with the Jones family being away for a couple of weeks, and what with there not being a wider, whiter expanse for egg-throwing in miles, anyhow. The fact that the Jones home was next to Bob's own, caused a slight bit of inconvenience and necessitated using the side farthest from his Mother's windows.

"Spat-t-t!" In all the world there is nothing quite so delightful, in its own obnoxious way, as the released stench of a splattered, dripping rotten egg. Not to two thirteen-year-old boys, at least. They stood gazing in awe and admiration. Then, with a sigh that it should all be over so soon, they stole reverently away.

Dinner was almost over that evening when Bob's mother spoke to his Dad: "I do hope they catch those young vandals who did all that damage to the Jones house. I'd like to tan their hides myself."

"I'm afraid the penalty is going to be a little more serious than just a tanning—" said Dad. "The detective told me the damage ran into hundreds of dollars—beats me where they got all the eggs."

Bob put his forkful of food slowly back down on the plate. "Detective—hundreds of dollars—serious penalty—" But he'd only thrown two—they'd only had six between them.

"It beats me how they got into the house—" his mother was saying. "Must have crawled through a window. Minna Jones is going to be just sick when she sees her beautiful curtains and furniture—eggs all over everything, ugh—!"

BOB was suddenly very sick at his stomach. He didn't know anything about the damage inside the house, but he'd thrown two eggs he'd had no right to throw. The detective was coming back the next evening, he thought, as he lay sleepless in bed. It was hard to keep Harold, lying right next to him, from feeling how he was shaking. It was harder still to keep the torture out of his eyes talking to Mom at breakfast, and when he went out to pitch hay with Dad the sweat pouring out of his back was not all exertion. He wished he could tell his folks what he'd done, but his mouth just wouldn't open.

"I'm not telling a thing," said Bill when they held a hurried conference.

"But detectives find out everything," said Bob miserably. "If they find out we're keepin' still about what we did do, they won't know but what we did the rest of it, too. Anyhow, I'd feel better if I just up and confessed."

"Not me," said Bill. "You go ahead and tell and I'll say I don't know what you're talkin' about!"

The detective, when he came, had eyes that bored like a gimlet. Bob had a panicky feeling that he must out with his confession before it came from the detective as an accusation. He gulped and opened his mouth and closed it again. The detective was speaking. It took him a minute to realize what the man was saying:

"I wanted to talk to you," the man said, "for I thought that living next door, you might keep an eye and ear open and report anything that looks suspicious."

After the detective had gone, Bob went up to bed. He had "a kind of sore throat," he told Mom. That old lump trouble, again.

Turn to Page 99 for
Photoplay Fashions in Color

Guy Madison, Seaman First Class, dropped his six-foot length off a Sunset Boulevard bus, dashed through traffic and stopped up short and breathless at the entrance to the Palladium. He had a date to meet a young lady and he was five minutes late. This young lady, maybe—but it wasn't the girl in the bright red coat—or the one wearing daisies for a hat. Funny, he'd thought he'd know her at once. She was short and brown-haired, with a quick smile, and he'd danced with her last week at the Canteen. He'd never seen her in a coat or hat, however, and he'd been totally unprepared for the number of short, brown-haired girls who could pass through one lobby . . .

It was at this point he became conscious of the two Shore Patrols staring at him. Usually, people did stare at him—a gold-bronze fellow with unbelievable shoulders, gob-cap riding high on hair the color of a ripe wheat field. Usually, too, he remained unconscious of the stares. However, no sailor stays unconscious of an S.P. very long.

"Just a minute, Mac." The two S.P.'s had planted themselves squarely in front of him. "What Navy do you belong to?"

"Same one you do, I believe," said Guy.

"What's your name?" snapped one of the patrolmen.

"Guy Madison," he answered quickly, the way he did now that he was getting used to it.

"Got your liberty pass?"

"My I.D. card is my pass."

"Let's see it!"

TOO late, Guy realized he was in trouble. The patrolman glanced at the card briefly. "We're taking you in. You won't mind the walk—it's just around the corner."

Guy hoped the brown-haired girl wouldn't think he hadn't shown up. It should only take him a few minutes to explain to the desk sergeant. . .

"Him and his I.D. card aren't tellin' the same story," said one S.P. to the sarge. "The card says his name is Moseley."

"Well, you see, I changed my name when I signed my Selznick Studio contract. I—"

"A movie contract—now isn't that glamorous? Only it says here, you're under contract to the Guy with the Whiskers, for the duration."

"I am. That is—"

"Never mind the story," said the Sarge. "I might listen to it if it wasn't for the fact that the cellophane has been opened on your card. You aren't the first guy who altered his I.D. card and got caught at it."

Just how and when the cellophane had broken loose from the brass brads on his identification, was something Guy didn't know. He did know what an arrest would do to his chances for Officers' Candidate School. The thing he'd been striving for so long—that meant more to him than any date or movie job in the world.

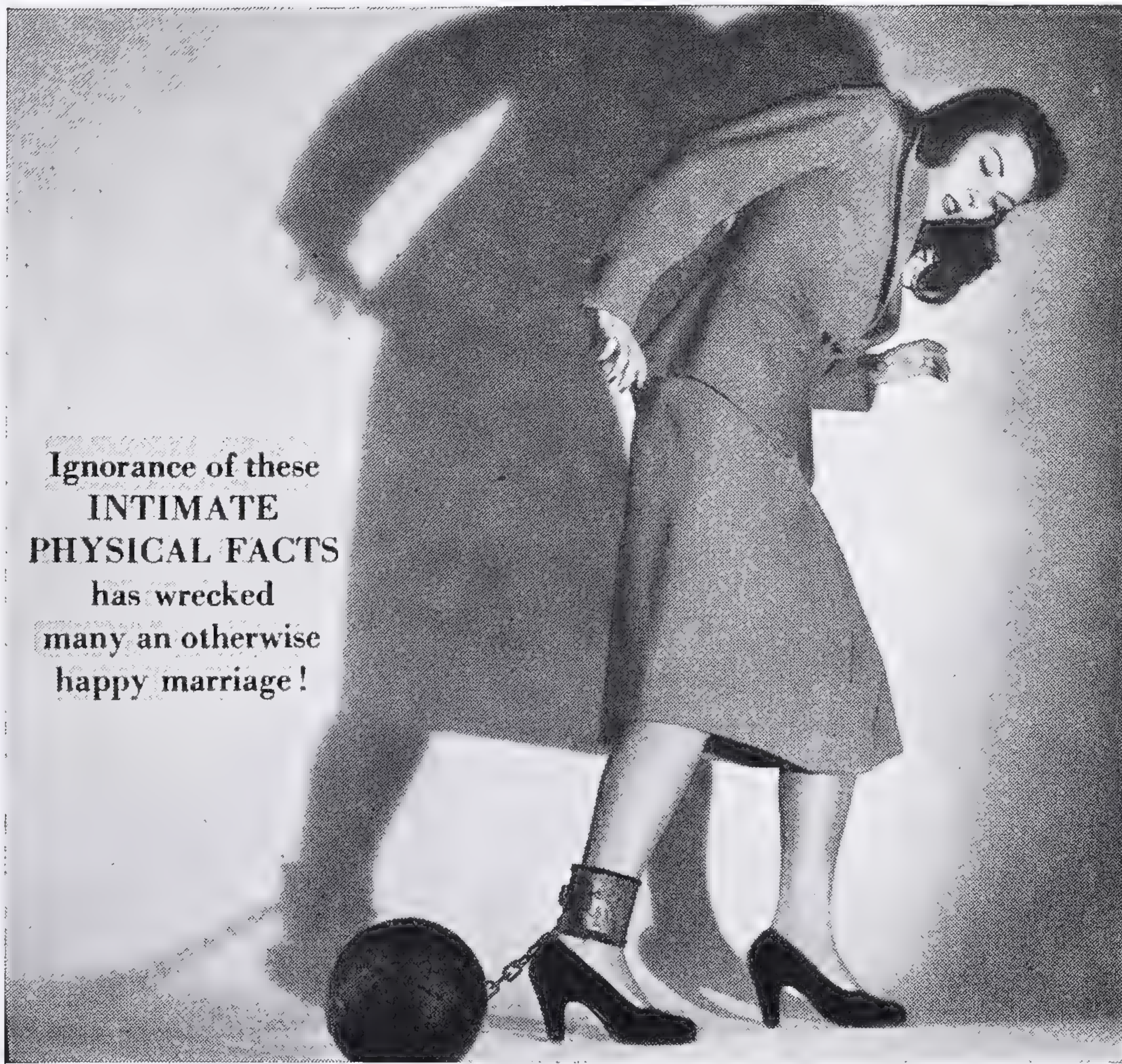
The day Guy Madison knew that in spite of his service record, he was definitely out of the running for O.C.S. he felt like a fellow who'd swallowed a rock. On the other hand, he felt curiously clean and free of a couple of things that had been bothering him for years. This time he'd told the truth and they hadn't believed him—but he'd had it coming. Little Red, choking down those extra slices of bread so long ago, had been paid off. He'd squared the matter of the eggs too.

That's why the star of "Honeymoon" is a Guy who's never afraid to say what he has on his mind. Why the harder a thing is to say, the quicker he'll say it. "Right or wrong—I'd rather take my chances on it," he'll tell you.

And meeting his straight gaze, you know chances are he'll be right many times more than he'll be wrong!

THE END

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Often a married woman has no one but herself to blame if her husband starts losing interest—

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If only young wives would realize how important douching two or three times a week often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*. If only they'd learn about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE.

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tic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues. Absolutely *non-poisonous, non-burning, non-irritating*. ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no bichloride of mercury, no creosote. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without risk of injury.

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My Romance with Evelyn Keyes

(Continued from page 53) her initials to papers and that made her an Elk. Her pet name, that is, what she likes to be called when you know her chummy, is Elean. And if you must know, I got this information while we were sitting on the couch in my office—gee, director Al Green would hardly give me any room and kept crowding me.

"I also found out that after attending various schools, Evelyn wanted to be an actress. She started by being a tap dancer. It was while she was dancing in Charlotte, North Carolina, that she met Ted FioRito, the band leader. She told him about her desire to be a movie actress and he gave her a letter to a number of people in Hollywood. He also told her that she wouldn't get anywhere in pictures until she got rid of her Southern drawl. She was finally given a job by Cecil B. DeMille in 'The Buccaneer' as a Southern belle with a drawl."

"Typically Hollywood," said the columnist. "Well tell me some more about her career."

"Gee, I believed a guy like you would know that. The more I talk to you the more I learn about columnists. Evelyn later played a part in 'Gone with the Wind.' A Southern gal, of course. This was an epic, as you know, so of course no one remembers her in it. In fact she doesn't boast about her role in it."

"After this she was signed by Columbia Pictures and it looked as if she might get places fast for she was the leading lady for Robert Montgomery in 'Here Comes Mr. Jordan' and she also had a lead in 'Ladies in Retirement.'"

"And what happened?" asked the columnist.

"I can take a cue," replied the producer, still surprised that the columnist didn't know as much about Evelyn Keyes as the producer did. "She played in a number of pictures at Columbia, was well liked, but really didn't click until she met up with Technicolor."

"That's odd."

"Not so very. It happens. Betty Grable didn't get anywhere until she was filmed in Technicolor. Evelyn played the lead in 'Renegades' and then people, fans and executives, began to notice her. They noticed that she was not only attractive, but also a fine actress, a mighty fine actress."

"And I'll tell you something else. The combination in 'Renegades' was Evelyn Keyes—Larry Parks. That's where the

teamwork started. Evelyn's next picture is tentatively titled, 'The Mating of Millie McGonigle' and a leading man in this picture will be Larry Parks. They're getting to know each other."

"That's fine," said the columnist to the producer. "But now let's get back to you and Evelyn. What did you do? Start revealing."

"I must admit," said the producer, "that we held hands on the couch. She has lovely hands. Only, sometimes I got mixed and found I was holding Al Green's hands. And we did discuss her hair. It was blonde in the picture. Before that her hair had been pink, yes, actually pink. It has been practically every shade. Sometimes even her best friends don't recognize her because of the color of her hair. You've got to know her real well to know her."

"Keep going," said the columnist.

"Our romance then continued on the set. Elean is a hard worker. She comes on the set prepared, knowing her lines and how she intends to interpret a scene. She is rather stubborn and determined, but she will listen to the director or producer. Later in a projection room when she looked at the rushes with me, she was never completely satisfied with her performance. She always found fault and insisted that she could play the scene better if given another opportunity."

"Ah, so you two were together, alone, in a projection room," said the columnist. He was leading, snooping.

"Certainly," replied the producer. "It was all in the line of duty. Then often we'd go to dinner together. It didn't have to be a famous restaurant for Evelyn. She'd prefer a neat, cozy place. Her taste in food varies and she'll eat practically anything. She doesn't actually eat much. She orders big, but she merely nibbles at her food. Then we'd go to her apartment and sit around. But her girl friend, Marguerite Chapman, would be there, and do you know she took almost as much room on the couch as Director Green. A fellow wants to be alone to be romantic."

"We'd sit around there and discuss the picture and books and the world in general. Evelyn likes to sit at the piano and play a little. Her favorite is Chopin."

"You two appeared to be getting along famously," said the columnist. "I like it. Keep on revealing."

"I liked it too," replied the producer. "I even went to watch her play tennis, went

shopping with her and for walks in Beverly. But then it happened."

"What happened?" asked the columnist, more eager than he had been.

"I went on the set early one morning as usual," said the producer, "to discuss the day's work with her. And to be polite I asked Evelyn if she wanted to have dinner that night. She replied that she couldn't, because she was having dinner with her husband. I told her that I didn't even know she was married. 'Oh yes,' she said, 'I eloped last night with John Huston.'"

"How did you take it?" asked the columnist.

"The same as you would take it," answered the producer.

"How are they getting along?" asked the columnist. "And do you ever see Evelyn?"

"Certainly I see her," answered the producer. "We're still the best of friends—in the true Hollywood tradition. I visited her on the set of 'Johnny O'Clock,' and she appeared just as happy in her work, eager to make good."

"Okay. So Evelyn married John Huston. He's a famous director and writer. She's an actress. What's with their careers?"

"They're both doing great," answered the producer. "Evelyn doesn't tell John what pictures to direct or how to write his scripts, and she doesn't expect him to select her scenarios or to tell her how to play a part."

"That's unusual."

"They do, however, discuss movies in general and actors and actresses. They have ideas about the kind of pictures they should make and the kind of pictures that should be made. They do like to be around with people in the industry and talk shop. They're interested in what they call 'the arts.' John paints, you know, and Evelyn is playing with paints herself."

"Do you believe that they'll ever make a picture, that is a motion picture, together?" asked the columnist.

"That's an obvious question," replied the producer, "and the answer is just as obvious. They would like to make a picture together, but they are going to wait until they find the proper story. But, what's more important, they want to wait until they know each other better. It's something, you know, to be with a person all day on the set and then go home and be with the same person all night."

"Yes, I guess it is," said the columnist. "Keep revealing."

"Well," said the producer, "they reside in Huston's house in Tarzana, which he designed himself. It has all kinds of furniture, Colonial, modern, antique. Anything that looks good and is comfortable. Her pet name for him is Johnnie and his pet name for her is Elean."

"Oooh! Oooh!" exclaimed the columnist, as if he had learned something important. Then he added, "Keep revealing."

"Gee, doesn't a columnist know anything else than 'Keep revealing'?"

"That's the only way to get rid of a columnist. Reveal everything."

The producer leaned a little more forward and then said: "Elean, pardon me, Evelyn, sleeps in an oversized built-in bed. There are two spotlights on the ceiling, one for Evelyn and one for John, which are used as reading lamps. They like to read in bed. And—and say, how revealing do you expect a fellow to get? If you want to know any more you'll have to ask John Huston who has the information."

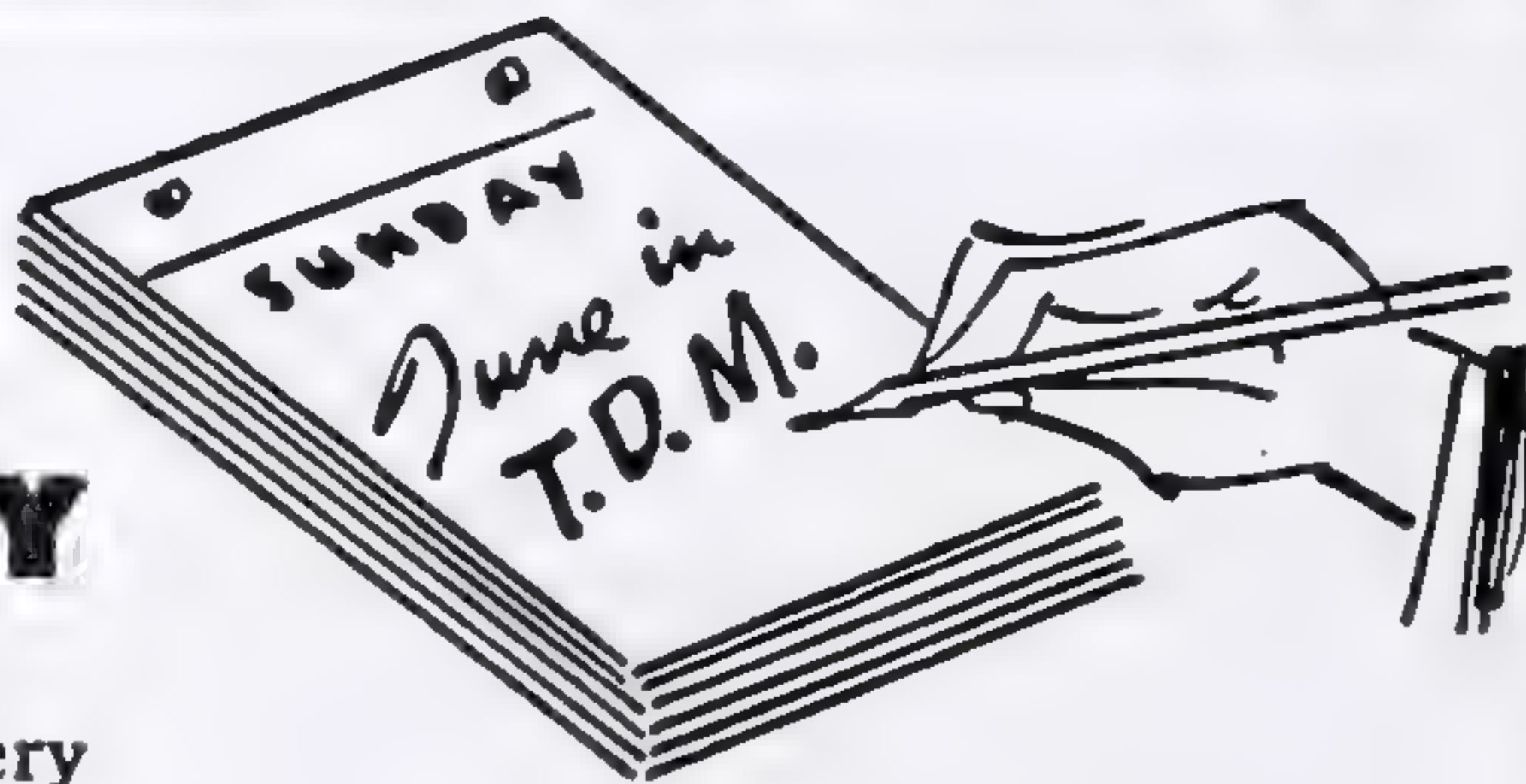
It was then that Skolsky, the producer, decided that he had had enough of Skolsky, the columnist. But it was okay, for the columnist had also decided that he had gotten enough of the producer.

The End

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Prell—the new emerald-clear Radiant-Creme shampoo is *sensational*! Yes, Prell's wonderful patented cleansing ingredient leaves your hair shining with radiance—and—free from ugly dandruff! **Examinations by doctors proved** that Prell removes unsightly dandruff in as little as three minutes—and that regular Prell shampoos actually *control* such dandruff! And this new, amazing, *different* Prell leaves your hair so *radiantly* smooth, too—so soft and sleek, so easy to set and to manage.

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Nail Polish, 10¢* Lipstick, 39¢*



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Gerry Southmayd
Fashion Service Manager

Jack Force Jr.
Fashion Art Director

Ben Studios
Photographers

John Engstead
West Coast Photographer

Marshall Thompson

He was born in Peoria, Illinois, and educated in Los Angeles at public schools and Occidental College. He's a Phi Gamma Delta and a First Lieutenant in the California State Militia and R.O.T.C. He made his movie debut with Gloria Jean in "Reckless Age." He's 6' 1", weighs 155 pounds and is under contract to Metro. You last saw him in "Secret of Missouri."

Lina Romay

She was born in Detroit, where her father was Consul for Mexico, and educated at a Brooklyn convent. She was christened Elena. But Xavier Cugat changed Elena to Lina when she solo-ed with his band. It was singing with Cugat that she made her movie debut in "You Were Never Lovelier." She lives in Beverly Hills with her investment-broker husband, John Lawrence Adams. Her last Metro picture was "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy."



Photoplay Fashions

"Exactly alike" bathing suits for you and your man. Designed by Gantner & Mattern in an Aztec Water God print with DuPont Water Repellent Finish. Girl's suit, sizes 10-18, \$8.95, matching coat (not shown) \$7.95. Man's shorts, sizes 30-42, \$5.95, coat \$7.95. At Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 104

Bang-up Cottons

Veronica Lake is tiny and softly spoken. But she can think for herself; and, convinced she is right, she has the staying power of Gibraltar. In private life she is married to Andre de Toth, the Hungarian director. She has two children, Elaine Detlie, six, and Michael de Toth, one. You'll see her next in Paramount's "Variety Girl" and "Saigon," in which she plays with Alan Ladd.



Cool as a mountain top—a Kay Whitney dress that buttons to the hem and has turn-back cuffs on short sleeves for summer freshness. Woven by Galey & Lord in cool plaid gingham. In Petite sizes 12S-18S. About \$6.00. At Famous Barr Co. (Daytime Dress Shop), St. Louis, Mo., and L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.



Julep cool—and versatile! A dress by Nelly Don with capelet sleeves and a detachable peplum. Just untie the self belt and you have a basic dress. In Hope Skillman cotton, striped with blue, pink, or brown on white. Sizes 10-16. About \$12.95. At James McCreery & Co. (Casual Cottons) New York, N. Y. and Emery Bird Thayer Co., Kansas City, Mo.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 104.

om Breneman of ABC's "Break-
st in Hollywood" used to have
in on his famous morning program
describing women's hats. Now he
akes women's hats—as lovely as
ose which Louise Allbritton wears
ere.

romantic bonnet with a black
elvet crown and a white pique
rim . . . trimmed with lilies of
ie valley.

A soft and flattering mesh dress by
McKettrick—with large pearl but-
tons studding the opening from
neck to hem and a belt of woven
straw. Also in gray, rose or beige.
Sizes 12-20. About \$12.95 at Chand-
ler's (Misses' Dresses), Boston,
Mass., and Kresge-Newark, N. J.



celebrate a cool Fourth



On page 106 you will find another Tom Breneman hat—and a delightfully amusing story that tells how he came to create his hats which are the stuff of which compliments, not jokes, are made.

Bright red poppies trim a smart and flattering white linen. . . .

A print that is as cool as it looks. The scalloped neckline and perky peplum contribute to this season's demands for "dressed up" cotton. Designed by Mayflower in other colors. Sizes 10-18. About \$10.95 at Arnold Constable (Cavendish Shop), New York, N. Y., and McCurdy's (Daytime Dresses), Rochester, N. Y.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 104

of July

LOUISE ALLBRITTON is, above all, Mrs. Charles C. Collingwood of New York these days. But occasionally she leaves her husband, the well-known radio commentator, and journeys to Hollywood to make a motion picture, most recently Universal-International's adaptation of that realistically amusing best seller "The Egg and I"

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Nylon Marquissette

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"There is a
Maiden Form
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Metal link bracelet with 8 charms . . . \$1.00*

10 individual "miniatures" \$1.00* to wear as buttons, links

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Side View

of the Fashion Sitting

with VERONICA LAKE

By Rena Firth

In reality Veronica Lake is perhaps more beautiful than on the screen. She's warmer, too, than you expect her to be, more just-folks, with a soft, low voice that's as provocative as her triangular face. And she wears her hair in a modified version of the style she made famous—falling softly down one side of her face, although she usually keeps it pinned back at one side or worn simply in a net.

When Veronica arrived for PHOTOPLAY's fashion sitting she was wearing a trim little black suit, the jacket edged with black braid, repeated in the buttons. Her only jewelry was her first Valentine gift from her husband—a quaint heart-shaped gold carriage drawn by two miniature horses. The heads of the little figures in the carriage were rubies. So were the hubs and the tires of the wheels. On her head, binding her pale gold hair, was one of her favorite headbands—a strip of crushed black jersey. Veronica has these bands, which hook in the back, made in all colors and materials to go with different dresses. For evening wear she adorns them with fresh flowers.

In the studio that day were photographer Ben's son Alan and a pal of his, Donald Shook. They had come down from the country especially to see Veronica. Alan had brought his camera and when Veronica posed in the blue and pink plaid dress, he circled around, snapping away.

"It would be awfully funny," Veronica told Ben, "if your son's pictures turned out better than yours!"

In spite of her siren looks, Veronica is very much of a homebody. She's a Brooklynite by birth, although she lived most of her life in Lake Placid and Miami Beach. She's an expert skier and swimmer and she and her husband are ardent flyers—own their own plane. Veronica can't take passengers up yet since she only has her student's license.

Veronica didn't intend to be an actress. It was an accident. Strangely enough, so was her first movie hair-do. Her hair would fall into her face and a director, seeing it, insisted she keep it that way in front of the camera.

For Veronica's New York visit Edith Head designed a special ensemble; a tiny black basque jacket to alternate with three skirts, all slightly longer than ballerina length. One skirt was of black taffeta, one black and white taffeta and the other chartreuse and black. With any one of the three costumes this ensemble provides Veronica wears black plastic soles and heels through which she strings ribbons of the same fabric as her dress.

It was Veronica's first visit to New York in four and a half years. She found the cafes, theaters and crowded streets as exciting as always. And New York found her as exciting as always, too.

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If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below.



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Aqua Mesh Dress
McKettrick
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New York, New York

Cotton Print Dress
Mayflower
1350 Broadway
New York, New York

Tom Breneman Hats
Richard Lauter
728 South Hill Street
Los Angeles, Calif.

Fabulous Fairbanks

Five years is a long
time, but Doug Fairbanks Jr.
found it was not too long

BY RALPH CARSON



Mary Lee and Doug Jr.
He stars in "The Exile"

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks Jr. returned to the States after five years of Naval Service abroad, he wondered about his reception. In uniform overseas he created no more excitement than any other officer with his rank. "But how will it be at home," he wondered. "Will people still remember me? Five years is a long time and the public is fickle."

His first role—that of *Sinbad the Sailor*—waited on the shelf at RKO until Doug was free. And then he had to be talked into taking the part. When the Navy was ready to release him, Fairbanks wanted rest. He wanted to spend all his time with his wife and two daughters.

But RKO wouldn't be denied. The colorful fiction *Sinbad* who roamed the Mediterranean in 800 A.D. needed a Fairbanks to breathe life into the screen version. So John Twist, who wrote the original screen story, was dispatched to Washington with orders to live with Doug if necessary in order to sell him the idea. Like all good salesmen, John "sold" the story first to Mrs. Fairbanks, pretty little Mary Lee.

So on this occasion when she added her vote to the studio's, Doug

was convinced. He would not only play *Sinbad*, but his would be the final say-so on script and cast. Back in Hollywood, Doug went to work on a job he knew and loved. He moved into a tiny office on the RKO lot. At home he built an outdoor gymnasium on the tennis court. In the early morning he trained there with ex-Army Captain Dave Sharp. Like his father before him he never uses a stunt man.

On one particular occasion this training stood him in good stead. It happened on an island near Capri, early in 1943. Doug and six other American officers were sent on a pre-invasion check of the situation. Creeping noiselessly around the small island they happened upon an estate housing some Nazi bigwigs. The front of the house was protected by a heavy oaken door.

So they stealthily made their way around the back. There a twelve-foot wall separated them from the house. The group drew back into the shadows to consider the possibilities. One of the officers kept looking at Doug. Finally he spoke up: "I've seen you do it a hundred times in the movies. Come on, boy, upsadaisy." (Continued on page 121)

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different ways to wear them . . .



A midsummer dream, this hat—if we ever saw one! The crown is covered with stiffened net. The flowers are the soft lovely pastel shades that blend with every color.

Tom Breneman, creator of this hat (and the hats Louise Allbritton wears on pages 102 and 103), started designing millinery as a lark. Master of Ceremonies on ABC's daily morning coast-to-coast hook-up, "Breakfast in Hollywood," Tom went on a cross-country tour. Everywhere, in St. Louis, Denver, Chicago, Omaha and

other large cities, women fans besieged him with the same request. Would he, please, select a hat for them when he got back home. Returning to Hollywood, at last, Tom went into a huddle with Caspar-Davis, one of Hollywood's suavest designing teams. Result: The Tom Breneman millinery enterprise, which creates twelve new and exciting hats every month with their prices ranging from \$18 to \$25. So when you want the last word in a glamorous chapeau you'll find it in a Breneman hat.



There's nothing like a "conversation piece" in the way of jewelry. These three pieces by Coro will cause plenty of talk! The safety pin is about three and one-half inches long. The head is studded with turquoise and pearls. Price is \$2.00. The gold crown fob with medallion pin is wonderful to pin on a scarf, and it costs \$2.00. The "Pirate" earrings are the newest thing in ear adornment. They are \$3.00.

Black patent leather accessories, such as shoes, bag or belt, are smart and right with your colorful cotton dresses. Wear a big cool black straw hat and pick up your dress color in a garland of flowers around the brim.

Something really wonderful has been made for the girl who loves and wears bare-shoulder fashions. They're called "French Look" bra-wires and they may be sewn into any bra, bathing suit top, midriff, or evening gown all in a matter of five minutes. The wires can easily be removed for laundering (although you don't have to for they are made of stainless steel and are rustproof). You can find these bra-wires at notion counters for \$1.00 per pair.



There always comes a time in a girl's life when she needs a pair of clean white gloves in a hurry. These nylon gloves with shell stitching around the fingers are just the thing for they dry in an hour or two and, after each washing, look brand new. The other pair of gloves are cotton with adorable blue forget-me-nots embroidered in beading on the backs. They look so sweet and dressed up with light summer dresses. Both these gloves are by Aris. The price of the nylons is \$2.00. The cotton ones with beading are \$2.95.



Here's a new fad that has arrived from Hollywood. The movie belles are wearing small silk handkerchief scarfs (about the size of a regular man's hankie) knotted tightly around the throat with summer suits and dresses. The smaller pure silk square in the picture above would be perfect for this attractive fashion. Wear it tied under the collar of a shirt or knotted through your belt. A scarf like this tied high around your neck also adds a new look when worn with bare necked blouses or sun dresses. It comes in heavenly clear colors and the price is \$2.00. The larger scarves are tissue rayon, a fabric so soft and light in the hand that it feels like a bit of gossamer. They are \$3.00. All these are designed by Glentex.

Added Attractions

(Continued from page 68) yellow, with a collarless jumper top and had a straight skirt. Joan wore a large-brimmed hat of emerald green straw trimmed with tiny bright yellow flowers around its crown, a gorgeous color-combination not only for the suit, but for her own coloring which of course includes her natural yellow hair. Her only jewelry was a heavy gold choker around her neck. Her shoulder-slung bag of leather had been dyed to match the soft dark green of her hat—and no “near-match” either. She looked like she’d fallen off the cover of a fashion magazine.

“Three little mothers” to be were huddled together on a bench under the Bowman’s magnolia tree at Connie’s luncheon—all of them gabbing like mad as to whether their coming events would be boys or girls. I mean Jeanne Crain, who is now a Ma, and not in doubt, Lili Morris (Chester Morris’s pretty wife) and Anne Shirley, who only a few days before had announced to the world that she’d soon have a new baby of her own to take the place of the one she heartbreakingly lost in England several months ago. June Allyson was there looking cute as a button in a white angora sweater over a black crepe. And while on the subject of accessories, Junie had her initials embroidered over her heart—but in black sequins.

EVIE JOHNSON, looking cool in a silk print that had black and white painter’s palettes all over a dark green background, was denying reports that she and Vanny-boy are to be rocking a cradle soon. But then, they denied they were going to get married too, if you remember. Oh—almost forgot to “finish” Evie’s dress. A soft three-inch ruffle of the same print outlined its wide canoe neckline. And the skirt had hip draping that ended in the center with a cascading drape to the hem. She wore black shoes, gloves and bag. No hat. I noted too, that smart, comfortable and right for any time of the day or evening is the obvious determination of Hollywood gals who are “expecting” not to go in for “maternity clothes” in the accepted sense, but to stick for the most part to simple hip-length, flaring smocks over dark skirts. Whether at lunch, on shopping tours, cocktail or dinner parties, you see them in their smocks—ranging from crisp linens through tailored gabardines, crepes and taffetas. Some are simple—some elaborately trimmed—but all are smocks.

Connie made a terrific haul in the way of gifts for the baby. But the gift that got the loudest “Ah’s” and “Oh’s” when it was opened was Anita Colby’s. She had brought two large, solid gold safety-pins. At least four femmes yelled, “How CHIC can a baby be?” when the gift was unwrapped. Connie says you can bet the pins will wind up on her when the infant no longer has any use for them. She’s so right!

Before I get off the accessory subject entirely, mustn’t forget to tell you about a cute gag some of the local belles are wearing—and getting lots of attention with. Wouldn’t be surprised if it turned into a national fad. The gag is arm garters (yes, real old-fashioned ones)—but with a “something-new-has-been-added” touch. The arm garters that the movie misses are hitting bulls-eyes with are covered with velvet or satin ribbon in bright colors like kelly green or cherry red, and usually have a little cockade of ribbons attached to the outside edge somewhere. They look so cute—and do so much to doll up a plain sweater—just by snapping over a pushed up sleeve or two. Some gals, like Ava Gardner, for instance, even wear one (just one) on the pushed up sleeve of any simple



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DU PONT



dark (black or brown) dress. Even if the sleeve of the sweater or dress is rather short, pushing it up and holding it even shorter with one of these gadgets creates an intriguing effect. Try it and see.

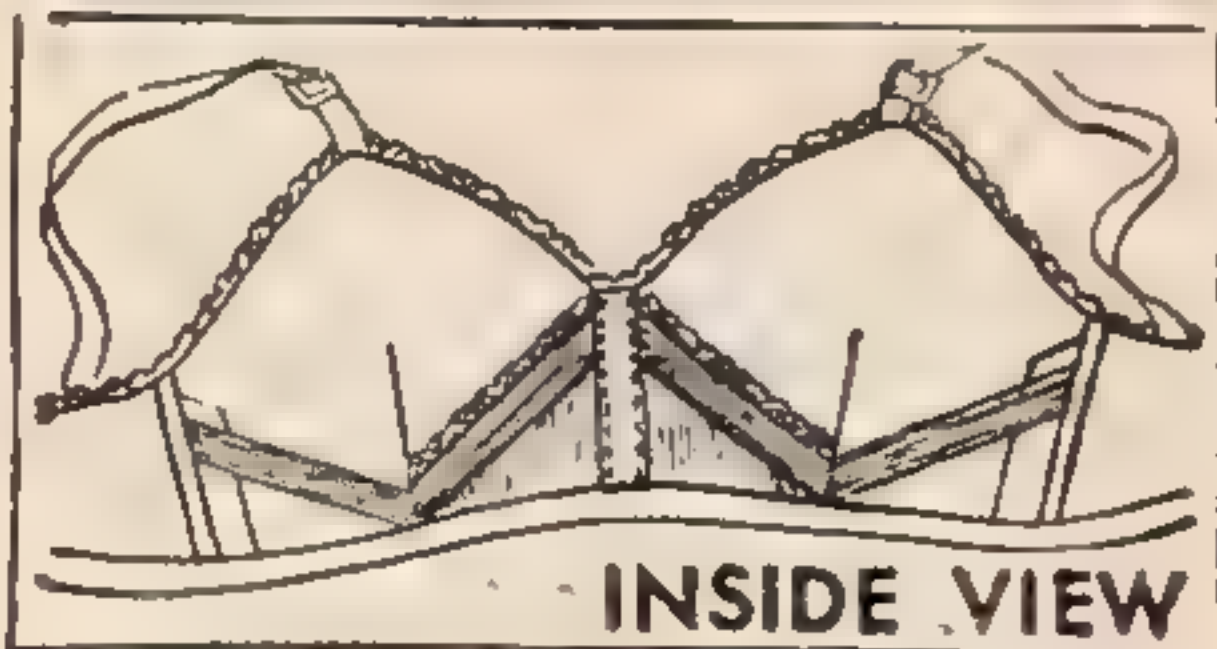
THE biggest party in Hollywood history was given after the Award doings—at the hilltop home of the N. Peter Rathvons—he's the head of R.K.O. Just about every top star, executive, director and writer in Hollywood was there for midnight supper and dancing that lasted until the sun came up. Under the festooned tent, decorated with thousands of blooms, stretched the longest buffet-table I've ever seen—and some really "festooned" femmes were all over the place. Everybody seemed to be happy and pleased with the way the Oscars went. Too bad Dana Andrews wasn't there to hear how many people wished he too could have toted home a statuette for his wonderful work in "Best Years of Our Lives," which took so many well-deserved honors that night. There was Dotty Lamour, in a white crepe dinner gown, very sarongish with a diagonal white drape—and Dotty was dripping with diamond and ruby knick-knacks—like clips, bracelet, earrings and such. Bodice was simple and high at the neck ... Yvonne de Carlo (with Rory Calhoun that night—but definitely switched to Bob Stack at this writing) was wearing a white satin gown that busted out with a bustle where a bustle should be and draped on down to the floor. She wore lots of pearls—and her hair in a long, flowing bob. So did Jane Greer, who was very much with Peter Lawford for the occasion. Lana Turner was in white satin that night too—literally covered with bugle beads. Greer Garson was in plain black—very plain. But her hair, flaming in soft billows around her neck, should have given gals a big tip on how to look inviting—even if a lot of them didn't get the hint.

Audrey Totter wore a very nakedy gown of bright blue—very much trimmed with sequins ... Luscious Lilli Palmer wore emerald green taffeta with a tremendously full skirt studded with gold sequins—and no jewelry of any kind. She had one of those new tight-around-the-shoulders short capes of sable around her most of the evening—so couldn't see much of the dress top. These little fur capelets hook snugly in front—the hooks being covered by a bunch of sable-tails—or the tails of the animal the cape happens to be made of—natch!

Olivia de Havilland, Hollywood's newest "first lady," wore a darling dress to Atwater Kent's Red, White and Blue party. Very feminine it was—and strapless. It had a very low V neckline, and a design of garden flowers, hand-painted—which started with small buds on the tight bodice and became huge flowers as the design crept on down toward the floor-hemline. The soft multicolored flowers were highlighted here and there by occasional sequins and the entire gown was of sky-blue marquisette—with a very full skirt. Olivia wore a tiny string of pearls—and small pearl earrings.

Saw Donna Reed at this same party wearing a lovely pale pink taffeta gown, with its very full skirt beautifully draped to one side and caught with a huge bunch of much deeper pink silk roses. An added fillip was a cobwebby veil of black lace covering her lightish hair and falling across her bare shoulders. One simple diamond bracelet was her only piece of jewelry ... But then, Donna likes simplicity. She's crazy about slip-on jersey sweater tops with short cap sleeves and almost turtle necklines. She has them in all bright colors—and wears them over black, brown or white skirts. One reason she likes them is because they show off a wonderful large

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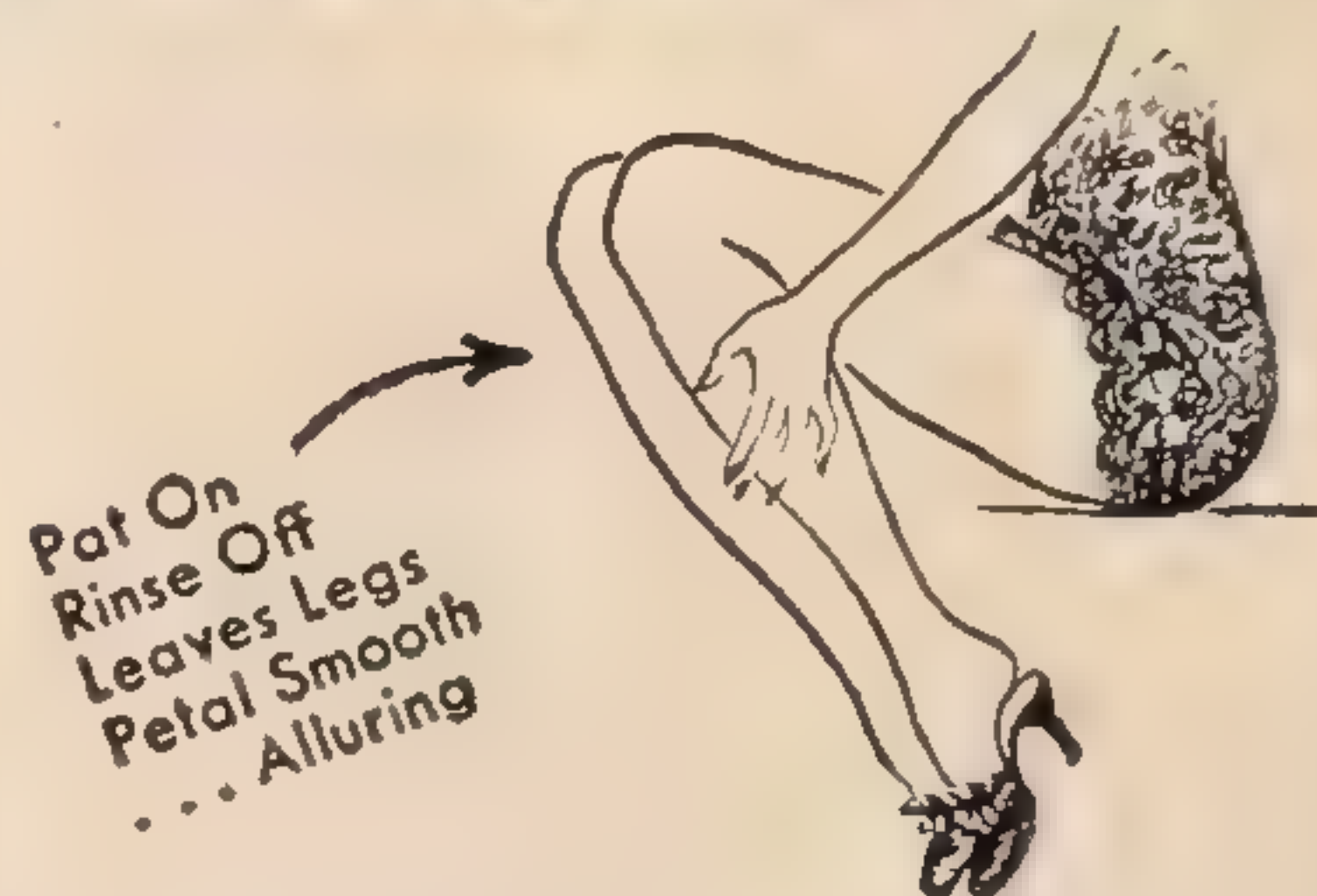
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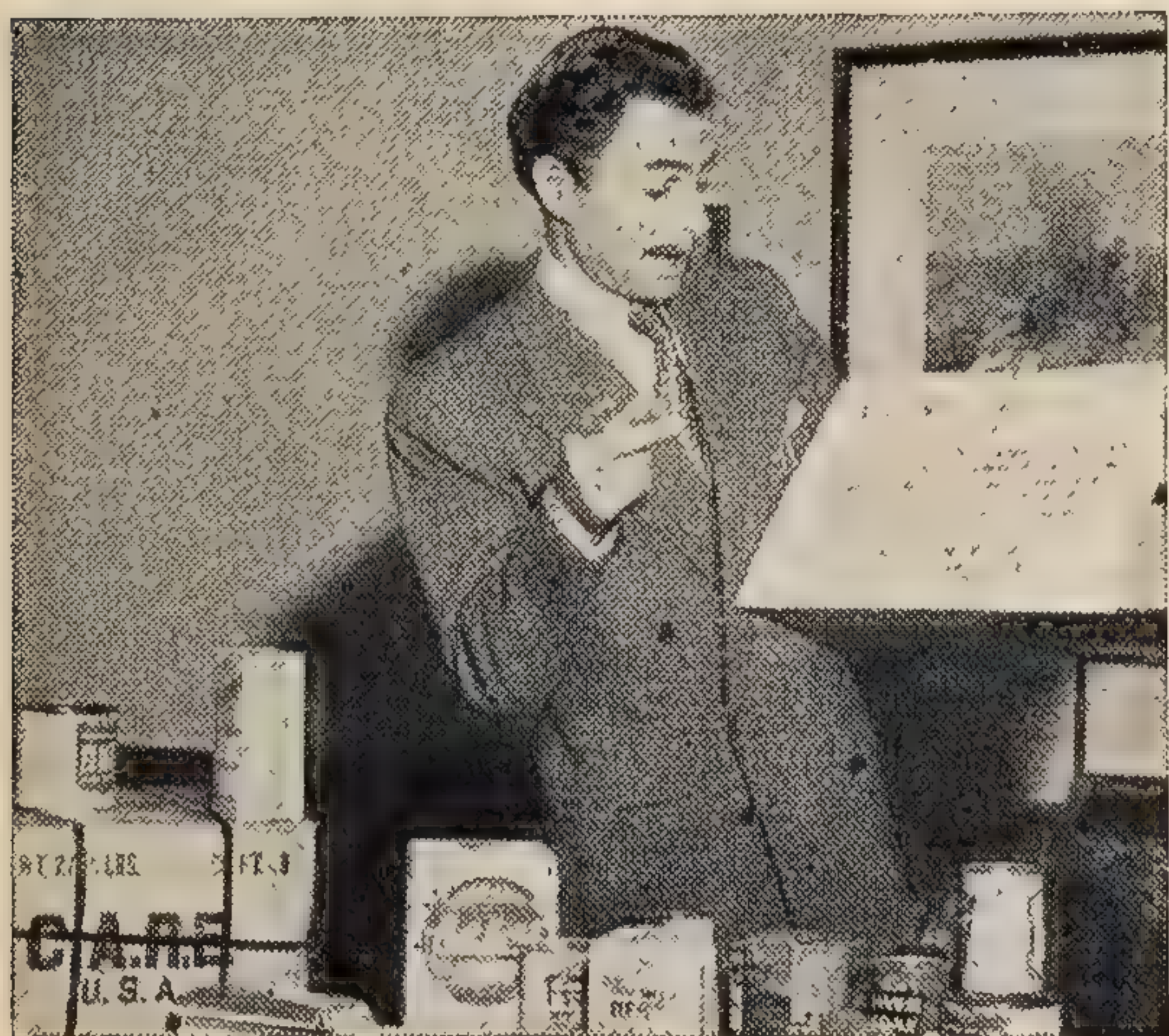
At Drug, Department and 10c Stores

gold medallion, with its platinum insignia in the center, that she wears on a gold snake-chain. The medallion was bestowed on Donna for one special phase of work she did during the war.

When you take a quick leap out of town, like to Arrowhead Springs for a weekend, you sometimes see a good-looking day-time dress that is just as smart for cocktail time as it is for play-time. Like the one we spotted on Jo Stafford, breaking in some sun there. It was of black linen—and so cool and crisp looking. It had a sunburst-flared skirt, accented by kelly-green braid stripes toward the hem. The bared-shoulder bodice was edged in the green braid—and so was the matching black linen short bolero jacket which she can wear any time a too-chilly breeze blows up. Day or evening for this tricky, and so wearable costume. Green play pumps or black sandals and gloves are the perfect accessories for it—depending on how long you expect to keep the outfit on.

Barbara Stanwyck really goes to town in a dreamy evening gown designed by Edith Head. It's a harem-type dress of black crepe with gold beading. Strapless, it has a separate bolero that may be removed to show the low square-cut bodice. The slinky skirt has a deep slit. Barbara wears jewel-studded hairpins in her chignon hairdress with this sophisticated costume—and it's a knockout. Thank heavens the top-knot and Ubangi-type hair-do, on heads slicked to the point where they look like Maggie Jiggs over a wash tub, have just about disappeared from the Hollywood scene.

THE END



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Summer Performance

(Continued from page 67) I wanted to hear. I whisked out a pencil and wrote down the Mayo summer system. Here it is:

1. *Your Lily White Body.* If you sunburn easily and unattractively, don't avoid the beach. Wear a sun hat or keep shaded under a beach umbrella. But even if you do burn to a crisp, Virginia advises a few minutes of sunrays because they do untold good to your skin.

2. *Your Lovely Locks.* In the summer, Virginia thinks your hair shows to best advantage and should look its best. A shampoo and a good massage of the scalp afterward is an ironclad promise of beautiful locks. And if your hair is dry and brittle try these Mayo tricks: Brush it more than you do in the winter; keep it trimmed to avoid split ends; and when you drive in an open roadster, tie it up in a pretty scarf. Another good hot-weather hair idea is to avoid hair dryers—after it's set, let it dry of its own accord. But the biggest Mayo hair rule of all is this: In the summer, wear it simple! Tie yours with a gay ribbon, braid it or let it float at will.

3. *Your Sparkling Eyes.* Virginia warns to watch out for those squint-wrinkles—wear sun-glasses! But don't wear them so much that you get a white goggle-mark around each eye. And a "must" for sun-glasses is—buy a more expensive pair with ground lenses; cheap glasses can be ruinous to your vision.

And behind the scenes, take good care of your eyes. An eye lotion is soothing and beautifying after the strain of a hot and dusty day. Virginia soaks two bit of cotton in witch hazel and pats them on her closed eyes for a few minutes before she dresses for her evening date. She swears they'll improve your dances and glances—and romances!

4. *Your Fortune-Making Face.* A vital matter, your face—for you don't want it turned to the world with make-up drooling down it in rivulets. No, you want your face to look effortlessly cool and lovely. Virginia washes her face with soap and water twice a day, and follows this instantly with rinsings of ice water and plenty of cold cream.

5. *Your Revealing Hands.* Once Virginia met one of those perennial bachelors at a party who prided himself on judging women's ages accurately. (That explains why he was a perennial bachelor!) But what amazed Virginia was that he actually guessed right—by looking at their hands, not their faces. It convinced her that a smart girl should look after her hands with ferocious interest. She always wears gloves while gardening—but before she puts them on, she rubs soft soap under her nails and around her cuticle. Then when she removes the gloves, she can also remove the grime around her nails in a quick session with the faucet. Also, she roots for a cream massage once a day and hand-lotion after every hand washing.

6. *Your Revealed Figure.* Virginia claims that in the summer, your real figure comes into the spotlight whether you like it or not—no more kidding the public in concealing skirts and muffling coats. Your legs and waistline are on stage center. And they'd better be good! Virginia's solution is vigorous and figureous. She believes in health first; which means exercise at all costs—swimming, riding, tennis, hand-ball, or walking. Second, she believes in a slim diet. Salads, cool fruit drinks, vegetables and fruit should be the rule. Skip between-meal snacks, but drink lots of liquid. That's how Virginia keeps that famous Mayo figure come summertime.

7. *Your Pretty Clothes.* Virginia's rule for clothes is simple. Fancy hats, heavy silk "slink" dresses and suits are out. Dress



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coolly in gay, crisp cottons and shantungs—both in daylight and moonlight.

That's the Mayo formula for a heavy summer. Comprehensive though it is, I'd like to add a few additional hints.

The most delicate skins can be safely sun-tanned if done by degrees. It means careful timing—starting with ten or fifteen minutes a day, and daily increasing the length of time. And, of course, encouraging a tan with a good sun-tan lotion.

Once you've achieved that wonderful nut-brown skin, don't slack on the sun lotion. It helps to keep the skin from peeling and flaking. Also, make sure you rinse off all traces of salt water after an ocean dip—it's quietly drying your skin every minute it's there! What's more, if your tan seems to have blotted up a lot of the natural oil in your skin, try a baby oil rubdown before your shower.

Now for summer perfumes. By all means wear them—but keep 'em light! And no heavy mystery-odors for the humid months. Wear flower scents or light cologne.

While Virginia emphasized care of the hands, let me come down hard on the feet! Nothing is uglier than a luscious morsel of femininity whose feet look as if they came along by mistake. Your feet should be immaculately clean and as carefully manicured as your finger nails. To rest swollen, tired feet after a hot day, I recommend rubbing them with cologne.

While you're sunning, watch your swimsuit straps! Nothing is sadder than a lovely girl in a floating dress at the Saturday dance—with her back looking as if she were wearing a cattle-brand!

As for exercise, I'll go further than Virginia: I say; set yourself a schedule and stick to it—say, ten laps across the pool, or three times to the float and back.

And Virginia was too polite to bring up a few vulgar necessities, but I'm not! (After all, I'm here to help us all be the glamorous gals we want to be.) So here goes on a couple of honest reminders for the summer: First, get rid of any ugly fuzz on your arms and legs and keep rid of it all summer long. Second, use deodorants every time you change costumes. Nothing ruins fragile summer fabrics like underarm perspiration—to say nothing of fragile summer romances!

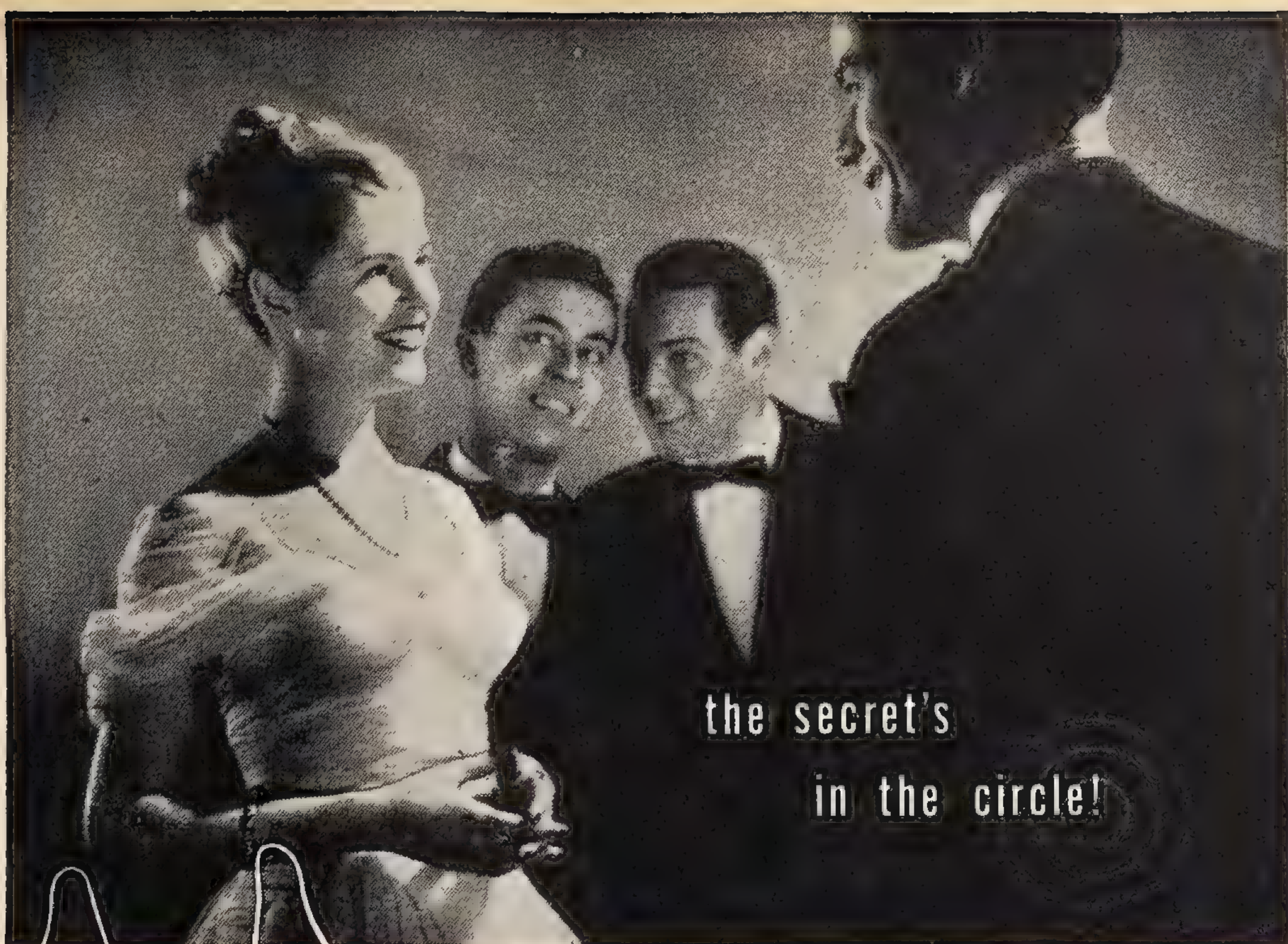
As for clothes, I agree wholeheartedly with Virginia. Keep 'em light, crisp-clean, and simple—and gaily colored. Snowy white, green, turquoise, yellow, pearl gray, tones of brown, and pink are all wonderful colors for you and for summer.

But if you follow all the foregoing advice, it'll be a wonderful summer for you all around!

THE END



First Filmdom Queen of Princeton—Virginia Mayo, crowned with diadem of black and orange tiger lilies at Class Reunion in University's Proctor Hall



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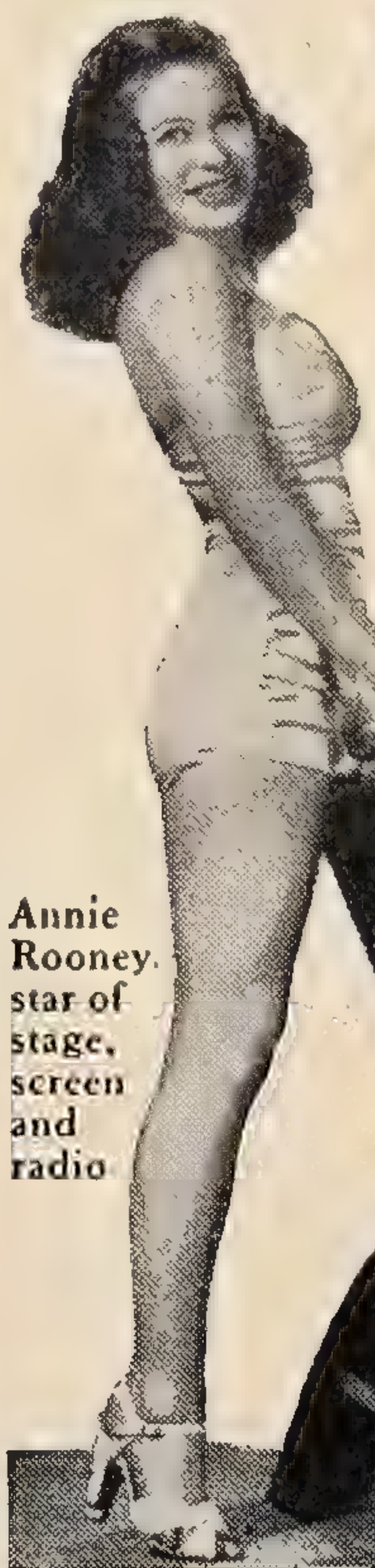
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The G. E. T. Girl

(Continued from page 43) guest at the best parties. But this design for living wouldn't have saved her from being lonely. Her salvation—and she was smart enough to know it—was to get back East with her family . . .

. . . To shop, with her mother, Belle Tierney, for furnishings for her New York apartment. Belle Tierney, incidentally is clever and gay enough to be accepted at her face value in the New York offices of Twentieth Century-Fox where she holds down an important job, and never to be described solely as Gene Tierney's mother . . .

. . . To double date old beaus with her sister Pat. Gene and Pat fought all the time when they were younger. "But we both grew up," Gene says, grinning. Pat, so attractive she might very well consider a screen career of her own, prefers to be Gene's secretary. She says, "I wouldn't work as hard as Gene does for anything!"

. . . To weekend up in Green Farms, Connecticut, with her brother "Butch," christened Howard, his wife, the former Jane Hewitt of Boston, and their youngster, Michele. Michele is one month older than Gene's three-year-old Daria. It was on Butch's arm, incidentally, that Gene attended the gala New York premiere of "The Razor's Edge."

ON this occasion Belle Tierney, laughing at herself, says: "When I saw Gene and Howard Jr. coming down the theater aisle together, and all heads turned in their direction—they did make quite a pair—I got suddenly emotional. Like an idiot I wanted to stand up and say 'They're mine!'"

Gene and Butch always have been quite a pair.

"If I never have a grain of fun again," Gene told me, "I had my share that summer I was sixteen, touring Europe with Butch and two of his friends from Yale. I'd been at school in Switzerland. Then I'd gone to Paris where I got my first permanent wave and my first really grown-up Paris suit. The boys arrived, in a new Ford which they somehow had managed to make look utterly disreputable—and wearing Tyrolean shorts, open shirts and beards! Elegantly, I refused to budge until they had washed the car and shaved. At least!

"We scrimped in some places—where we had tips about good inexpensive pensions—so we could splurge in other places."

You have only to listen to Gene talk of her brother to know what it will mean to her to have Daria and her nurse in Connecticut with the Howard Tierneys when she is in California working on a picture.

"I see practically nothing of Daria when I'm on production anyway," she said. "A bit on Sundays, that's all. I leave for the studio before she is awake and return after she is asleep. I'm fortunate in having a wonderful nurse. But with Daria under the same roof with my brother and his wife, and where my mother can look in every day or two, I will feel doubly secure.

"Also, I think, Daria will have a greater sense of security surrounded by her own people and feeling loved always. And a sense of security is any child's first need."

The place at Green Farms, built as a carriage-house and stable, was the Tierney's garage when they lived in the big house on the estate. But during the depression they sold all but a few acres and converted the garage into a home. Whenever one of the children came home from school a room or a small wing would be added. The room built for Gene when she returned from Switzerland is hers today, with the original iron initials "G(ene) E(liza) T(ierney)" still on the door. And



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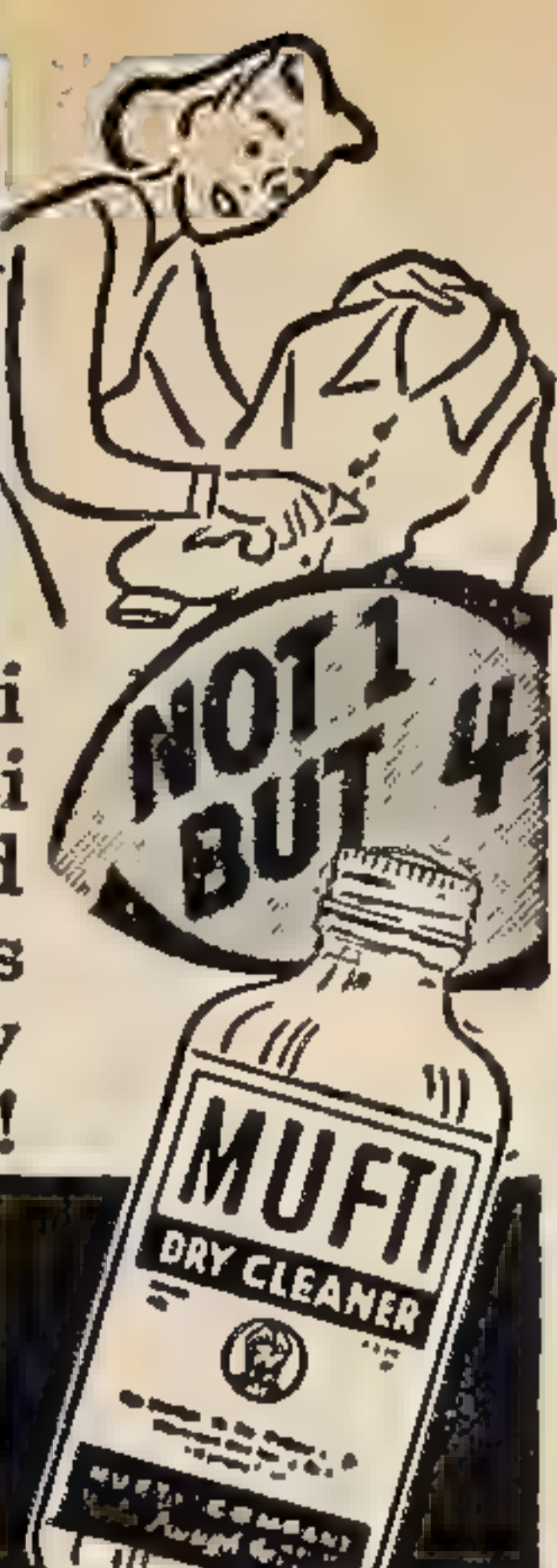
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now Gene has added a kitchen to the wing Daria and her nurse will occupy. So they will have their own complete quarters. Quite an individual, interesting and charming place, the Tierney homestead.

"Never forget Gene's initials spell GET," Belle Tierney advises, amused. "She's slow getting started but she does get there. She never was a brilliant scholar at school. But at the end of a semester she always had managed to master her lessons so thoroughly that she excelled in her exams."

"It was the same in Switzerland. The girls at the school were asked to speak only in French—however limited their conversation had to be. Most of them, of course, talked fluently in English any time the teachers were out of earshot. But not Gene. She followed the rule to the letter. Her French today, consequently, is splendid."

"I've watched the same pattern work out in her picture career. Pat and I suffered the first time we saw her on the screen. But she's applied herself and become so absorbed in her work that I will be surprised if she doesn't contribute a really fine performance—and soon."

"I wish," Gene says, also speaking of her career, "that I could play a pathetic part—a character not quite bright, perhaps. I feel I could bring it poignance. Maybe some day . . ."

I SAW Gene in California immediately after her divorce was granted and again in New York. In New York she had taken time out from decorating her apartment to sit for Elsie Earle, a niece of Somerset Maugham, and a pastel artist of note. The portrait of Gene was to be hung in London—together with a portrait Mrs. Earle had done of the Queen—at an exhibition for the benefit of delinquent children.

Gene was wearing a brown chambray skirt and a black bra. She had taken off her jacket because the neck-line interfered with the lines of the portrait. Her shoulders and arms, like her face, were sun-tanned and gleaming with good health.

"It's all that milk you drink—as well as the California sun," her mother exclaimed, laughing, "Just a New England country girl!"

There was good talk that morning . . . talk of Somerset Maugham "who is really very kind even though he does say scathing things sometimes" . . . talk of Gene's apartment, which she hoped we were interested in because she loves to describe it.

"The living-room walls," she specified, "are to be that wonderful color of cocoa with lots of milk in it—a pinkish brown. The rug is beige. I've found a beautiful crystal chandelier. A pair of chairs are to

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be done in a quilted chintz, all soft muted colors, with dark green birds that have a bit of coral in their plumage. And with the sofa in that coral, in a rough fabric.

"Someone—who assumed that of course I had a view—asked how I was going to treat the windows to frame the view advantageously." She laughed with genuine mirth. "You should see my view. Very cosmopolitan, it is—all fire-escapes with pots and pans and clothes-lines. And you should see my living room. Like the Black Hole of Calcutta. Fortunately, Pat and I do most of our entertaining in the evening when the curtains—cocoa damask to match the walls—will pull across.

"The dining room has old Eighteenth Century furniture, a scenic wallpaper of flowers and birds, quite feathery, and done in white and gray and dusty blues.

"The bedroom Pat and I will share has wallpaper with bunches of violets. So romantic, I think! And two low chairs upholstered in a chintz of the same pattern. Wide ruffled white organdy will hang at the windows and skirt our dressing table—which is seven feet long and will have two benches. Pat will have her end with her perfumes and creams. And I will have my end with mine. So we won't get into each other's hair looking over each other's shoulders."

When she came to Daria's room her eyes and voice softened unmistakably.

"It's the loveliest room of all, I think. The paper has little old-fashioned bouquets of pink and blue flowers. She's such a sensitive, sentimental child. Her rug is braided, blue and cream. And her little bed is to have a ruffled white organdy spread that looks as if it were about to pick up its skirts and dance away..."

At this point Elsie Earle held up the portrait for inspection.

"It's nifty!" Gene said "Nifty!"

"Nifty" is one of her favorite words. But her beautiful diction makes it her own.

"I wish I knew," she said, returning to the model's chair, "why such a fuss has been made over my decision to live in New York.

"With the speedy air service we have today there's no reason why a film player shouldn't live anywhere in the country. I can be in Hollywood nine hours after the studio calls me.

"Besides, I think it's a good thing for actors and actresses to get away between pictures. It refreshes the viewpoint!"

I agree with Gene. No longer is there any need for movies or movie people to be so insular about that reclaimed strip of desert land which holds Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Holmby Hills, The Valley, Culver City, Santa Monica and Malibu.

I applaud the fact that exterior shots, more and more, are being filmed against their actual locale, and not against a bit of Canada or Florida that has been erected on the studio's back lot. It makes sense to me that films like "Carnegie Hall" and "Portrait of Jenny" should be filmed in New York where the stories take place.

As for the stars; for some time now, between pictures, they've been migrating to homes they've established in various places throughout the United States. Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith maintain an apartment in California, but think of a New York State farm as home. Claude Rains has his fine farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Bette Davis has long trekked to her "Butternut" in New Hampshire. There was no great hoop-la when these players struck down roots beyond the Sierra Nevada. Gene's change in living caused comment, I think, because it was spotlighted by her divorce from Cassini together with her sale of her big twelve-room house and her yacht "The Barbill."

"The boat always was a useless extrava-

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gance," she says. "I never had time to enjoy it. With part of the money I got for it I bought a black Cadillac sedan. The balance I banked in my daughter's name. "To have kept the big house would have been ridiculous. A house like that is charming only if you're doing nothing but being social. Pat and I will be happier in the five-room cottage I've taken near the studio. It's so conveniently appointed that we can care for it ourselves.

"The living room is just large enough to have a buffet supper for six. And six, I've decided, is the most comfortable conversational number for a party. Should I ever want to give a big party again—which I most seriously doubt—I can entertain out."

All of which makes a great deal of sense and really should squelch the whispers occasioned by Gene's decision to live in the East between pictures and to keep Daria and her nurse there at all times. Such whispers as "Did you hear that Gene Tierney hates Hollywood? After all Hollywood has done for her too!" And "It's a romance that takes Gene to New York. A romance with an Important Man!"

There are, to be exact, two Important Men in New York. They have been in love with Gene since before she married Oleg Cassini. Undoubtedly she will see and be seen with both of them. But at this writing she is not in love with anybody.

Gene has done what she's done in an understandable effort to ease the loneliness she knows following her divorce and to live up to her responsibility as breadwinner for Daria and herself.

Eventually, I hope, she will care for someone as much as she cared for Oleg Cassini. If and when this happens I have no doubt she will have as much to offer as she once offered Oleg. For she's the giving type. I wish you could hear her talking to her family. She mothers all of them.

But there is no romance now. That belongs to another day, another story.

THE END



Hollywood again backs a good cause: Ann Blyth and Johnny Miles at the "Egg and I" opening, for Runyon Cancer Fund



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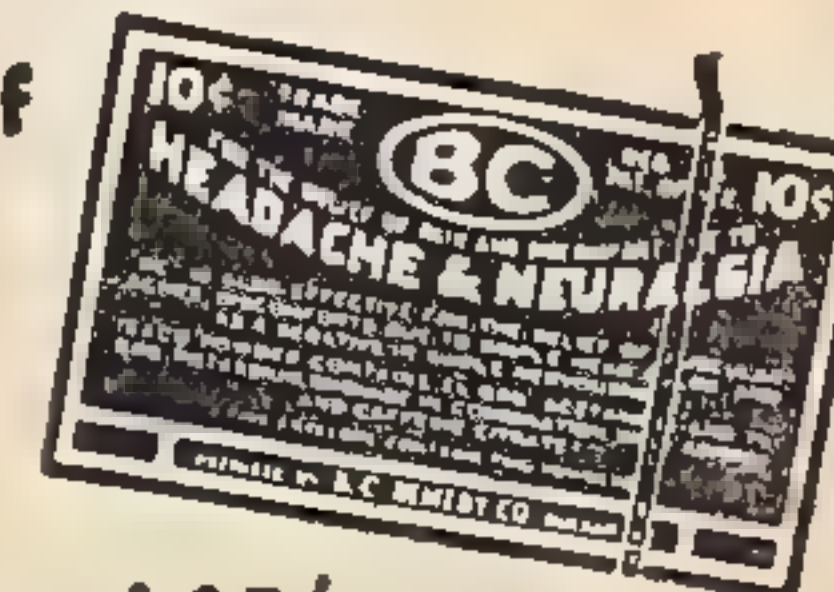
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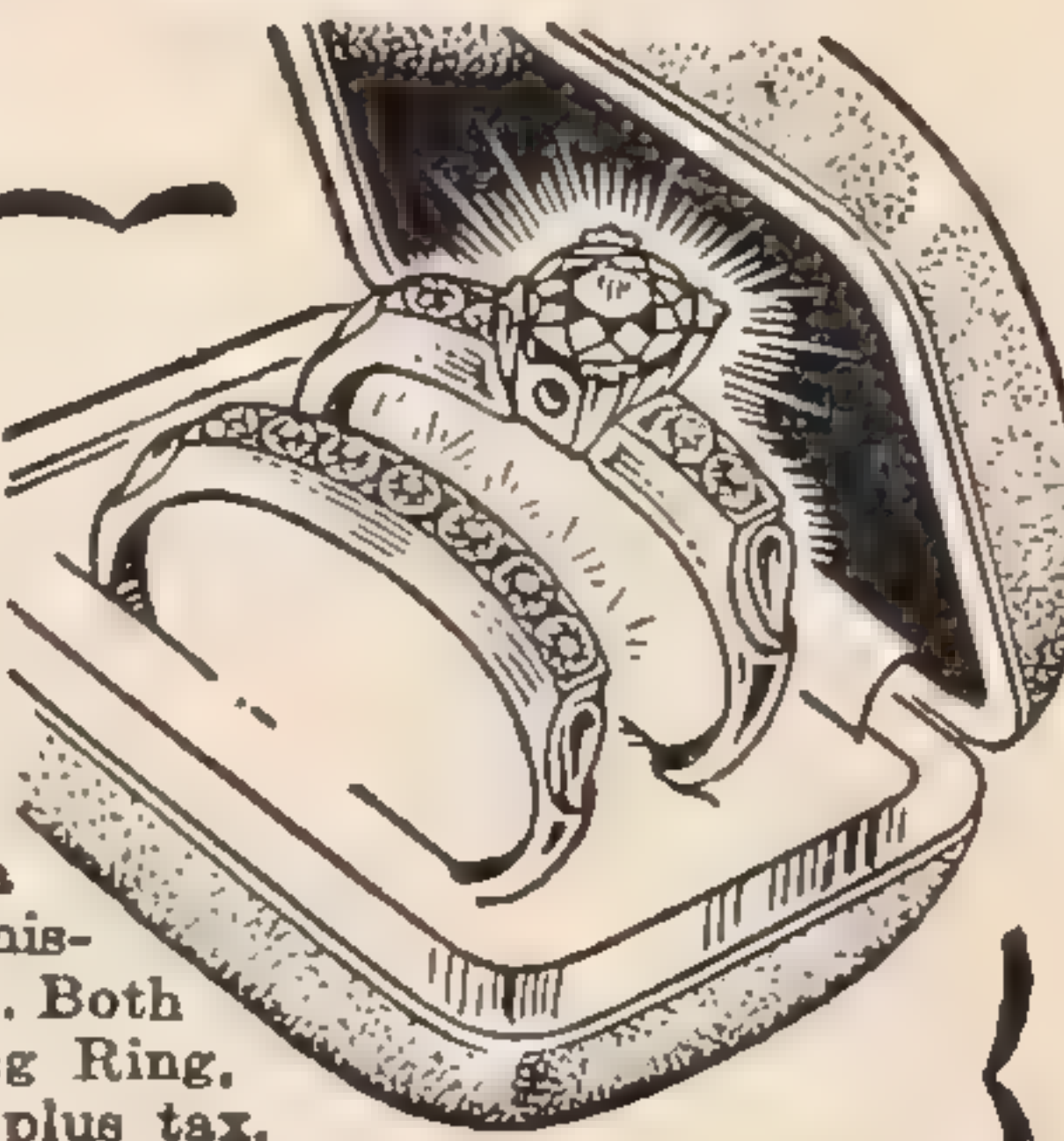
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Three Wishes Had Esther

(Continued from page 56) "Who's doing it for you?" Don wanted to know. "I am," replied the swimming star. "How quaint!" quoth Loper. "That's what I want it to be," said Esther still smiling. "But darling," drawled Don, "it isn't chic to be quaint!" But "chic" is a word that Esther reserves for her work and for her public appearances, not for her home.

But don't get the use wrong. It's a little gem, due to the hard work—and love—put into it by Esther and Ben.

We had another helping of pea soup and then Esther, the champion swimmer of Hollywood, shows me what is probably the smallest and least pretentious pool in Hollywood. In fact it's little more than a plunge—but don't tell Esther I said so because she's very proud of it. And so would you be if you had painted the bottom turquoise blue, with your own fair hands! "The filter system," says Esther with pride, "was put in by Ben."

She shows me the cute dressing room alongside the pool. "It was someone's shed down the road and we bought it for ten dollars. The wash basin, etc., we picked up in a junk shop for five dollars!"

"YOU know something?" continues the "All-American home girl, "Before I married Ben, I had an offer of marriage from a man who had the most perfect home—everything complete, down to the last wash cloth in the marvelous bathrooms. I couldn't have married him even if I hadn't been so much in love with Ben, because I couldn't be a fixture in a house. I'd want to do the house over!"

I keep looking around for a maid to clear away the dishes. I had assumed it was the cook's day off because of Esther's whipping up the meal herself. But she puts me wise to the incredible situation—for a star, I mean.

"We have no servants," says Esther, "except a cleaning woman who comes in two hours a day, five times a week. Why have a cook, when I can cook?" "But when you're making a picture—?" begins this skeptical gal. "When I'm working, I still do the cooking. You see when I'm exhausted after a long day in the studio, cooking relaxes me. And besides, I'd rather be alone with Ben in the house and not have someone in the kitchen."

"But who taught you to cook?" I want to know, relinquishing, for the sake of my figure, another helping of Esther's marvelous apple pie. "I didn't learn to cook from anybody," she says, "I sort of absorbed it from my mother."

And now we're really cooking with gas, in the business of understanding what makes Esther Williams tick.

She is the "family-est" girl I think I ever met in my life, with tremendous love and respect for her mother who is indeed a remarkable woman.

Esther has two sisters and a brother—another brother died when he was sixteen. And the sisters and brother each have two children. And Esther does very cute things for them. Like, when Esther bought herself a smart pinafore, she had copies of it made for her nieces and they wore them together at a Sunday barbecue dinner. "We have as many as forty friends and relatives for barbecue dinner on Sundays," says Esther. And Esther and Ben do the cooking!

"The one time we had the Brown Derby do the catering," she tells me, "was for my mother's birthday, because I wanted my mother to be waited on. When we cook ourselves, she's always jumping up to help." When Ben's mother had a birthday party, Esther thoughtfully invited six ladies who were her friends.



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And as for Esther and Ben's friends: with the exception of June Allyson and Dick Powell, Janet Blair and the Sonny Tufts (Ben plays golf with Sonny) the names would be unfamiliar to you—make-up men from the studio, and radio technicians from Ben's broadcasting station.

Incidentally, Ben has never made a broadcast since their marriage without Esther in the control room—except of course when she is working at Metro. Ben makes three broadcasts on Friday and two on Monday. But whether they are doing broadcasts or pictures, when Esther has to get up at five-thirty in the morning, they always have breakfast together, and Esther always cooks it.

"We are very lucky to have so much time together," says Esther. "Some people don't get as much in a whole lifetime as we've had already."

She smiled. "All my life, ever since I can remember that is, I've had three wishes. To find my guy. To be a happily married woman. To have children. I didn't want to be the President of the United States, or a Congresswoman. I didn't even want to be a movie star!" And it is true that Louis B. Mayer had to do a heap of persuading to get Esther's signature to a contract. "I didn't think I had anything to offer them," she explains.

BUT she is honest enough to admit that she likes the fame that goes with being a movie star. "And I don't mind the auto-graph hunters. I only mind them when they intrude on what I call our strict privacy. At night clubs or premieres, I expect it. We're on display and it's part of the job. But I don't like to ride in an armored car, I want to get some air. And when kids jump on the running board of our car I think that's wrong."

Even then, Esther has a tolerant attitude. There was one very persistent fan. Everywhere that Esther and Ben went, they were sure to find this fan waiting for them and thrusting herself at them.

"This is the wrong way for you to live," Esther told the surprised girl. "You're wasting your life following me and other stars. I've got a better idea. You like movie stars, don't you?" She did. "All right," said Esther, and she got her a job helping with the fan mail for another star at her studio. I don't know any other movie actress in Hollywood who would have bothered.

But then Esther is smarter than most actresses. You'd think she had a Wall Street background, the way she invests her money. "It's all very solid," says Esther with satisfaction. There's an annuity for her mother and some of their money is invested in gilt-edged stocks.

"And," continues Esther, "we have some property in the Palisade district, and we're building a unit apartment house there facing the ocean. And we have some land in Acapulco in Mexico, and we'll build a house. And we have some land, not far from here. And when this house gets too small for us, we'll build ourselves a new house there."

After the loss of her expected baby, Esther and her husband wanted to have another one right away. "But," she tells me, "if that happened, then I couldn't work for Metro for more than a year. And that wouldn't be fair. They were very good to me when I was expecting the baby during shooting of 'This Time for Keeps.' Joe Pasternak and Dick Thorpe did all they could to keep me well, and when I went off to rest, M-G-M paid me a nice bonus. So I'll do one or two more pictures now, and then I will take time off for a family."

When people sympathize with Esther about the baby, she replies: "When the merry-go-round throws you off, I believe in getting back on."

THE END



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The Affairs of Peck

(Continued from page 41) you must have inherited it from a long line of theatrical forebears!"

"No," he said. "My father's a druggist in Long Beach."

"But your other relatives—there must have been artistes among them?"

"The only one I know is my Uncle Charlie. He was a street car conductor at La Jolla. I always used to say he was the only one of us who knew where he was going!"

To her other questions, Peck gave answers as honest. Then he waited for the interview to appear. There was no mention of his father, or of Uncle Charlie. The interviewer wasn't going to have her idealization spoiled—not even by its object.

Peck was not aggrieved. "I'm grateful when they write the truth about me. I'm pleased when nice things are said," he stated. "But I don't get mad when they pan me. Writing's a writer's business—acting is mine."

Stretched out in a comfortable chair in the living room of his attractive, unpretentious home, Gregory Peck discussed the printed aspect of a star's life. A misted view of dusk, descending on rolling hills, could be glimpsed through the wide bay window. Sounds of supper in preparation came from the kitchen and the nurse had just passed through the room, carrying the blue-blanketed bundle of his younger son, Stephen. Jonathan, aged two and a bit, played nearby.

"It was hard to learn," Gregory Peck went on, "that our private life was a public concern. That took time to understand."

At this moment, young Jonathan spilled a large box of big wooden matches all over the floor. Gregory Peck just said: "Whoa, there, Johnny!" His son knelt down and began gathering up the matches and putting them back in the box.

"Greta, you know," Johnny's father said, "claims she learned about Johnny through reading the papers. She'd been to see the doctor once and it was still just one of those maybes. Then, there it was in print—we were infanticiding."

"Greta was slightly chagrined. She had wanted it to be a secret for a while anyway—as it could have been in San Diego or Podunk; anywhere but here in the gold-fish bowl district."

"My professional problems on this score came later. To whom would I give the news scoop when the baby arrived?" Here Peck's craggy features broke into a broad grin. "If you let one magazine take first pictures, you get your neck in a noose with the other magazines. There's only one baby at a time—and a lot of magazines."

News stories have cast Peck in about 200 pictures in the last three years. He no longer rushes to a phone to call his agent when he reads such stories. Signing a contract is the only proof that he's going into a new film.

"I stumbled into this business," he said, "from a non-theatrical background. I'm crazy about it but there are 139,000,000 people who aren't in it. I'd like to remain part of that group, too. I don't want to build myself a little ivory tower and then pull in the gates. It'll be too hard to open them. In Hollywood, when you talk, it's shop-talk. When you eat, it's with people who're in the same business. You can't get away from it."

"The one chance you have is to leave town. I grab this chance because I need the change of perspective that being with businessmen, architects, fishermen, doctors—non-theatrical people—gives me."

"I love the place. I love the people. I'm

not ungrateful, and never want to be, to Hollywood. But sometimes from the outside, you appreciate it more."

Greg Peck loves his work and, while he says he comes close to being the world's laziest man, his three months' layoff before he went into Alfred Hitchcock's "The Paradine Case," gave him the jitters.

He's enthusiastic about two of his recently released pictures; "The Yearling" and "Duel in the Sun." The critics raved about Peck's performance in "The Yearling." But Greg was concerned only with the appraisal of the work done by Jane Wyman and Claude Jarman.

"Jane did a swell job, a wonderful job," he said. "And the boy—the boy's a natural actor. And you know how rare they are."

"The Yearling" left one other real memory. That, he remarked, scratching himself abstractedly, was the memory of Florida's fiercely ravenous red bugs. The crew was located in Florida for seven weeks and the red bugs were located on the crew for the same length of time.

"Never scratched so much in my life," Peck laughed. "We tried all the remedies but finally agreed with the natives. Those red bugs stop biting when they've had enough—and not before. They're even worse than the snakes I met up with there."

"Duel in the Sun" gives Peck a chance to play a villain—a virile, fascinating brute. "I liked being a full-blown rat," he said. "A fine change in roles. But I don't know how one part of the public is going to take it. Ever since 'Keys of the Kingdom,' sweet old ladies have stopped me and said: 'The expression in your eyes was so real—you must have just lived the part.' I wonder if they'll think so about this picture?"

THE *Father Chisholm* role did one thing for Peck for which he is thankful. It gave even publicity photographers the idea that they couldn't ask him to pose for some of the usual pictures.

"Nobody ever asks me to do stunt pictures now," he explained. "Like baring my chest for male cheesecake. Corny pictures are out—which is a relief."

However, pictures must be taken and Peck says they are becoming a problem. "I must have done every possible pose, in the past three years. The other day a photographer came up with a new idea—a double exposure trick with me doing two expressions—serious and smiling."

"I do have a couple of other expressions. I can look puzzled and often do. And then there's the far-off looking-into-the-future expression. One of my best. It ought to be, I had to use it enough. I developed it when I used to pose for the Montgomery-Ward Catalogue. Got a lot of useful experience out of those posing jobs," Peck added. "And \$25 a day—which I needed. And I worked eight hours a day, as hard as I ever worked. When I'd get to the photographer's studio, there would be a row of clothes a block long waiting for me. A tailor stood by with clips to make the suits fit me. You dashed in, took the far-future expression. They snapped the picture and off you were for the next change."

"The practice in quick-changes came in handy later for the stage. On Broadway, when I was in 'Sons and Soldiers,' I had a twenty-second change from a business suit into an RAF uniform—and without Montgomery Ward behind me, I'd never have made it."

At this moment, the nurse came rushing through the room again, with a crying Stephen in her arms. Gregory Peck looked up and said: "Thank goodness she's a quick-change artist, too!"

THE END

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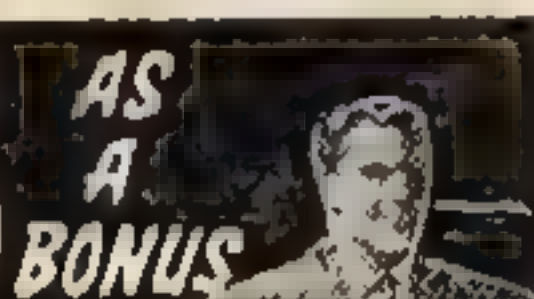


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Hollywood vs. the Fan Club

(Continued from page 33) were concerned—deeply concerned—about the fact that although Mrs. Roufs says the average age of the presidents is twenty-six and some of them are grandmothers, still there are many who are minors.

The producers also were agreed that Mrs. Roufs had no right to commit the studios to visits from hundreds of people without consulting them first. They called attention to the old and necessarily rigid rule against such mass visits. Large crowds on sound stages stop expensive productions.

And that wasn't all! The Screen Actors Guild and the Co-ordinating Committee, which have jurisdiction over gratis appearances of the stars, specifically ban star participation in such dances and social affairs as Mrs. Roufs planned. The statement of the Guild concerning the convention said: "It is dynamite which could explode and result in nation-wide unfavorable publicity, seriously hurting Hollywood in general and the actors in particular. All stars asked to participate are asked to note the Guild's disapproval of this affair."

In refutation of all this Mrs. Roufs said, "They never gave me a chance to explain. I did not want to swamp the studios with visitors. I meant to take the club presidents through in buses, never permitting them to get off. I have always found that the back lots are very interesting. We had no intention of going on sound stages."

"And we never promised that any stars would be at our functions. We said we hoped they would. But dozens and dozens of stars told me they would like to attend."

Arch Reeve, of the public information committee of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, and Joe Alvin, of the public information committee of the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers, undertook a thorough research of plans for the convention. They reported that the invitation to club members promised three days of visits to the studios. They said it was to be regretted that a copy of the invitations had not been shown to them before they were mailed to the members.

HOWEVER, in this general disavowal of the convention, these organizations representing the studios were careful not to disavow the fan clubs themselves. They said, "We are of the opinion that the project as outlined is ill-advised and would prove extremely embarrassing to fan club delegates who might accept."

The studios have never made any attempt to assay the value of fan clubs generally, but they spend hundreds of thousands of dollars every year servicing fans.

Also, most stars not only welcome these clubs but cooperate with them. Take some stars at random: Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Shirley Temple, Joan Crawford. They pay great attention in trying to answer the intelligent letters in their fan mail.

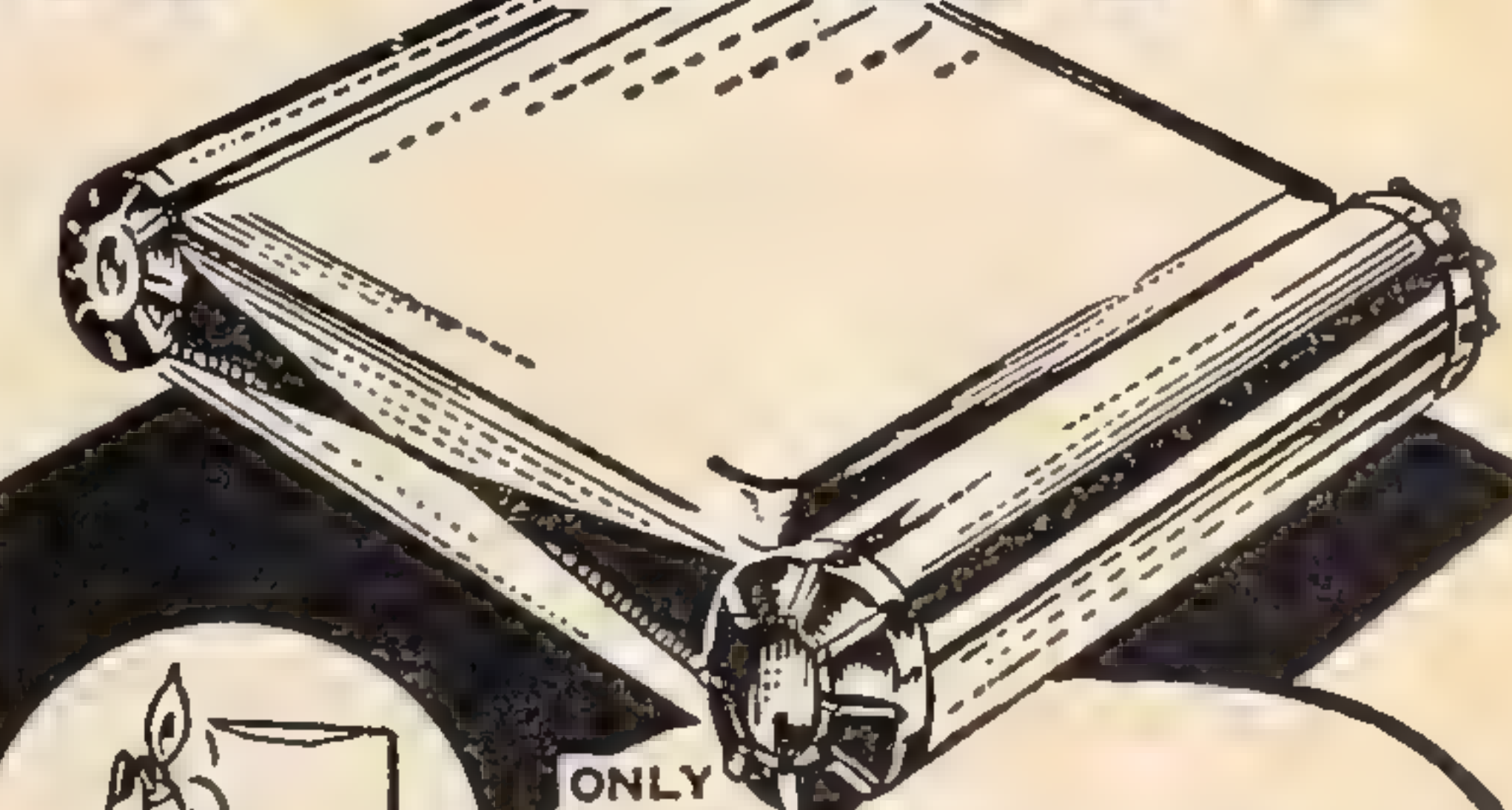
Studios and stars alike understand that the members of these clubs are, generally speaking, reliable individuals who have nothing in common with the handful of extroverts who gang up on stars in public places.

Actually the clubs constitute a great deal more than mere admiration societies. They are hobbies created and largely personally financed by individuals, women mostly, who enjoy being amateur editors and publishers. For usually the publication of a bulletin or journal three or four times a year is a club's chief activity. And since dues never are more than one dollar and sometimes are as low as twenty-five

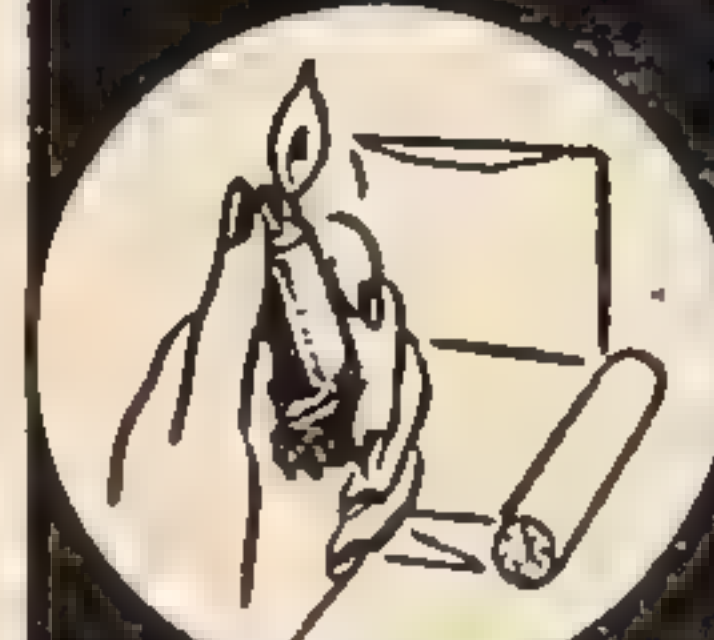


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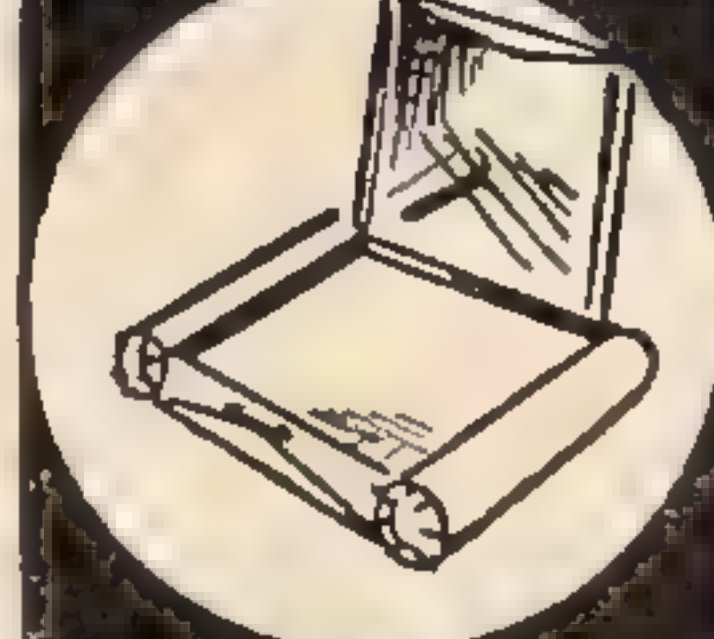
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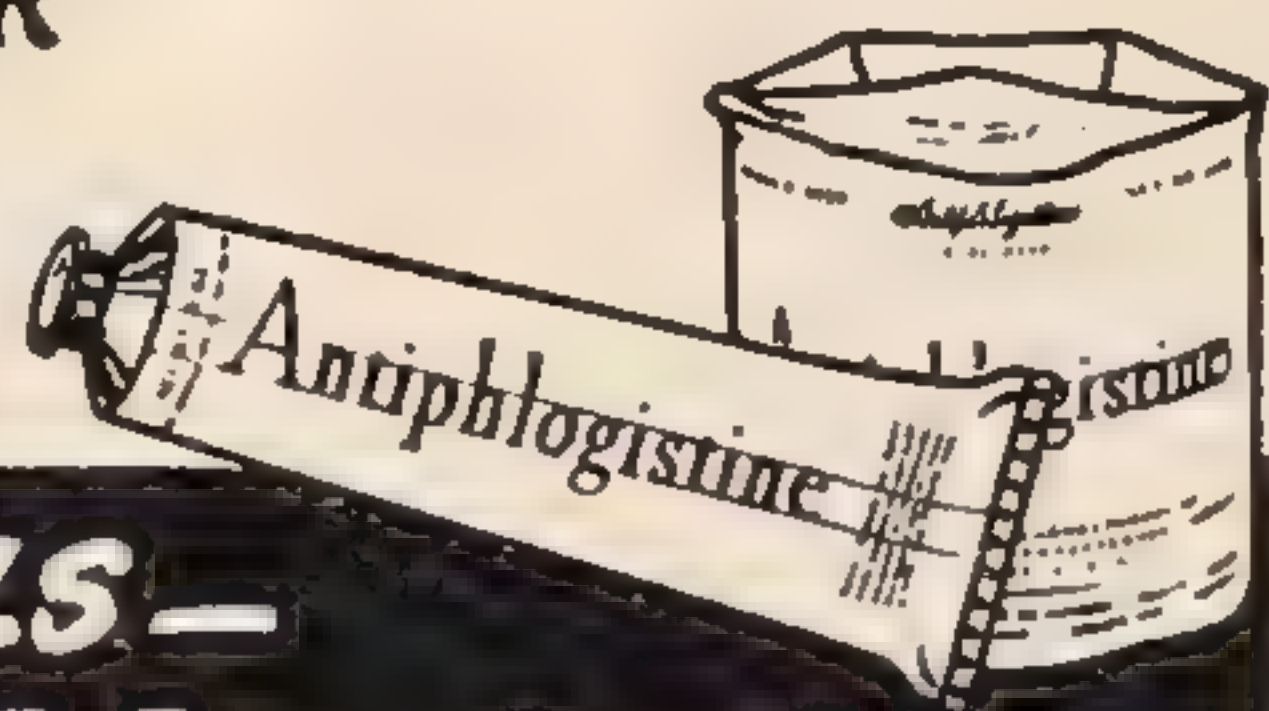
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Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

cents the originator of a club invariably has to pay some of the costs out of his own pocket.

Scrupulous fan clubs make it a point not to ask stars to contribute money. There are stars, however, with loyal clubs behind them, who do give typewriters or mimeographing machines or contribute the paper for an occasional edition.

Always a star writes a letter for each issue and sends snapshots which are pasted into the journals after they have been mimeographed, in various shapes and sizes, labors of love by the club presidents. Printing, of course, would be much too expensive.

The largest known fan club, incidentally, is that of James Mason. It has five thousand members, here and in England. Gene Autry's club has twenty-five hundred members. So does Roy Rogers's. June Allyson's club has nineteen hundred members. The John Ridgely Club—John has never starred in a picture—boasts eight hundred members, mostly in England. And Frank Sinatra has more than one thousand ardent club members, all expertly serviced by his press-agent, George Evans of New York.

Some of these clubs engage in charitable activities. Jean Pierre Aumont's Club, according to Mrs. Ellen E. Roufs, is supporting a French orphan. Jeanette MacDonald's Club is sending a young man to singing school. Gene Autry's Club recently engaged in a campaign to send coal to England; each member being asked to package five or ten pounds of coal and ship it to their English representative in an effort to keep their British fans warm.

THERE have been rackets in this field. Unscrupulous persons have collected money from fans in return for which the fans have received nothing. These rackets, however, are petty and infrequent.

It very definitely is not because either the studios or stars feel that the fans who would attend the convention are irresponsible or in any way undesirable that they refuse to give Mrs. Roufs's idea their support.

It is the idea itself and the hazards it presents to which they object.

Mrs. Roufs, however, has not been daunted by her Hollywood opposition. On April 15 she called in her attorney and incorporated the 21-year old International Fan Club with its three directors, Mrs. Roufs, Gladys Perkins and Phebe Parsons Wilhelm who are her employees. At that time she announced she would go ahead with the convention.

"We can hold our convention without the studios, and we will," she said. "I expect 189 club presidents, including one from Honolulu and one from Scotland. Possibly there will be a hundred or so more from California—not more than 300 all told.

"I expect that the stars will invite the club presidents to their homes. And they may invite them to the studios as their special guests."

There you have the story. All the hulla-balloo, bitterness and national publicity, misunderstood, of course, by many fans, started with an idea in a Los Angeles mimeographing office. Mrs. Roufs thought she had a wonderful idea and that it would be applauded.

Hollywood thought otherwise. Hollywood in fact, wants no part of it. Hollywood says that without skilful supervision, elaborate planning, and precise timing the stars and studios could not possibly participate in such a convention. As the Screen Actors Guild says, it would be "dynamite."

And Hollywood is right.
THE END

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FAST-ACTING AGENT TO relieve misery and kill cause* of **ATHLETE'S FOOT**

Helps Guard Against Re-Infection!



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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease, Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermol. Thousands do for scaly spots, on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermol is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, North western Station, Dept. 9304, Detroit 4, Mich.

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Fabulous Fairbanks

(Continued from page 105) Doug wished then that the wall was conveniently hung with vines for a foothold, as the screen prop men would most certainly have done for him. But there wasn't any make-believe about this one. He led the way back to the front. The men battered down the door and took their prisoners.

Doug's big dream while he was in the service was first, to rest and spend a lot of time with his wife and two daughters and second, to return to Hollywood as a producer. He wants to be responsible for everything that goes into one of his pictures. When he took off the colorful *Sinbad* costumes he moved over to a quiet little bungalow at Universal-International and hung out a staid, business-like shingle which reads: The Fairbanks Company.

There in workman-like fashion he delves into the problems of story, location, cost, direction, and cast for his two planned productions, "The Exile" and "Terry and the Pirates." There's no glamour about the office. At his desk, Doug usually works in a pair of slacks, a sport shirt open at the throat with a neckerchief tucked under for a tie.

HIS hard-working secretary is a former WAC who served in the Mediterranean war theater. To both of them film-making is a "job."

How about that home life Doug wanted to get back to? He manages that very nicely. Like any other good busy executive Doug spends as many hours during the day as necessary to complete his work. After that he belongs to his family.

Socially, the Fairbanks are definitely not Hollywood. Their big, beautiful home, Westridge, in Pacific Palisades, covers ten acres high up in the hills. From one side of his home Doug can look out over the ocean and from the opposite windows he can see the wide, timber-covered Will Rogers ranch. His closest friend, David Niven, is also his closest neighbor and Doug is godfather to David's youngest child.

But Westridge is more or less an international gathering place for leaders in all phases of world activities. When Lord Louis Mountbatten visited this country he stayed with Doug. And Virginia-born Mary Lee entertained for him at a huge ball—Southern style. Now Westridge is taking its place as the high social activity hub just as Pickfair used to when Doug Sr. and Mary Pickford reigned in Hollywood.

Time was of course when Doug Jr. was a gay-living son of moviedom. Maybe world conditions changed him. Maybe his own activities on behalf of the State Department and his Navy career steadied him. But for a good share of the change, credit quiet, non-professional Mary Lee.

There is one characteristic that everybody in filmdom mentions when they speak of Fairbanks, Junior or Senior. And that is the tradition of loyalty the pair have always shown. Somewhere, somehow, in every picture that each has made, there has been a job for most everyone with whom Doug Sr. worked on his first picture in 1915.

Charlie Stevens (Chief Eagle Eye) has appeared in every Fairbanks picture. In many cases he and others have been "written in" in spite of the script.

The gag around Hollywood is that Doug has to keep busy because so many people depend on him. But he loves it. And as he keeps jumping from one job to another now, his favorite quip is, "Did you hear what one moth said to another? It's great to be back in civilian clothes."

And it's great to have him back!

THE END

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Through the pages of the exciting new July RADIO MIRROR, you can see your favorite radio stars . . . read new, original stories on your favorite programs.

Here are *just a few* of the fun-packed features that make July RADIO MIRROR your best bet for radio reading entertainment . . .

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"The Fat Man Finds The Man Who Wasn't There"—This thrilling picture story takes you along on some smart sleuthing.

"Joyce Jordan"—See the stars of the popular "Joyce Jordan" daytime show in gorgeous *four-color* photos.

"Porch Party"—Kate Smith's own recipes for a 4th of July buffet supper.

"You Know What The Moon Does!"—A daffy original story that tells of a day in the life of Dennis Day.

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Casts of Current Pictures

ADVENTURESS, THE—Eagle-Lion: Bridie Quilty, Deborah Kerr; David Baynes, Trevor Howard; Miller, Raymond Huntley; Lt. Hawkins, Michael Howard; Man in the Straw Hat, Norman Shelley; Michael O'Callaghan, Breda O'Rourke; Grandfather, James Harcourt; Uncle Timothy, Liam Redmond; Danny Quilty, W. O'Gorman; Captain Goodhusband, Garry Marsh; Lt. Spanswick, Tom Macaulay; Oscar Pryce, David Ward; Mrs. Edwards, Olga Lindo; Man in the Bookshop, John Salew; Chief Mourner, Harry Hutchinson; Art Gallery Guide, Tony Quinn; Walter, George Woodbridge; Sgt. Harris, Humphrey Heathcote; Old Lady in Train, Katie Johnson; Col. Dennington, Gerald K. Case; Irish Landlord, Albert Sharp; Women on Train, Everley Gregg and Kathleen Boutall.

BLAZE OF NOON—Paramount: Lucille Stewart, Anne Baxter; Colin McDonald, William Holden; Roland McDonald, Sonny Tufts; Porkie, William Bendix; Tad McDonald, Sterling Hayden; Gafferty, Howard Da Silva; Keith McDonald, Johnny Sands; Poppy, Jean Wallace; Mrs. Murphy, Edith King; Reverend Polly, Lloyd Corrigan; Sydney, Dick Hogan; Farmer, James Burke; Mr. Thomas, Will Wright.

BORN TO KILL—RKO: Sam, Lawrence Tierney; Helen, Claire Trevor; Arnett, Walter Slezak; Fred, Phillip Terry; Georgia, Audrey Long; Marty, Elisha Cook Jr.; Laury Palmer, Isabel Jewell; Mrs. Kraft, Esther Howard; Grace, Kathryn Card; Danny, Tony Barrett; Inspector Wilson, Grandon Rhodes.

CARNEGIE HALL—Federal-UA: Nora Ryan, Marsha Hunt; Young Tony Salerno, William Prince; Donovan, Frank McHugh; Ruth Haines, Martha O'Driscoll; Tony Salerno, Hans Yaray.

CHILDREN ON TRIAL—English Films: Fred Watson (played by a Birmingham slum boy); Shirley Reynolds, Julia Lang; Chairman of Court, Basil Henriques, J. P.; all other characters re-enact their own roles.

CHRISTMAS EVE—Bogaus-UA: Mario Reed, George Raft; Michael Reed, George Brent; Jonathan Reed, Randolph Scott; Matilda Reed, Ann Harding; Ann Nelson, Joan Blondell; Claire, Virginia Field; Jean Bradford, Dolores Moran; Phillip Hastings, Reginald Denny; Judge Alston, Clarence Kolb; Reichman, Kurt Katch.

COPACABANA—Coslow-UA: Lionel Devereaux, Groucho Marx; Carmen Navarro, Carmen Miranda; Steve Hunt, Steve Cochran; Anne, Gloria Jean; Liggett, Ralph Sanford; also, Andy Russell, Louis Sobol, Abel Green, Earl Wilson.

DISHONORED LADY—Stromberg-UA: Madeleine Damien, Hedy Lamarr; Dr. Cousins, Dennis O'Keefe; Ethel, Natalie Schafer; Felix Courtland, John Loder; Garet, William Lundigan; Kranish, Paul Cavanagh; Dr. Galeb, Morris Carnovsky; Prosecuting Attorney, Douglass Dumbrille; Defense Attorney, Nicholas Joy; A Landlady, Margaret Hamilton.

DOWN TO EARTH—Columbia: Terpsichore, Rita Hayworth; Danny Miller, Larry Parks; Eddie, Marc Platt; Mr. Jordan, Roland Culver; Max Corkle, James Gleason; Messenger 7013, Edward Everett Horton; Georgia Evans, Adele Jergens; Joe Manion, George Macready; Police Lieutenant, William Frawley; Betty, Jean Donahue; Dolly, Kathleen O'Malley; Spike, William Haade; Kelly, James Burke; Orchestra Leader, Fred Sears.

EGG AND I, THE—Universal-International: Betty, Claudette Colbert; Bob, Fred MacMurray; Ma Kettle, Marjorie Main; Harriet Putnam, Louise Allbritton; Pa Kettle, Percy Kilbride; Tom Kettle, Richard Long; Billy Reed, Billy House; Old Lady, Ida Moore; Mr. Henty, Donald MacBride; Sheriff, Samuel S. Hinds; Mrs. Hicks, Esther Dale; Betty's Mother, Elisabeth Risdon; Geoduck, John Berkes; Crowbar, Vic Potel; Cab Driver, Fuzzy Knight; Mrs. Hicks's Mother, Isabel O'Madigan; Maid, Dorothy Vaughan.

GHOST GOES WILD, THE—Republic: Monty Crandall, James Ellison; Phyllis Beecher, Anne Gwynne; Eric, Edward Everett Horton; Susan Beecher, Ruth Donnelly; Irene Waters, Stephanie Bachelor; Bill Waters, Grant Withers; Mr. Beecher, Lloyd Corrigan; Prof. Jacques Dubonnet, Emil Rameau; Max Atterbury, Jonathan Hale; T. O'Connor Scott, Charles Halton; The Judge, Holmes Herbert; Magazine Man, Edward Gargan; 1st Reporter, Gene Garrick; 2nd Reporter, Michael Hughes; Chauffeur, William Austin.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—Universal-International: Pip, John Mills; Estella, Valerie Hobson; Joe Gargery, Bernard Miles; Jaggers, Francis L. Sullivan; Magwitch, Finlay Currie; Miss Havisham, Martha Hunt; Pip (as a boy), Anthony Wager; Estella (as a girl), Jean Simmons; Herbert Pocket, Alec Guinness; Wemmick, Ivor Bernard; Mrs. Joe Gargery, Freda Jackson; Bentley Drummie, Torin

Thatcher; Biddy, Eileen Erskine; Uncle Pumblechook, Hay Petrie; Compeyson, George Hayes; The Sergeant, Richard George; Sarah Pocket, Everley Gregg; Mr. Wopsie, John Burch; Mrs. Wopsie, Grace Denbigh-Russell; The Aged Parent, O. B. Clarence; Pale Young Gentleman, John Forrest.

HOMESTEADERS OF PARADISE VALLEY—Republic: Red Ryder, Allan Lane; Little Beaver, Bobby Blake; The Duchess, Martha Wentworth; Melinda, Ann Todd; Bill Hume, Gene Stutenroth; Steve, John James; Rufe Hume, Mauritz Hugo; Langley, Emmett Vogan; Blaine, Milton Kibbee; Rancher, Tom London; Mrs. Hume, Edythe Elliott; White, George Chesebro; Sheriff, Edward Cassidy.

HOMESTRETCH, THE—20th Century-Fox: Jock, Cornel Wilde; Leslie Hale, Maureen O'Hara; Bill Van Dyke, Glenn Langan; Kitty, Helen Walker; Doc Kilborne, James Gleason; Balcares, Henry Stephenson; Ellamae Scott, Margaret Bannerman; Aunt Martha, Ethel Griffies; Pablo, Tommy Cook.

HONEYMOON—RKO: Barbara, Shirley Temple; Flanner, Franchot Tone; Phil, Guy Madison; Raquel, Lina Romay; Prescott, Gene Lockhart; Senora Mendoza, Corinna Mura; Crenshaw, Grant Mitchell; Senor Mendoza, Julio Villareal; Registrar, Manuel Arvide; Doctor Diego, Jose R. Goula.

MONSIEUR VERDOUX—Chaplin-UA: Henri Verdoux, alias Varney, Bonheur, Floray, Charles Chaplin; Mona, Mady Correll; Peter, Allison Roddan; Maurice Bottello, Robert Lewis; Martha, Audrey Betz; Annabella Bonheur, Martha Raye; Annette, Ada-May; Marie Grosnay, Isobel Elsom; Marie's Maid, Marjorie Bennett; Yvonne, Helene Heigh; Lydia Floray, Margaret Hoffman; The Girl, Marilyn Nash; Pierre Couvais, Irving Bacon; Jean Couvais, Edwin Mills; Carlotta Couvais, Virginia Brissac; Lena Couvais, Almira Sessions; Phoebe Couvais, Eula Morgan; Prefect of Police, Bernard J. Nedell; Detective Morrow, Charles Evans; Rental Agent, Arthur Hohl; Vicki, Vera Marshe; Joe, John Harmon.

OTHER LOVE, THE—Enterprise-UA: Karen Duncan, Barbara Stanwyck; Dr. Anthony Stanton, David Niven; Huberta, Maria Palmer; Celestine, Joan Lorring; Paul Clermont, Richard Conte; Prof. Linnaker, Richard Hale; Richard Shelton, Edward Ashley; Dora Shelton, Natalie Schafer; Yvonne, Lenore Aubert; Pete, Jimmy Horne; Mme. Gruen, Mary Forbes; Megalos, M. Romanoff; Florist, Ann Codee; Florist's Assistant, Kathleen Williams; Croupier, Gilbert Roland.

PERILS OF PAULINE—Paramount: Pearl White, Betty Hutton; Michael Farrington, John Lund; Timmy, Billy De Wolfe; Chuck McManus, William Demarest; Julia Gibbs, Constance Collier; Joe Gurt, Frank Faylen; Hero—Western Saloon Set, William Farum; 1st Chef Comic, Chester Conklin; Gent. Interior Drawing Room, Paul Panzer; Prop Man. Western Saloon, Snub Pollard; 2nd Chef Comic, James Finlayson; Marcelled Leading Man, Creighton Hale; Chef Comic, Hank Mann; Heavy. Western Saloon Set, Francis McDonald; Bartender. Western Saloon Set, Bert Roach; Studio Cop. Western Saloon Set, Heinie Conklin.

SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK, THE—California-UA: Harold Diddlebock, Harold Lloyd; Miss Otis, Frances Ramsden; Wormy, Jimmy Conlin; J. E. Waggleberry, Raymond Walburn; Formfit Franklin, Franklin Pangborn; Flora, Margaret Hamilton; Manicurist, Arline Judge; Wild Bill Hitchcock, Al Bridge; Jake, Edgar Kennedy; Mike, Frank Moran; Barber, Torben Meyer; Prof. Potelle, Victor Potel; James B. Smoke, Jack Norton; Banker Blackston, Arthur Hoyt; Bearded Lady, Georgia Caine; Snake Charmer, Gladys Forrest; A Doorman, Max Wagner.

TROUBLE WITH WOMEN, THE—Paramount: Prof. Gilbert Sedley, Ray Milland; Kate Farrell, Teresa Wright; Joe McBride, Brian Donlevy; Dean Agnes Meeler, Rose Hobart; Ulysses S. Jones, Charles Smith; Dr. Wilmer Dawson, Lewis Russell; Rita La May, Iris Adrian; Geeger, Frank Faylen; Judge. Rhys Williams; Avery Wilson, Lloyd Bridges; Mrs. Wilmer Dawson, Norma Varden; Keefe, James Milligan; Herman, Matt McHugh; Peanuts, Jimmie Smith.

WOMAN ON THE BEACH, THE—RKO: Peggy, Joan Bennett; Scott, Robert Ryan; Ted, Charles Bickford; Eve, Nan Leslie; Otto Wernecke, Walter Sande; Mrs. Wernecke, Irene Ryan; Kirk, Glenn Vernon; Lars, Frank Darien; Jimmy, Jay Norris.

YANKEE FAKIR—Republic: Yankee Davis, Douglas Fowley; Mary Mason, Joan Woodbury; Shaggy Hartley, Clem Bevans; Professor Newton, Ransom Sherman; Randall, Frank Reicher; Duke, Marc Lawrence; Sheriff, Walter Soderling; Mrs. Tetley, Eula Guy; Mason, Forrest Taylor; Jenny, Elinor Appleton; Walker, Peter Michael; Scrubwoman, Elspeth Dudgeon; Charlie, Ernest Adams; Tommy, Tommy Bernard.

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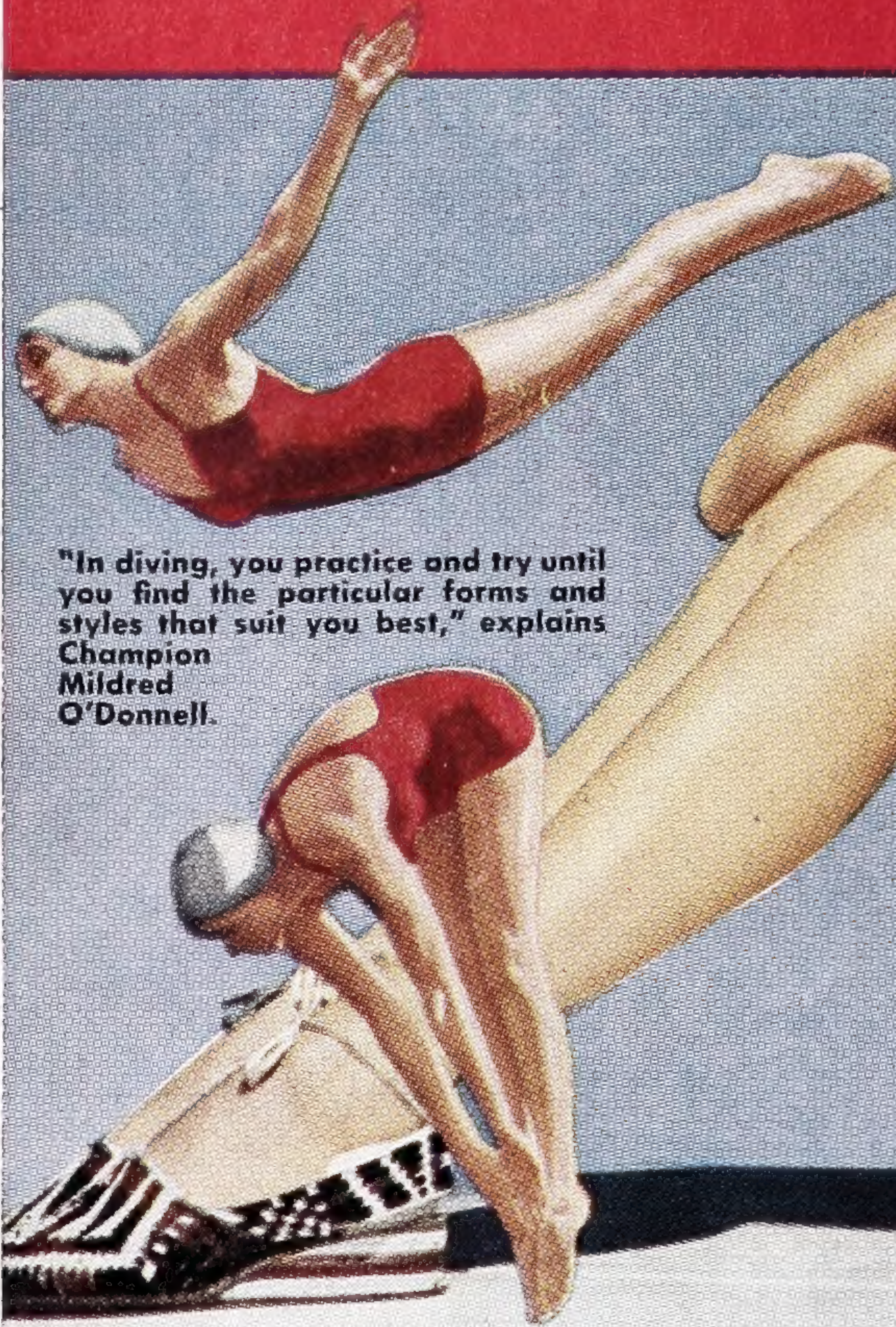
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